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An Economic Commonwealth.

FIRST DESIRABLE PARTY: "It's a lovely place."

SECOND DESIRABLE PARTY: "Ye may say so! Me an' me ould man thought o' takin' it, but as I sed to Mrs McCarthy, one wants to have a bit of their own to keep it goin'."

People Talked About

The Ancients as They Lived.

Professor Talbot Tubbs, who holds the chair of classics at Auckland University College, is about to try the experiment of giving a series of "popular" afternoon lectures at the University, somewhat on the lines of the university extension lectures in the Old Country. His subject is "Life in Ancient Greece and Rome," and he proposes to sketch in detail the everyday life of these ancients from the cradle to the grave. He will describe how they were ushered into the



PROFESSOR TALBOT TUBBS.

world, how the babies were reared, how the children spent their time, how they were educated, how they worked, how they played, how they married, and were given in marriage, and how they set up house and entertained. Likewise we shall be told how they dressed and how they managed their households; in fact, the whole of every-day life will be brightly and entertainingly described. The hour at which the lectures are to be delivered is a convenient one—4.30 on Wednesday afternoons—so there are no obstacles in the way of those who desire knowledge and culture in this direction. Professor Tubbs, who, by the way, came here from Melbourne University, is a man of boundless energy. At first he created a wrong impression of dictatorialness amongst the students, but this was very speedily overcome. The professor is acknowledgedly the best classical man as a scholar and a teacher—Auckland University College has ever had. He is idolised by his students, and gets the last ounce of work out of them. He is a capital talker on general subjects, never reads newspapers, and his hobby is gardening.

The American Missionaries.

Melbourne papers are full of the wonderful success of the simultaneous mission of the three American evangelists, Rev. R. A. Torrey, and Messrs. Geil and Alexander, now holding meetings there. The services for business men, held every day at one o'clock and at three o'clock, have been attended by enormous crowds, who are apparently deeply impressed with the novel but not less earnest talks of the missionaries. In connection with the Young Men's Christian Association in Melbourne, they are doing splendid work. At one time that organisation possessed one of the finest buildings in that city, but when the evil times came after the boom the place, which was ridiculously elaborate for the Association, was sold by the mortgagee and passed into other hands. It is now the headquarters of the Salvation Army in Victoria, the Y.M.C.A. occupying mod-



MR GEIL.

est premises in a back street. In other respects the organisation was not prospering as it should, and it occurred to Mr. J. G. Virgo, the organising secretary for Australasia, to enlist the services of Mr. Geil, one of the American missionaries, to resuscitate the Association. Unexpected success has crowned Mr. Geil's efforts. At a recent meeting for men in the Exhibition Building, in aid of the Association's building fund, there were nearly 10,000 men present, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. When the lecturer had concluded a brief address, a collection was taken up. The task took over an hour to complete, and when it was announced from the platform that, with the money actually collected and the sums promised, the funds of the Y.M.C.A. would be increased by £2800, the wildest excitement prevailed. One wealthy member of the audience has promised to add one pound to every pound collected up to £1000. As this amount is already collected, the prize has been taken as won. The Governor-General forwarded £25 to the meeting, on hearing for what purpose it was being held. Sir John Madden also sent £20.



Australia's First LL.B.

Above is a photograph of Miss Ida Emily Evans, who the other day received the degree of LL.B. from the University of Sydney. Miss Evans is not the first lady in this part of the world to attain this distinction. To Miss Benjamin, of Dunedin, who took her LL.B. degree in 1897, that honour is probably due. But it is claimed for Miss Evans that she is the first in the Commonwealth, which is certainly a very great deal. The young lady expresses the hope that an Act will be passed to permit of women prac-

tising in the profession, but she does not contemplate actual work at the Bar. It would suffice, she thinks, in the meantime if women were free to do conveyancing and general legal business, which she believes they should be as capable of transacting as men. Miss Evans was born in Woodford, Essex, England, and, on arriving in New South Wales, attended the High School, passing the Junior University Examination five months after. Her matriculation followed in a little more than 12 months. Having accomplished so much, and being still too young to go to the University, Miss Evans returned to the school, passed the Senior Examination, and a year later entered the University. Further successes followed, and in 1895 she graduated B.A. It was not until 1898, however, that Miss Evans entered the law school, devoting herself in the interval to a study of painting.



Buried Alive.

The above is a photo of Colonel Grimm, of the Russian Army, who was recently sentenced to imprisonment for life in an underground dungeon at Schneessburg for selling military secrets to Germany. The Colonel, who was betrayed to the authorities by his jealous wife, is said to have received £40,000 for secrets which comprised all Russia's plans for the invasion of Germany in the event of war, and for repelling a German invasion of Russia.

Uneasy Lies the Head that Wears a Crown.

It is but a short time ago that the Empress of Austria was struck down by an assassin at Geneva, and now comes the news by cable of an attempt on the Emperor's life. According to the "Daily Chronicle," a bomb, which was timed to explode as the Emperor entered his compartment of the Imperial train at Vienna, was discovered ten minutes before the train started for Pesh. Search all Europe through, scan the histories of Royal Houses the wide world over, and not one will be found equal in romance, passion, and tragedy to that of the Imperial House of Austro-Hungary. Those who love the beautiful empire, with its snow-clad mountains, its peaceful valleys, its rushing rivers, and great, lonely plains—who love its grand, sad, Emperor Franz Josef, that monarch whom death robbed in the most pitiless and tragic manner of only son and dearly-loved wife—ponder oft and deeply upon the cataclysm of woes through which he has existed, and sympathise intensely with a nation who, to save him pain, would do and dare anything. Yet only in their will to work his weal have his people been of service to Franz Josef; to avert Fate they



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

have been powerless. The Imperial House of Hapsburg has been either abysmally sad or triumphantly happy in its experience of love. When the Emperor himself was a very young man, still in his teens, it was deemed wise, for State reasons, that he should marry. There were some beautiful sisters in the castle of Possenhafen, on Lake Starnberg, not far from Munich, daughters of Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, and the eldest was of a suitable age to become the bride of the Emperor, so Franz Josef set out to Possenhafen with the intention of becoming her suitor. There he saw, and instantly fell madly in love with, Elizabeth—not the princess who



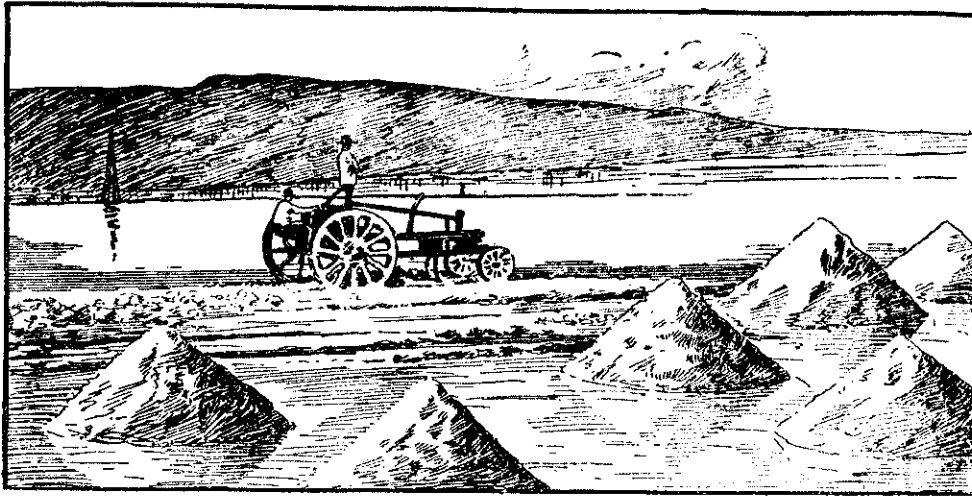
THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

had been chosen for him, but a younger sister—quite a child, and beautiful, with the rarest, freshest, and most exquisite beauty, as all who have seen pictures of her taken as a child-wife can testify. Her hair and figure were superb, her colouring and features absolutely enchanting. So what did the boy Emperor do but enter the dining-room of the castle on the day of his arrival, and deftly change the name-card of the eldest princess for that of the Princess Elizabeth, so that he might sit next to her instead of to the other lady. Eventually he married Elizabeth; and upon the wedding day all Europe rang with felicitations for the happiness of this boy-and-girl pair and prognostications of a joyous future.

Tolstol from Life.

"I was fortunate enough," writes "Maoritanda" to M.A.P., "to see Tolstol two or three years ago. He was the first 'celebrity' I had ever met. Despite what he says regarding his personal ugliness, his face was intensely interesting, even to one who, for a short time, was ignorant of his name. Every gesture, every action of his, displayed a vivid interest in the life going on around him. His long white beard gave him a patriarchal appearance, his quick, observant eyes belied his age, and seemed to belong to a man still full of strength and vigour."

SOME AMERICAN NOVELTIES.



A THOUSAND-ACRE SALT DEPOSIT.

Salt-Ploughing a Thousand-Acre Deposit.

Salt deposits vary according to the district in which they are found. What is perhaps the most remarkable salt deposit in the world is that at Salton, in California.

This deposit lies in a depression almost 300 feet below the sea level, and was at some time in the past the bed of the sea or an extension of the Gulf of California. From the train, which passes rear by, the tract looks like a vast snow field, and in the early morning is frequently the scene of beautiful mirage effects. The salt deposit, which is essentially rock-salt, covers about 1000 acres, and is at present the centre of interest on account of the dispute of rival companies over the possession of the property.

The outfit of the mine consists mainly of a crusher, a drying building, and a dummy line from the salt beds to the Southern Pacific Railroad, not far distant.

The work is carried on chiefly by Indians, who can withstand the intense heat of the desert—150deg. in June—and the glare better than white men.

The work is interesting and novel. The drying-house is a building 600 feet in length, about which hundreds of thousands of tons of salt are heaped, having all the appearance of snow. Here the salt is dried and milled. The salt is collected at first with a plough—a singular machine with four wheels, in the centre of which sits an Indian guiding it; the motive power is a dummy engine some distance away, which hauls the plough along by cables.

As it passes, the steel breaker is seen to cut a broad but shallow furrow, eight feet wide and three feet long, throwing up the ridges on either side.

Indians now follow along, and with hoes pile up the salt in pyramidal forms, which later is transported to the mill. Each plough harvests 700 tons of salt per day.

A singular feature of this bed is that the salt is being deposited daily by springs which run into the basin, and as the water evaporates it leaves a crust of almost pure chloride of sodium, which ranges from ten to twenty inches in thickness, over the lake.

It will be seen that there is no danger of exhausting the supply, which is forming all the time; and, in point of fact, the ploughs have in past years worked almost continuously over the same area, only about ten acres having been ploughed.

The salt, when delivered at the plant, is hoisted to the upper floor and placed in a bulkhead breaker, where it is reduced to particles of the

same size. It then passes through a burr mill, and is well ground.

After this it is sifted, and is finally passed through an aspirator, which cleanses it of all foreign material, when it is ready for packing in bags.

The salt is used for a variety of purposes, and is of several different grades, the lowest being unrefined—a product called hide salt, used in manufactories.

116 Shots a Minute

Uncle Sam is going to equip a cavalry regiment with 1000 of the deadly Luger pistols, a brand-new invention that discharges bullets with tremendous velocity at the astonishing speed of 116 shots a minute. Just think of it! Almost two shots a second!

This remarkable pistol, for it is not a revolver, works on the automatic plan, similar to the automatic rapid-fire guns of the army and navy, where the recoil of the discharge is utilized to perform the function of reloading.

The pistol weighs less than 2lbs. and all that is necessary is to keep it loaded and pull the trigger.

The wonderful accuracy of aim accomplished by this little arm is due entirely to the fact of an almost imperceptible "kick," as the recoil, which in ordinary revolvers throws the bullet high, is taken up and utilized in operating the automatic mechanism.

The cartridges are fed from a magazine running through the handle of the pistol.

Any number of magazines may be used, and one when discharged can be released instantly by pressure on a button near the trigger-guard, when a new magazine, carrying its charge of eight cartridges, can be inserted quicker than it takes to tell, and the weapon is again ready to be used.

Safety devices there are in the way of a spring arrangement on the back of the handle, similar to a Smith and Wesson hammerless revolver, and a safety lever which, when set, also luteily prevents the accidental discharge of the pistol.

Several of these Luger pistols have become the wonder and admiration of well-known revolver experts, who recently tested the pistol at the Shell Mound shooting ranges.

In off-hand shooting at all the targets, from 50yds to 200yds distant, results almost equal to those of the riflemen were obtained.

The muzzle velocity of 1200ft a second, having a maximum range of over 2000yds, gives such a flat trajectory for the first few hundred yards that no allowance for a drop is necessary.

All that one has to do when shooting at this latter distance is to aim point-blank at the target; the bullet which emerges from the 5 1/2 in barrel travelling as true as that from a rifle.

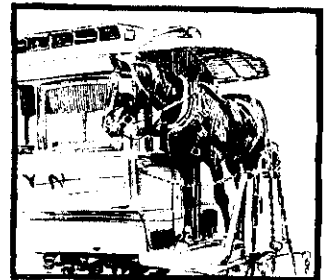
In destructive ability the thirty-calibre bullet of the Luger, propelled by a charge of Walsrode smokeless powder, particularly if it be a soft-tipped one, is more than equal in smashing effect on a body to the slower traveling forty-five calibre revolver bullet.

This is explained by the greater velocity of a projectile which develops a total energy at striking, when the bullet mushrooms, and tears a large hole. Steel-jacketed bullets are used when penetration alone is desired.

This remarkable weapon opens up quite a vast field of possibility as regards the use of the pistol as a weapon of defence in war.

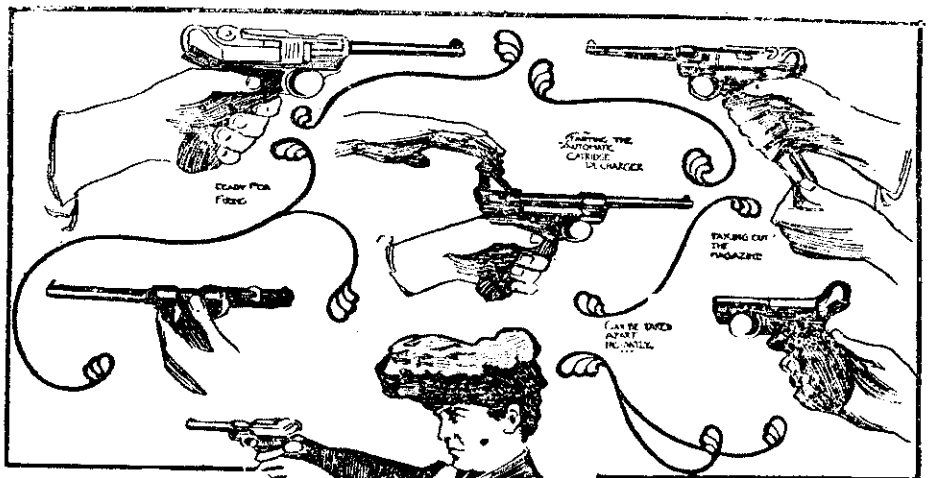
The Horse Rides as a Passenger.

In Colorado, United States, is a unique street railroad. It runs up a hill. The distance is



short and the fare is small. There is only one car, and that is in a most dilapidated condition. It is hauled by one horse.

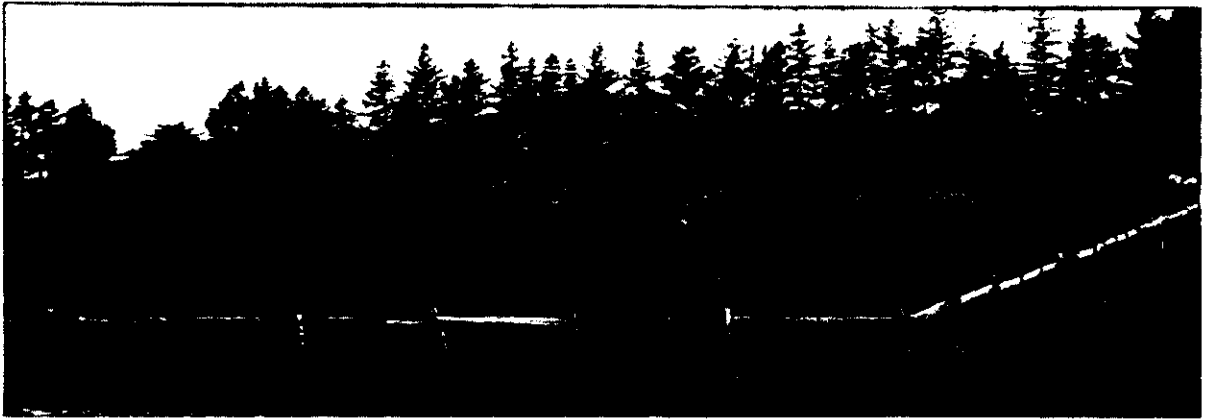
When the car reaches the top of



Tests just made up by the Board of Ordnance and Fortification at Washington have demonstrated its deadliness for accuracy of aim, penetration, velocity of projectile, speed of fire-endurance, etc.

The accuracy of aim with rapidity was shown by a score of twenty-four bull's eyes out of thirty shots by one man, who could make but nine bull's eyes out of twenty-eight with other pistols.

the hill, the merciful driver unhitches the horse, which takes its place on the platform of the car. Then the driver goes to the other platform and starts the car downhill by gravity, the horse becoming a passenger to the other end of the route. A large share of the revenue of this road is drawn from those who ride to the top of the hill for the purpose of seeing the horse ride down.



H. D. Hawkins, photo.

GENERAL BABINGTON REVIEWING THE PUKEKOHE AND DISTRICT MOUNTED CORPS ON THE PARADE GROUND, PUKEHOKE.

What English Women Teach their Sisters of Other Nations

Women are primarily teachers. From that day when they taught the first evil they have been compensating hourly by preaching and practicing good.

National types of women are daily instructing each other in ways of living and thinking. English women are doing their share of the work, not only the leaders of movements and causes, but the great unconscious class who make up the type. They stand for many things that are pleasant to consider in this work-a-day world; one knows not which to most admire, their negative or positive virtues.

The English woman lays no claim to strenuous living, and she still builds her kingdom within the confines of her home. Domesticity has still a champion while she holds to her present ideals, and the masculine divinity may count upon an audience. To be at once self-conscious and unconscious is a paradox, but nothing is easier than a paradox for the feminine mind to achieve. We are told that the English race is the most self-conscious in the world, that the reserve is self-repression, the dignity enforced calm; but it is true past denying that even with this self-conscious concealment the English woman is the most unconscious of her sex. To say unconscious means in this connection that she is not hourly striving for effect, not waking or sleeping in the vain endeavour to make herself heard and understood.

This national characteristic at the present day is without doubt unique. The English woman listens, and she does not contradict. In a measure of silence the impress of her personality grows without the unnecessary flashing and clashing of wit. If she is unconscious she is therefore modest, timid, maybe; and in moments even known to rely upon masculine advice. But surely the old ideal has its virtues, and English women live to prove their place and value. Why is it English children are models of health and happiness, and English mothers rear their families without suffering nervous prostration or inflicting it upon their friends?

English women take life simply, many of them manage to live without theories, to do the day's work without inquiring the why or wherefore, even to find their chief interest in the details of household life.

Other conditions may be coming. There are rumours in the air; but thus far the British lady has escaped or declined the stress and turmoil of educational club life. A current events club, a class in social evolution, an hour's drill in Parliamentary law, have not yet absorbed her share of energy.

The domestic virtues are not the inferior virtues; even the most ad-

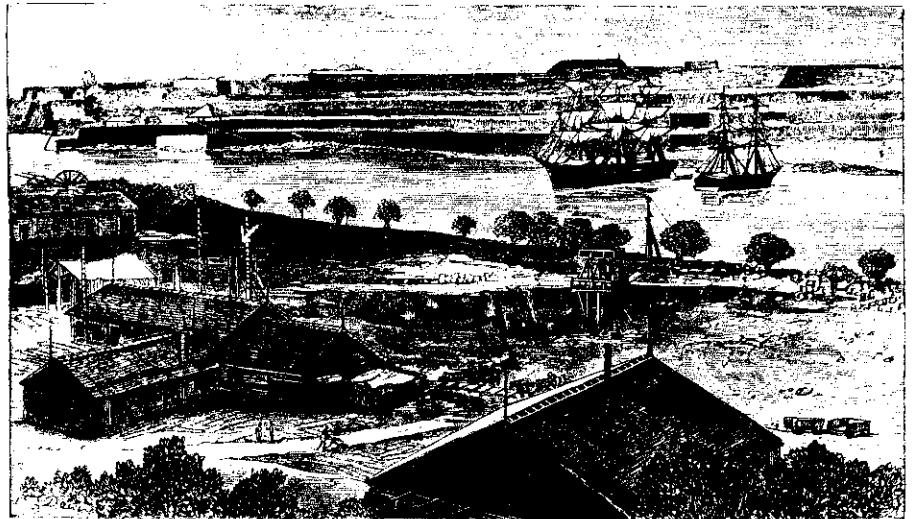
vanced of females would hesitate to declare this. To stand for them is no small glory to English womanhood. A good mother, a good wife, and a good friend—and the English woman need look for no higher virtues. If her methods are after the old-fashioned pattern it is proof enough that the pattern is good. The sisters who think a clever tongue and ready wit sufficient for the day's work may learn much from those of us who put faith in the quiet and unobtrusive life. American women

who live to learn acknowledge in their English sisters a greater self-control than theirs, and less desire to create an impression—an honesty of purpose rather than an effort to please. But, better than any abstract virtue, the woman of other nations may learn from the English how to manage her servants, and how to make her children healthier and happier.

Even if the frugal housewife of Teutonic lands will not admit the superior attainments of the British

lady they must see that her rule leaves more hours for the leisure which makes for culture than their own more ceaselessly industrious and narrower methods. If national distrust blinds the French lady's eyes she must know there are things she may learn from the woman with whom she forms so evident and violent a contrast.

It's a give-and-take world. English women certainly give generously in their example of manners and morals.



FORT DE FRANCE. THE POLITICAL CAPITAL OF MARTINIQUE.

According to recent cables, the effects of the Mount Pelee eruption, which overwhelmed St. Pierre, are now being felt at Fort de France. A cinder cloud from Mount Pelee swept with terrible velocity over the place, dropping stones the size of hazel nuts, and caused a terrible panic. Twenty thousand of the inhabitants ran about distracted, some kneeling and praying in the streets. Many fled to Guadeloupe, an island owned by France, in the same group.



A DEAD BODY ENCRUSTED WITH LAVA. This body was dug from the ruins of Pompeii.

New Zealand



New Zealand

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MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SOUTHERN ALPS.



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The Hon. Sir JOSEPH WARD, K.C.M.G.

Superintendent: T. E. DONNE.

Serial Story.

LATIMER.

CHAPTER I.

"Have you realised," said Lettice, "that I shall be eighteen next April, and mamma has taken no steps?"

"Mamma never will take steps," Kitty answered, going on composedly with her painting.

Lettice was lying back in a big armchair, with her feet in little patent leather shoes. They were both very pretty girls, dressed as modern girls usually do, in plain tweed skirts, and shirts with ties and pins. These shirts had almost cost their mother tears. But Lettice and Kitty were inexorable. At any rate they would be smart and not aesthetic.

It had been obvious from the beginning of her widowhood, nearly three years ago, that Eleanor Aymer had no control. Years ago Lettice had been older than her mother, who, more or less, lived in the clouds with a few chosen companions, while Lettice was already a woman of the world. The daughters were not unkind, but they wished she had more worldly wisdom, and less preference for the unreal, as opposed to the real. They were more of the earth, earthy; she was not of heaven, heavenly, but strayed from a strange planet, and not quite at home in this one.

"It is very important, Kitty, to begin to think of a visiting list, and looking up acquaintances. Mamma has not a smart friend in the world."

Lettice and Kitty were not experienced enough to realise how very vulgar the word "smart" is. They were still in the stage of believing in it.

"She says 'smart' people bore her," Lettice said. "It is lucky for us we have taken after the Aylmers."

"And yet there is something about mamma we have not got, something we shall never have," Kitty said a little doubtfully.

"Well, let's be thankful for small mercies. As we have got to make our own way in the world its lucky we are Aylmers and not altogether like mamma."

"And yet," Kitty said rather wistfully, "no one will ever love us as they love her."

"Well, who wants extravagant devotions? They are very hampering. Mamma isn't a bit popular like Aunt Margaret."

"And yet no one loves her as they love mamma."

"My dear, Aunt Margaret has twenty visitors for mamma's one. She is asked to all the best houses, and when Daisy and Ruth come out they will go everywhere."

Kitty sighed.

"A few men, about five, who think her an angel, some women who don't give parties, and queer literary and psychical people, these are her friends and much good will they do us."

"And yet look how they love her," Kitty insisted. Kitty was the prettiest and the most indulged, but Lettice was the cleverest and saw things more clearly.

"Well, anyhow, I shall go to mamma now and remind her that I am getting on for eighteen."

Lettice threw down her novel and sauntered into the little room where Eleanor Aymer lived her own life.

CHAPTER II.

She looked up smiling as Lettice came in. She had been a widow for nearly three years, and had left off wearing black which did not suit her. She was slight and

thin, and very graceful, with a delicate lovely face. She looked as young as Lettice, who was like her, on a larger scale. She was dressed in soft grey, with a good deal of lace and long ribbons. Her hair was reddish brown, with the effect of fairness, and she wore it curled round on the back of her head, while all over the crown, and on the forehead, it was curly and short like a boy's. She had a curious contradiction about her, with a manner often unusually merry and bright. She had a very sad expression in her eyes. Therefore she possessed the piquancy which such a contradiction gives the little touch of mystery.

Such was Eleanor, the mother of Lettice and Kitty. But in spite of all the difference between mother and daughters, they loved her very fondly, and kindly made excuses for her, on the plea that she had been brought up in a very old-fashioned way in the country, and had not had their advantages.

And she, in her turn, was proud of her daughters, and secretly admired their independence, even though she shuddered a little at it.

"I see by your face, Lettice, that you have come to scold me about something."

"Well, mother dear, if you would only try and remember sometimes that I am nearly eighteen."

"So you are, tiresome child! How it bores me to have a grown-up

daughter. I wish you were a baby again."

"But as I can't be, let us face the present difficulty. How am I to go out, if you know no one?"

"I suppose I must leave cards."

"But, mother, it's no use going about once a week dropping a card here and there in a desultory way on a few people who don't give parties."

"How worldly wise you are," Eleanor said laughing, as she tucked up her pretty feet on the sofa, under the coils of her tea-gown, and looked at her daughter with gentle mocking eyes.

"Mother, we never left cards on the Stewards after not going to their party. You never answered Lady Sinclair's letter asking for us to sell at her bazaar. You never went to the Stanleys' garden-party after telling her you would come on purpose to meet those—"

"My darling, if you only knew how like you look to Aunt Margaret as you sit there upbraiding me, you never would again."

"Oh, mamma! you are incorrigible," Lettice said desperately.

"Let us leave your coming out to Providence," Mrs Aymer said mischievously. "I married without ever having been to a single party in London, and so perhaps will you and Kitty."

"Then mamma, I wanted to ask you something." She blushed a little, and Eleanor thought a love confession might be coming and felt

sympathetic at once. Her quick mind recalled the name of a certain Philip Herbert who had talked a good deal to Lettice at her Aunt Margaret's; a young man Eleanor believed her sister-in-law had destined for her eldest daughter Ruth. But surely Lettice, not eighteen, could not be thinking of a lover yet!

"You remember Mr Herbert?"

"Of course I do."

"Kitty and I met him in the Park yesterday."

"I hope to Heaven you were with Miss Martin!" Eleanor asked anxiously.

"Of course we were."

"But Miss Martin knows you must not talk to young men."

"Miss Martin could not help if it he came."

"Well," Eleanor sighed,

"And I asked him to come to tea to-day. Was that right? He has fifteen thousand a year."

"O Lettice! Lettice, to think of your knowing or caring whether he has fifteen thousand, or fifteen hundred pounds a year! I am horrified—grieved."

"I thought," Lettice said, taken rather aback, you would think how clever I have been."

"Did he ask to call?"

"Well, not exactly; but he said, 'Has Mrs Aymer got a day at home?' and I said, 'She is often in on Sunday afternoon, but I don't think she ever means to have a day; it would bore her. We mean to have a day, though.' Then he said, 'Will you let me call on your day?' And I said, 'Come at five on Sunday.'"

Eleanor was speechless. "I don't know," she said at last, "what your grandfather would have said or done if I had ever asked a man to tea without consulting him first; even now it is dreadful to think what it would have been!"

"But things are different now, and everyone asks men to tea. It is the fashion."

"You are not even out," Eleanor said, as if that might make a differ-



"Mamma will never take steps," Kitty answered.

ence. "I should think Mr Herbert is laughing at you all this time, and me, too." She was excited, almost tearful. Lettice remained unmoved. "Perhaps he won't come." Lettice expressed no opinion.

At this awkward moment Mr Latimer was announced. Eleanor's face brightened like a girl's. She immediately forgot her daughter as completely as if she had ceased to exist. Lettice, who looked on Mr Latimer as an old friend of "mother's," went away.

It was about five o'clock. Mr Herbert would soon be here. Eleanor would certainly forget all about him too, and have tea in her sitting-room with Mr Latimer. But with the unexpectedness of her character she had not forgotten about Mr Herbert. She rang the bell and sent a message to Miss Martin to be so kind as to have her tea in the drawing-room as she was not coming immediately.

Mr Latimer, meanwhile, sat down in one corner of the large sofa; he

thing has put you out a little, what is it, you had better tell me."

"It's only about my children—my daughters, I should say," Eleanor answered. She was standing by the tall carved wooden chimney piece, leaning her head disconsolately against the shelf. He watched her quietly. He knew it was only a question of time.

"Of course it was different in my day." He smiled. "But then they say I am old-fashioned. But I never asked men to tea before I was married."

"I daresay not, perhaps you made up for it afterwards."

Eleanor was too sad to be angry with him—besides she always forgave his impertinence. "Lettice has asked Mr Herbert to tea to-day!"

"And who is Mr Herbert?"

"A young man. We met him at Margaret's house. I take Lettice to little dinners now she is seventeen, and I find she has been speaking to him in the Park—of course Miss Mar-

"Not as I thought they were going to, once. Had you known Margaret—I always thought it was dull to be like Margaret, so devoted to duty, and her children, and all that. And now I believe her daughters love her more than mine do me." Here she looked down a little. Latimer found the situation a trying one. Her absence of self-consciousness was his best help.

"It's everything—in everything I feel it, and oh it's all my own fault. Their father always prophesied how it would be. It seems a sort of curse on me."

What Latimer might have said or done at that moment, no one can ever tell, for the door opened, and the parlourmaid's voice said, "Mr Herbert is in the drawing-room, madam." Eleanor was recalled to her duty. "Very well, I will come." She was so very anxious to do her duty when she saw it so plainly put before her, that she hurried to the door, carrying a sofa cushion or two

He began to wonder if he ought to have come at all. Such was the effect of Mrs Aylmer's company manners.

Latimer would have been amused, only he began in a very short time to think that Eleanor was too well amused by Herbert, and that he was being left out in the cold, a place where he never cared to linger. He began to think that growing-up daughters were certainly a hindrance, while the mother was little more than a grown-up daughter herself.

Herbert was a tall, nice-looking young man of the ordinary nice-looking, well-dressed type. His hair was very short and his collar very high, and he had really good manners, considering he was quite a young man. Eleanor found he had a little deferential manner towards herself, by which a woman knows she is still a pretty woman, and she had a sweet air of pretending she might be his mother.



"I think," Latimer said

"Something has put you out a little."

was one of few privileged to sit there with silken cushions behind his head. Eleanor was indulgent to him. He had only come home a few weeks ago. She once had known him very well, but they had been parted a long time, he only having just come back to England. But he had the ways of the old friend whom separation has not altered.

"I think you look perplexed," he said.

She was slightly flushed, which gave her quite a girl's complexion. She had always found Latimer a great consolation to her in her troubles, and she had at once resumed her habit of consulting, and choosing to find comfort in him. She never inquired into motives, had not begun to wonder yet, whether its interest in her was that of a friend or the lover. If she sometimes let herself think that his eyes had something more than mere kindness, his voice a tone not quite only that of the friend, she had not, as yet, allowed herself to dwell on possibilities. For there was a depth of determination in this apparently yielding woman unsuspected by her friends, least suspected by Latimer. He understood her about as well as a man ever understands a woman, accusing her of faults she is perhaps not guilty of, giving her virtues she does not really possess.

CHAPTER III.

"I think," Latimer said, looking at her with his humorous eyes, "some-

tin was with her, and she has asked him to call to-day."

"Well, is there much harm done?"

"Oh I am so thankful you don't see it as I do; I am so unpractical, perhaps I was seeing it all wrong, if you don't think any harm is done?"

"I don't indeed—and is that all?"

She came to the sofa, and stood looking down at him with perplexed eyes.

"Sit down," he said, "and tell me all the trouble, as you used to, long ago."

She sighed, but she sat down among her cushions—and looked—Oh! so very like the Eleanor of years ago. "Perhaps it is my fault after all. You are sure to say it is my fault."

"Why?"

"Because you were always so hard on me."

His hand moved as if to touch hers, but he restrained himself; she had always been blind and unjust.

"But I don't know how it is. They are so strong and independent, and go their own way. I did try—yes—whatever you may say."

"I did not say anything."

"I did try to win their love, and I did occupy myself with them, by fits and starts, but it was so difficult, and my head was always running on poetry, and clairvoyance, and low spirits."

"Yes, yes I understand," Latimer said, and he did not smile this time. Her humility had always touched him more than he dared to confess. "But they do love you."

after her on the train of her gown, and dropping her pocket handkerchief and a bunch of violets. Latimer, used to her inconsequent ways, caught the cushions, picked up the handkerchief which he gave her, but he kept the bunch of violets. He would not for worlds have given her the satisfaction of knowing he had done this, and perhaps she remains in ignorance of it unto this day.

Eleanor found her daughters and Mr Herbert talking in a very friendly manner. Miss Martin was within earshot, but with the "Lady's Pictorial," her favourite Sunday reading, open before her. Lettice said, "O mother, we thought you would like your tea sent to you."

But Eleanor sat down for once with an air of great authority to preside over her own tea kettle.

"I am so glad my daughters thought of telling you I am at home on Sunday afternoons," she said, in so sweet a tone that Mr Herbert who had been quite at his ease before, became less at his ease at once.

which would, as a matter of fact, have been impossible, as Philip Herbert was older than he looked, Lettice found herself wondering why it was mamma looked so pretty this evening and said such amusing things in a way she began to be quite sure she and Kitty had not inherited. It was the first time Lettice had ever caught herself genuinely admiring her mother.

"Mamma does palmistry very cleverly," Mr Herbert," Kitty said, and Philip instantly begged to have his fortune told. In a few minutes she was in the mysteries of lines, and Philip was, like most men, believing everything she told him; though not exactly recalling at the moment all the hair-breadth escapes and dangerous illnesses and desperate love affairs she described in his past. Lettice, seeing her friend so well occupied and her mother amused, turned to Latimer, who was sitting by, ostentatiously bored. And when she asked him whether she might try and read his destiny, he

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said rather stiffly, that he never allowed his hand to be looked at. Lettice afterwards said he was jealous. But girls are very merciless in their judgment.

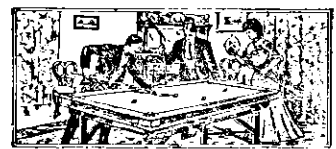
"Are you going away," said Eleanor, turning away from Philip's hand with unflattering indifference. She was so unglorified as to get up from her chair, and walk a step or two to Lettice, and look at him with pleading eyes, as if asking to be forgiven for her frivolity. But he put on that manner that hurt her most—the careless hearty manner—and said, "Well I must try and find you in some afternoon when there is no amusement, how mystified poor Herbert looked at Eleanor's sudden cessation of interest in him. He had not learnt her ways yet. She went away soon after to her sitting-room, and wondered sadly to herself how she had vexed Lettice!"

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Margaret Lacy was a great power in the family. Eleanor was



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rather afraid of her husband's sister, though not afraid of her brother-in-law, John Lacy, an easy going man, indulgent, who saw no harm in Eleanor.

"But John, you must admit she is frivolous for her age."

"My dear, such pretty women have no age. I don't see that she is frivolous. She is very well read!"

"O, what a man's expression—well read!" She seldom looks at a paper, she scarcely knows anything about politics, she has no decided religious opinion. A great many theories she never acts up to.

"Ah, well, but she has pretty manners, and to my mind, only one fault."

"You are lenient; and which do you consider to be her only fault?"

"Why, not having succeeded in making her daughters the least like her. Good girls, pretty, clever girls, but not at all like Eleanor."

"I think they are both like her in colouring and figure."

"Perhaps, but not in good ways. And I tell you what it is, Margaret, they have a little tone of disrespect—perhaps that's too strong a word—when they speak of her, which I don't like in girls."

"But girls are not blind," Lady Margaret said, rather doubtfully, "certainly not nineteenth century girls!"

"Then they ought to be when a mother is in question, perfectly blind."

"Very entete, as usual," she thought, as she gathered up a handful of letters to be answered, and sailed out of the room.

Certainly, Lady Margaret's sitting-room expressed very clearly the difference between herself and her sister-in-law. There were no poetry books, and no large soft sofa with many silk cushions, where privileged heads might rest. No fault-finding, hard, but beloved Lettice, ever sat there at ease. There was an orthodox chimney-piece, and over it an orthodox looking-glass interframed with invitation cards. No unanswered notes were scattered about in odd corners of the bureau. When a letter had to be answered, it did not cause a commotion throughout the household while it was being searched for, and seldom found till after many days.

Everything was business-like, suitable, orderly. Eleanor's little rooms were beautifully arranged, and were feminine, tender, and capricious to the last degree; but in Lady Margaret's there was the triumphant evidence of a well-balanced, masterly spirit.

All the same, John was fond of slipping off to Eleanor's house, and resting in, perhaps, the most unworldly atmosphere in London.

Lady Margaret sat at her bureau, pen in hand, when Lettice looked in at the door, to lay her complaints before her aunt and receive a dignified sympathy.

"Poor child, we must think what can be done. I have written out a

list for your mother, and it is possible she may be glad of my help. I must have a good talk with her about your coming out."

"Mamma will never summon up courage to go to the Drawing Room; the thought of it will make her ill, and I shall feel like a brute."

Lady Margaret, who also had very good manners, though not like Eleanor's, winced slightly at the word "brute."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT HERBAL REMEDY

Vitadatio

Has CURED MRS P. B. BUNDESEN OF GALL STONES.

Church-st., Timaru, July 16, 1886.

To the Agents for VITADATIO, MR S. A. PALMER, Invercargill and 45 to 47, Bourke-st., Melbourne.

Dear Sir.—When you called to see me seven weeks ago, and told me what the Herbal Remedy, VITADATIO, would do for me, it seemed too good to be true but I have found it even better than you have claimed for it. I have been suffering from gall stones for about ten years, and have on several occasions had my life despaired of. I had been constantly ill for 12 months before you

called, and had passed several small stones, with great pain. During nine months of the time, I suffered from Jaundice, and was unable to take solid food. I had the best medical advice of the town, and after a consultation the doctors said they could not do anything for me unless I submitted to an operation, which I refused to do. About five weeks after I began taking VITADATIO, and had taken about three large bottles, I passed a large stone about the size of a hazel nut, and almost without any pain. The Jaundice has now completely left me, and my appetite returned; I can eat anything, and can walk about and attend to my duties, and feel in the best of health.

I freely give you this testimonial, as I wish other sufferers to know about this wonderful remedy, and I thank God that you came to Timaru with it. You are at liberty to make whatever use you think fit of this letter, and I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries about my case.

Yours gratefully, MRS B. P. BUNDESEN.

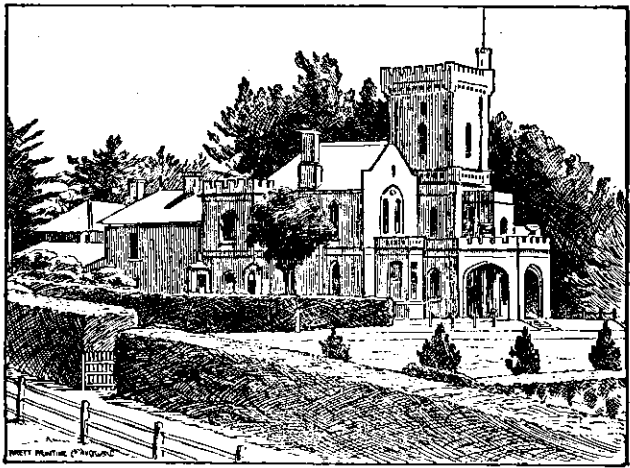
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ST. JOHN'S COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, "THE PAH."

Complete Story.

The Trail of Red Macleod.

A LOVE ROMANCE IN THE WEST.

I.

I am Dave Richardson, late of Moversville, Lien County, Missouri, U.S.A., and I want to find my sister, Daisy Zela Richardson. Since I can't get on her track any other way, I publish this story wherever I can get it printed. She may happen to read these words, and if she knows the real facts of the case she'll come home.

If anybody reading this can find me Daisy Zela Richardson I'll pay him five hundred dollars reward. Address: Red Spring, Coconino County, Arizona.

Daisy lived with mother down on the Mexican border, and when mother died she had to come to me.

I went down and met the train at Flagstaff. Glad I was that she arrived in the dark, not that the boys mean any harm, but Flagstaff is a hard town, and a young pretty woman arriving there all of a sudden would have been too much for their nerves.

I got her into my wagon and out of the place before the sun was up. Twenty-three years of age was Daisy, with as fine a neck and shoulders as ever I saw, well ribbed up, too, chestnut hair, a kind eye, heaps of sense, and dead gentle. All the way through the forest the first day, and across the Painted Desert the second day, I was wondering where I'd find a man good enough to be her husband. My partner, Rube, would have done, but he'd got shot. Failing him, there was the Mormon settlers, at Tuba, to kill, if they came around after Daisy. There was a few cowboys or cow thieves, whichever you like to call 'em, and there was all the outlaws up at the Robbers' Roost.

On the whole it was a nice crowd, a respectable crowd, of domesticated habits, pleasing manners, and choice prospects. I could have picked out some fine candidates for the gallows, but not for matrimony.

"Say, Dave," says she, innocent as you please; "isn't there a place near here called the Robbers' Roost?"

"How did she guess that?"

"How far is it, Dave?"

"She knew then of the outlaw stronghold. It was only four days' ride north of us."

"Have you seen the robbers? Are they very bad men? Why are you so glum?"

I told her to keep her mouth shut. That night, when we were home and through with our supper, I took her and showed her a notice pinned up on the wall.

"The Southern Pacific Railway and Wells Fargo Express Companies offer \$2000 per head, dead or alive, for the two robbers, Red Macleod and Pete Jones, who held up the Southern Pacific mail and express train near Desert Well, Tombstone County, Arizona, on the morning of June 4th, 1899."

"Dead or alive," she murmured, then turning to me, her face awful, said: "Don't you feel for them, Dave?"

"I feel for 'em?" says I. "I'd like to feel for them with a gun. Four thousand dollars reward would come in mighty handy just now."

Not that there seemed any special hope of the reward coming my way, and even if one has the chance of getting a robber, it's well to see one's way clear before moving. You're apt to bite off more than you can chew.

It was a bad business that train robbery. Bill Jones, express man in charge of the treasure chest, was a friend of mine. He was shot in the scrimmage; and on the engine the freeman, poor young chap, was hurt across the eyes, and went blind. Of the three robbers, Joe Younger was killed, and One-eyed Pete was hurt, but got away by the help of his partner, Red Macleod.

From the first Daisy seemed to take a whole lot of interest in them robbers, and more than one day I have come upon her reading that poster. "What a good looker," she said once, reading the description aloud, "Red Macleod, medium height, thick set, age 25, hair red and curly, features regular, blue eyes, generally clean shaven. What a handsome man," says Daisy. "Now, if you want to find me a husband, get me Red Macleod."

Well, we settled down, and after a while the poster, like everything else, got talked out. A trading post among the Indians ain't a cheerful place at the best, and I guess mine is about as mean a hole as I have ever seen.

All round, as far as you can see, there's nothing but sand rock desert. There's not grazing for so much as a mule within five miles of my water hole, and to keep my three horses means wagon loads of hay and oats carried across 40 miles from Tuba.

Daisy had stopped with me three weeks, when she began to make the same remark every day regular, as she cleared the table after supper. Her remark was, "I'm sick of this." As far as a man is concerned there's not much use in saying a thing twice, but women have a way of repeating themselves. The first few days of it I'd grunt in reply just to be friendly, then I got tired of grunting, and every day Miss Daisy says, "I'm sick of this," and I says nothing. I'd been sick of it for ten whole years, but I wasn't going to pull out until I'd made enough to buy back the old homestead down in Missouri. That will take two more years.

"I'm sick of this," said the poor girl, but we had to settle down to the hard facts of life. The only thing that seemed to interest her was robbers, and that was the one topic I couldn't talk about with a child. She was bound to meet outlaws, who often stopped at my house on their way to and from the stronghold. Moreover, no action of mine could prevent her from falling in love with the first desperado she met. And sooner than see her married to an outlaw I would have put a bullet through her heart.

II.

Nine months we lived together, Daisy and me, while I looked out to find her a decent husband, and she thought of nothing but robbers. Men—perhaps a dozen in all—camped at our place over night, or stopped to feed horses and get dinner. It was plain enough to me who they were, for a man who dare not keep his camp fire alight more than half an hour, or a man who will not sit down to eat in one's house unless his partner is on guard with a rifle outside—well, they are not tourists, anyhow.

Besides, one can always tell Mr Robber by the watchful, observant way he has about him, his politeness, the way he carries his weapons all ready for use, and a sort of tenderness towards every woman. I'd like to see the last robber gang shot out, and I'd gladly be in at the killing, but since there are such people, and one can't help meeting all sorts, well, I must say that every desperado I know is a gentleman.

As to Daisy, she'd ask them who they were and what they were, questions for which a man would get shot, and they'd answer with a queer hard grin that they were cow-punchers hunting for a job. Then she'd ask them all about the robbers, and the boys would tell her lies in fine shape, until she was loaded up to the muzzle with pretty stories. Two of them took me outside once after a catechism from Daisy, and explained that I'd better keep that young lady interested in her own affairs if I wanted to stay in the country.

Now you must not suppose that there was anything between me and the robbers. They knew that if it came to a question of the law I'd stand by the law against them. They knew also that they could always buy what they wanted at my store, and that I'd give them credit when they had no cash. You can always trust outlaws. Well, one day Mr Butch Cassidy came along, who is second in command of the Robbers' Roost gang. Says Butch, as he sat at his supper:

"Pull down that notice; Dave, you're not going to get the blood money by erasing One Eye and Red Macleod."

"Why not?" says I.

"Cause One Eye is shot out," says Butch, "and Red's in gaol."

Daisy was coming in with the dish of hash.

"Who's in gaol?" says she.

"Red Macleod, ma'am," says Butch Cassidy.

Daisy dropped the dish.

That night something woke me up from a sound sleep. Voices, I thought; and sure enough I could hear people whispering outside the house. I crept to the window, and there out on the desert, full in the shine of the moon, stood Daisy talking with Butch Cassidy, captain of robbers. What business could she have with him of all men?

She seemed to be pleading with the man, begging him to do something or other, and I guess successfully, because when I got up at sunrise next morning, Butch Cassidy had disappeared with his horse. He had arrived at our place from the south, his tracks left heading southward, and a man doesn't ride across the Painted Desert for the fun of riding back again. As to getting anything out of Daisy, why the girl swore I'd been dreaming, and proved

that her last night tracks on the ground had been made by cows.

Six days after that Daisy tried in her innocent way to get me away on a trip to Tuba, and leaves her alone at the house. She was sick and wanted some medicine, didn't feel strong enough to go herself, not sick enough to consult a doctor. I asked her if she'd be well enough to see an outlaw during my absence. Then she went to bed and cried until I consented to get her medicine from Tuba. I got my wagon loaded for the trip and drove off to the water hole at the Indian camp, distant five hundred yards, but out of sight. There I enlisted all my buck Indians, armed them, and set them to watch my house.

As I expected, Butch Cassidy came back that night, having done the lady's errand, and with him came a young man. Butch Cassidy stopped for supper and went on northward, but the young man stayed, and according to my Indians, that young man's hair was red. What business had my sister Daisy sending Butch Cassidy to Flagstaff and having Red Macleod delivered out of Flagstaff gaol?

Now if Mr Macleod wanted to leave he would need his horse. Twelve Navajo Indians I posted at the stable with orders to capture any person who came for that horse. On entering my house, I might find myself having trouble with Macleod, so I took Charlie, an Indian I could trust, and him I posted outside the parlour window. If after entering the parlour I raised my hand above the level of my shoulder, he must kill Mr Red Macleod.

And while I was arranging these little details, who should come out but my innocent little sister, who took such an interest in robbers. She had a lantern with her and winked off

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Lost Flesh Rapidly,
Took Quantities of Medicine, Failed all the Time.
Was Quickly Cured with

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John Murrell, Railway Station Master, of Sunnybank, Queensland, sends us this letter together with his photograph, which we reproduce above.

This is a strong letter, one which must remove all doubt. It is additional proof that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is

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You ought to profit by it greatly, for if you are weak, have lost flesh, are without appetite, and feel languid and depressed, here is a quick and certain cure. Perhaps the trouble is with your blood and you are suffering from headaches, boils, eruptions of the skin, scrofula, and rheumatism; or if you are suffering from weakness of any kind, here is a prompt and most perfect cure.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Removes All Effects of Hot Weather.

AYER'S PILLS—A Vegetable Laxative for the Whole Family.

to the stable. I suppose she intended to feed and water the horse for Mr Macleod. My Indians would take respectful care that she stayed with them for the present. I went to the sitting-room door, pulled out my revolver, and swung into the room. Mr Macleod had time to level his revolver just between my eyes.

"Good evening, sir," says I. "Throw up your hands, sir," says he. "At the signal of lifting my hand," says I, "you're to be shot. My Indians have you covered, Mr Red Macleod. Oblige me by laying that gun on the table."

He laid his revolver on the table. "Your other revolver," says I. He surrendered his second gun. "Your knife, Mr Macleod."

With a glance of contempt he drew his knife and flung it beside the guns. "Now, Mr Macleod, you will please get up from that chair and step back until you feel the wall."

He stood back to the wall. "Two thousand dollars, Mr Macleod, dead or alive, that's what you're worth to me."

He certainly was a good looking, this cowboy outlaw with the red hair, blue eyes and straight features. He was cool, too, considering his danger, and looked me in the eye as only an honest man or a desperado can.

"You're a trader," says he, pretty scornfully, "and since money's all you seem to care about, how much do you want?"

"More than you can give." "I offer ten thousand dollars." "There isn't enough money in the world," says I. "The question is dead or alive? You'll be hanged, anyway, at Flagstaff, if I don't kill you here. You've about two months to live if you buy the time. Will you buy that two months of life?"

"You haven't got that to sell, Mr Trader. That two months is mine. I'm your prisoner; I've laid down my guns. Even a low down hound like you can't kill an unarmed man."

"You know I'm a dead shot, Mr Macleod?" "I know that."

"You know that if I tell you to pick up both your guns and shoot, I can kill you as you fire."

"Yes." "Death is a duel now, Mr Macleod, or death by hanging in, say, two months—will you buy two months?"

"Your price?" "Marry my sister."

"Your sister, sir, is my wife; she's been my wife for two years."

"She married you?" "She thought I was a cowboy, Mr Richardson; she thought I was straight, not what I am."

"And by way of making yourself worthy of her, Mr Macleod, you steal in the same line of business, stealing cattle, robbing trains, and killing men."

"That train robbing, Mr Richardson, was the finish. I promised her I'd never do another crooked thing while I lived."

"Of course not. You were hunted pretty hard, too. You were heading this way when you were captured?"

"Yes." "And that's why your wife came here?"

"To meet me, sir."

"On your way to the Robbers' Roost?"

"Yes." "You were going to take my sister to live at the Robbers' Roost?"

He hung his head. "And you were captured on the way here. How many men did you kill?"

"I got one and wounded another." "And how many men did you murder while you were breaking out of goal three days ago?"

"I shot a warder."

"Mr Red Macleod, don't you think your wife would have a better chance in this world as your widow?" "I love her," says he, the tears running down his face.

"And I love my sister," says I. "Come, Red, you're a gentleman right down to the bones, in spite of your horrible trade. We're two men thinking out what's best for the woman's sake, for the woman's honour." I laid down my gun. "Now," says I, "Red, what's to be done?"

"After what you've said, Mr Richardson, I can't take her on to the Robbers' Roost."

"I'd kill you both," said I, "rather than that. No, take her to civilization, Red, take her down east to the settlements. Keep your promise and turn honest, Red, if you can, for her sake."

"If I could, if I weren't Red Macleod!" he cried. "They're watching every railroad, every trail; there's pictures of me hanging in every house. Red hair," he looked at the poster on the wall, "blue eyes, straight features. I can't hide them. There's no disguise can cover a man like me. Curse such a body as can't be disguised or hid. There's only two ways for me, Mr Richardson. One way leads to the Robbers' Roost, and the other way leads to—Mr Richardson, it's the only way—the only way." He grabbed a revolver from the table. "Tell Daisy I loved her. Tell Daisy I loved —"

His face was hid behind the flash, and when the smoke cleared off there was no face. Poor Red Macleod had gone the only way.

And now I offer five hundred dollars reward to anyone who will carry Red's message to my poor lost sister, Daisy Richardson.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED.

Dr. W. H. Rice, the well-known New York Hernia Specialist, sends a trial of his famous method FREE TO ALL. Anyone can now cure themselves at home without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of TIME FROM WORK. At the earnest request of British patrons, Dr. Rice has opened Branch Offices at 2 & 3 St. Stonecutter St., London, E.C., and to the thousands upon thousands of sufferers who are torturing themselves with bad trusses, and are in momentary danger of death from strangulation, will send free to all a trial of his famous method that has saved so many lives and made so many men, women, and children well and strong and permanently cured of bad Ruptures. Do not be backward about writing for the FREE TRIAL. It will cost you nothing, and will enable you to see how easily you can cure yourself in a short time without losing an hour from work, business, or pleasure. Every man, woman, or child should know the wonderful truth that Rupture can be cured, and he therefore generously sends, prepaid by post, his method absolutely free, and you can make a trial of it. Remember that it is the same method that Mr. Thomas Blay (whose picture is given below) used; and who can deny the truth when it is put before them in so clear a light? It must indeed be welcome words to the afflicted.



Words of praise from Mr. BLAY.

No. 4, Ripley Terrace, Luddenden Foot, W. S. Rice, April 6, 1901.

Dear Sir—After using your treatment for three months I find myself cured of my Rupture, at the age of 55. I had been afflicted for ten years. I shall advise all people afflicted with this complaint to use your treatment, as I know from experience that it will cure permanently. You must have a wonderful knowledge of rupture to fit one so perfectly without seeing the rupture. I am in good health now, something I have not enjoyed for ten years. It is a fact, indeed, that I can now do anything I like to do. I have no letter in any way you choose, and I hope it will guide others to a perfect cure.—Yours truly, THOMAS BLAY.

There is absolutely no question about the curative ability of this combined and perfected method. It has stood the test of time; it has been through hundreds of critical cases; it has cured hundreds in every curable instance. It has saved the child to a life of independence; it has given the youth his enjoyment of health and strength to fight the battle of life successfully; it has conquered the blight upon old age and turned years of suffering into ending days of joy and gladness. Whoever is Ruptured, should keep in mind the fact that in eighty per cent. of all cases there is a daily liability that before night they may say good-bye to their children. Does not this fact influence one to pause and consider whether they are using their best efforts in the way a wise Creator intended they should? And take the forethought, the research and the painstaking effort of one who invests and studies for the relief of others is placed in our hands, is it not our duty to read and listen patiently that we may take advantage of that which contributes to our earthly benefit?

Clark's B & P Pills are warranted to cure Gravel, Pain in the back, and all kindred complaints. Free from Mercury. Established upwards of 30 years. In boxes of 50 each, of all Chemists and Patent Medicines Vendors throughout the World. Proprietors, The Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Company, Lincoln, England.

Complete Story.

Jonathan's Wife.

He had been working very hard that day. He was a master builder, and it was Monday. Monday, for some unaccountable reason, is a very bad day for the British workman, and Jonathan, knowing this quite well, and yet never becoming resigned to it, bullied and chivied his few regular men to such an extent that by the end of the day he was quite worn out.

After the toil of ten weary hours, Rose Cottage looked very bright and cheerful, and one would have expected the owner's spirits to rise when he reached such a snug little haven of rest. But Jonathan's brow still remained gloomy and clouded.

"Jonathan, is that you?" said a shrill voice from within. "Well, this is a nice time of the day to come home, I must say. Been working late. Oh, nonsense! You can't make me believe that. There isn't much doing on a Monday, as I know. You won't get any tea to-night, that's a sure thing. I've had mine and cleared away an hour ago. If you think I'm going to be dancing about half the evening waiting on you you make a mistake. You don't want any tea? No, I don't suppose you do. I dare say you've had plenty to take the place of it. That's the way your money goes. I can slave here from morning till night making a shilling go as far as five, while you fling the money about as if it was dirt. Oh, it's a no use you contradicting me. I know better."

So far from contradicting Jonathan had settled down into a big armchair with a face as contrite as if he had been guilty of all the cardinal sins. He slowly took off his boots—one of the regulations of Rose Cottage—and with a sigh followed the slight form of his better half as she bustled about the room, by way of showing what a hardy-used work-oppressed young woman she was.

"Good gracious me," she went on, after pausing to take breath, and regarding him with righteous horror; "the idea of taking off your dirty, muddy boots in my best parlour. Now take them off to the kitchen this instant. A nice place I should have if I wasn't always on the look-out after you. How you get your boots in that state I can't think. You'll be wanting me to clean them next; but I haven't come down quite so low as that. I may work myself to death in this house to keep things snug and comfortable for you, but I'll have you to know it don't go as far as cleaning muddy boots."

Jonathan protested meekly that such a thought had never entered his head for a moment, and embracing the opportunity for escape slunk off into the kitchen, followed by a monologue of wifely complainings and abuse.

Here he allowed himself a little reaction. He waited until he heard Mrs Jonathan's light footfall upstairs, and then he glared fiercely at the opposite wall, and kicking the cat from her snug position on the hearth-rug, threw his boots savagely into a corner.

Considering the couple had been married for nearly six years, and that during that time Mrs Jonathan's tongue had had plenty of opportunities for exercise, the victim ought to have become accustomed, if not reconciled, to it. But the day was Monday, and what could be borne passively on any other day in the week could not be tolerated on Monday.

For a few moments Jonathan glared moodily into the fire, then he braced himself up, and with an expression of reckless determination, he put on his hat and boots again, and listening attentively for the whereabouts of Mrs Jonathan, softly opened the back door, and slipped into the street.

After walking for about ten minutes he found himself outside a small

and very untidy dwellinghouse, at the porch of which sat the owner, a short thick-set man, deeply engrossed in the smoking of a grimy-looking clay pipe.

"Hulloa! Johnny, my boy," said he, looking up with a nod of recognition. "Has you wife gone out for the evening? Don't often see you round this way unless you've had permission."

Jonathan shook his head with a groan.

"I slipped out," he said. "There'll be an awful row when I get back. Max, it's getting awful."

"What is?" said the innocent Max. "Why, the missus," said the other, taking a seat at the other side of the porch. "I haven't had a bit of peace ever since the day I married her. She nags me from morning till night. The place doesn't seem my own. I don't get a say in anything."

"Well, why don't you put your foot down," said the owner of the clay pipe, comfortably. "I wouldn't let a woman get the better of me. Why, when my wife was alive, she'd no more think of standing up agin me than she'd think of flying."

"You're safe enough in saying so," said Jonathan, quietly; "seeing as how the poor soul ain't here to contradict you."

"A woman," went on the strong-minded Max, "in my opinion, should be kept under. Once loosen the bit in her mouth, and there's no holding her in."

"Well, talking of that won't do me any good," said the injured Jonathan. "The thing's done. My wife was pretty and young when I married her, and I was that fond of her, I reckon I spoilt her. But now and again she just oversteps the mark. Can't you give me a bit of advice?"

The older man took his pipe from his mouth and regarded it steadily for some minutes.

"Can't you keep her short for a bit?" he said, after a long pause. "There ain't nothing like keeping the money tight. Meanwhile, you could buy a few nice things for yourself, and a few presents for your friends as advised you."

"My life wouldn't be worth living," said Jonathan hurriedly. "I have to keep buying her things to keep her fairly good tempered."

"Well, couldn't you bully her a bit? Treat her like you do the men. I've seen you let out at them pretty freely now and again."

"It can't be done," said the other, shaking his head. "I haven't got a word to say for myself with her, and she knows it. Bully her? Good gracious! It's she, little hop-o-me-thumb, that does the bullying."

The older man shrugged his shoulders, and slowly refilled his pipe. Presently, he looked up and eyed the sturdy muscular form before him with some contempt.

"Look here," he said. "If you ain't man enough to master your own wife, and a little bit of a thing at that, I ain't got a word to say. You don't deserve no better fate at her hands."

"You don't know what she's like," groaned Jonathan.

"I've known some termentags in my time," said he. "Why, the first week I was married, when my wife began showing her airs, I just picks her up in my arms and carries her upstairs, looking her up in a room until she knew better how to behave herself."

"I'd like to see you do the same to my wife," said Jonathan, not without some pride in the absent one's spirit. "Why, she'd make you a mask of scratches, and leave very little hair on your head before she'd done with you. But look here, I've got an idea. You come home with me, and help me to give her a lesson."

"Is she—er—bad tempered with

everybody?" asked the other man, guardedly.

"Lor no! butter wouldn't melt in her mouth when there's a stranger round."

"But what can I do?"

"Well, I'm thinking we might get up a little quarrel, Max, and then I could show her what I'm made of by going for you, don't you see?"

"Only make believe," broke in Max, looking at the young man's physique with some concern.

"Of course. You might make some personal remarks about her, and lead up to a jolly good row. She'll look up to me for taking her part, and it might make all the difference to a woman of her temper."

"I'm not so sure," said the other, dubiously. "However, if it'll be any assistance to you, I'm willing to try."

With this Max locked up his establishment, and putting the key in his pocket, walked off arm in arm with his hopeful friend. When they reached Rose Cottage they found the lady in question already at the door awaiting them.

"I've brought a friend home, my dear," said her husband, nervously.

"So I see, having two eyes in my head," said she, icily. "It ain't exactly the time of day, being nearly nine o'clock, to be asking visitors in, but that's just your way, Jonathan. However, come in with you. I'm glad to see you, Mr —"

"Hollis," put in Jonathan, mildly.

"And who was asking you?" said his wife, snappishly. "I suppose the gentleman has a tongue and knows how to use it. It would be a strange thing if he didn't know his own name. Will you kindly rub your boots, Mr Hollis, and step this way?"

Mr Hollis hesitated, and breathing hard, sought the eyes of Mr Jonathan in vain. "Being as it's a bit late—" he began, stepping backwards.

"Oh, nonsense," said Mrs Jonathan, briskly. "Now you're here you may as well stay. We haven't got much for supper, but what we've got you're welcome to. Jonathan, you're letting in a draught with that door. You'll oblige me by shutting it."

Jonathan did so with alacrity, and pushed his friend before him into the kitchen, where he sheepishly took a seat, and twirling his hat round and round in his hand, waited deferentially for his fair hostess to speak.

"You've known my husband some years, Mr Hollis?" said Mrs Jonathan, as she began to set the table for supper.

"Eight come the autumn," said Mr Hollis, mildly.

"Then you knew him before he was married?"

"Certainly I did," said Mr Hollis, eagerly; "and I never see such a change in anyone before. You've improved him wonderful, marm. He was that wild and unsteady, and often I'd say to him: 'Jonathan, my boy, you want a nice, firm, sensible little wife to keep you in order.' Now didn't I, my lad?"

"You're a silly," said Jonathan, under his breath. "You're getting on the wrong tack."

"I'm leading up to it," whispered Mr Hollis, knowingly. "You wait a bit."

"Then you think my husband did well for himself?" said Mrs Jonathan, looking over at him with an indulgent smile.

"That I do, marm," returned Mr Hollis, readily. "Directly I see your bonny face, thinks I to myself: 'Ah, Jonathan has got the right sort here; someone as won't knuckle under and be made into a slave! Men want managing, Mrs Jonathan; let them have their own way and you've done for yourself and your liberty for ever, but keep 'em under and you'll find things straight enough for you.'"

"You hear that, Jonathan?" said the lady, turning round on him triumphantly. "Your friend has got very sensible ideas. Are you married, Mr Hollis?"

"I was, marm," said Mr Hollis, feelingly, putting his hand over the region of his heart. "Ah! she was a wonder she was, just such another as you, as pretty and bright and merry a little lass as ever I see. But she was too good for this wicked world and the Lord took her."

"How sad," said the lady, symp-

thetically, as she helped the bereaved to a good serving of veal and ham pie.

"She knew where she was best off," said Jonathan under his breath.

"Jonathan," said his wife, turning on her spouse and eyeing him sharply; "if you've got anything to say, say it, but don't sit numbling there as though you was eighty."

"I was just saying, my dear," stammered her husband, uneasily. "What a blessing it wasn't you the Lord took."

Here Mrs Jonathan's reply to this gratifying remark was lost in the alarm occasioned by the amiable Mr Hollis, who was suddenly taken with a painful fit of choking, a fit effectually shortened by the prompt and energetic attention of Mr Jonathan.

"Here, that'll do," said the afflicted gentleman, as his friend seemed in no hurry to discontinue the usual treatment.

"A crumb went down the wrong way, I expect," said Mrs Jonathan, kindly. "Take a glass of spirit, Mr Hollis. It'll perhaps move it."

"Thank you kindly, marm," said Mr Hollis, accepting it, and ignoring the fierce scowls, and kicks that came above and below the table from the direction of the indignant Mr Jonathan. "Here's health to you, marm, and a long life; and may you always be queen of your own household and free from the cowardly tyranny of man."

And after this little burst of eloquence he got so lively and talkative, and gave Mrs Jonathan so many useful hints on the management of husbands, and the proper treatment of wives, that the astute lady was quite charmed. "Your friend is a man in a thousand," she said, enthusiastically, to her husband.

"He is," agreed Jonathan, with some energy.

Such a pleasant evening they had, and the time went by so quickly, that Mr Hollis upon looking at his watch was quite astounded to find it well on to the hour of midnight.

"I must be off home," he said, as he rose from his chair. "I've enjoyed myself so, I'd no idea it was so late."

"I'll come a step of the way with you," said Jonathan, obligingly.

An uneasy look crept into Mr Hollis's eyes.

"Certainly not," he said, with some asperity. "I shouldn't think of taking you out this time of night."

"It's no trouble at all," returned Jonathan, politely, as his left hand strayed absently to the muscle of his right arm. "It'll do me good."

"Mrs Jonathan," said Mr Hollis, turning to the lady hurriedly; "he'll take notice of what you say. Don't you let him go out to-night. He's got a cold now. Besides, it ain't right for a young chap to be out so late."

"Certainly not. I quite agree with you, Mr Hollis," said she. "Jonathan, you don't go out of this house to-night—the idea!"

"Darn," said Jonathan, impressively.

"What a splendid thing it is he's got someone to look after him," said Mr Hollis, in some relief, as he buttoned up his coat. "What a blessing to have such a wife. My thanks to you, marm, for the pleasant evening. Good-bye, John, my boy. I expect I shall see you round at my place one of these fine days."

"I expect you will," said Jonathan, with unusual warmth as the door closed.

FREDERIC H. COWEN'S
Beautiful Song.

The Mission of a Rose

Sung with the greatest success by
MISS AMY CASTLES.

The "Illustrated London News" says:—The Mission of a Rose is "A Gem."
"Vanity Fair" (London) says:—The Mission of a Rose is "A Gracious Song."
"Pleasantly" says:—The Mission of a Rose is "A Sweet Song."
The "Sunday Times" (London) says:—The Mission of a Rose is "Full of true musical feeling; will no doubt become a great favorite."

THE MISSION OF A ROSE is being sung with great success by Miss Amy Castles. May be had of all Music-sellers.
London. **REYNOLDS & Co.,** Barnard St., W.

As Old as Queen Victoria.

There are not a great number of people living in this country who were born in the same year as Queen Victoria. They who entered the world so long ago as 1819 and are still with us hale and hearty are undoubtedly in the running to become centenarians. A notable example of this very small band is Mrs Elizabeth Fuller, of No. 44, Ryder Street, Surry Hills, Sydney. This venerable old lady was born in England and came to Australia with her husband before she had attained her eighteenth year, long previous to the great gold rush. She has, therefore, already reached the full age attained by Wellington, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Bismarck, and Tennyson, men who found time to accomplish a vast amount of enduring work, which establishes the fact that it is not among the most unevenful or least suffering lives we must look for examples of longevity. If that were not so, we should not now be writing of Mrs Fuller's career. To work strenuously for many years building up a competency, to succeed in that effort, and then to have the proceeds of your industry swept away by the miserable process of litigation is disheartening to the last degree. That is what happened to Mrs Fuller. A weaker mind than hers would have become unbalanced by such a disaster. But that is not all. It is proverbial that troubles come not a single spies, but in whole battalions, and so it was in this case. Enjoying excellent health, s.a.v. knowing what serious illness was during the first 71 years of her life, Mrs Fuller now met with an accident. Losing her footing while ascending the stairs, she sustained a fractured arm and collar-bone—a serious calamity to befall anybody, but specially a woman 71 years of age.

Mrs Fuller thus writes of her experiences consequent upon her accident: "I became an inmate of the Sydney Hospital, and after being in some degree patched up there was discharged within two months as cured. My worst troubles, however, were only just beginning. The fall must have wrenched by back and injured my kidneys; for a dull con-

tinuous pain set in in that region, which allowed me no rest by day or night, producing urinary difficulties of a most distressing nature, and an obstinate constipation. I visited the leading hospitals as an outdoor patient, and was at one time under treatment at my own home by a lady doctor. None of the plasters, liniments, lotions, or other medicines they gave me proved of any service. As time passed the pain in my back increased so much that the agony I endured was intolerable, and I felt as if I could have welcomed death to end my sufferings. In this wretched condition I remained two years. Then my daughter, Mrs W. Johnson, of Arden Street, Waverley, bought me three of Mother Seigel's Soothing Plasters, a box of Mother Seigel's Operating Pills, and a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She did this on the advice of a friend, who said he was sure they would relieve my sufferings if given a fair trial. Happily for me the accuracy of his belief was soon established, for the plasters, used in conjunction with the Syrup and Pills, at once reduced the backache to a tolerable degree, and in two months had quite mastered it. I was once more able to eat, sleep and get about in comfort. After so long an illness, and at my advanced age, a quick restoration to perfect health and strength was not to be expected, but I persevered with the three Seigel remedies for six months, and was rewarded by a daily improvement in my condition. At the end of that time I felt as well as a person of my years could hope to be, and I have remained well from that day to this."

The loss of Mrs Fuller's well-earned savings has been in some degree repaired by the grant of an Old Age Pension by the beneficent State of New South Wales—a boon extended only to those who have resided in the State continuously for at least 25 years, and in itself a sure warrant of the respectability and honour of the recipient. A good thing, and one to be devoutly thankful for, without doubt, but less wonderful than that other relief which Mrs Fuller has so well described and acknowledged.

Most makes of .22 caliber cartridges are as variable as some men's watches. Cartridges out of the same box won't shoot alike. Some go high, some go low and some don't go at all. This is not true of

WINCHESTER

.22 Short and .22 Long Cartridges. They shoot well all the time, and shoot just where you hold. Special powder made according to carefully determined and tested formulas is used in loading Winchester Cartridges and every bullet is swaged by special machinery which makes them uniform in size, weight and density. This modern method of manufacture coupled with a rigid system of tests makes Winchester Cartridges better than any other brand on the market. A trial will convince you.

PURE MILK COMBINED WITH WHEAT AND BARLEY MALT.

Full Nourishment, partly predigested. Sterilized.

Horlick's
Malted Milk

THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS IN ALL CLIMATES.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD. IN POWDER FORM. KEEPS INDEFINITELY. OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

After Dinner Gossip.

Cunning of the Indian Crocodile.

The crocodile is, it appears, a much more intelligent creature than its appearance seems to indicate. From a description given of its peculiar methods by a native Bengali paper, it must be endowed with as much cunning as that human innocent, the Buer farmer. What, for instance (asks the "Globe") could be more "slim" than the trick by which it comes within grabbing distance of a horse or a cow tethered near the bank of a river? To land and attempt capture by pursuit would be fruitless toll. The saurian accordingly lies concealed near the bank until opportunity offers for it quietly to tug and carry away the peg to which its hoped-for prey is tethered. Feeling the pull of the cord, and imagining that its master proposes to fix the peg at some other place where there is fresh pasture, the deluded victim obediently follows to the edge of the water, where it is instantly seized and dragged down. But human smartness is fully equal to that of the crocodile. A dead kid is obtained, and the body is stuffed with dry quicklime, and neatly sewn up. This bait is then placed close to the water's edge, and, being compact and of comparatively small size, is bolted whole as a sort of whet for a more solid meal. But before long the crocodile feels somewhat uncomfortable and so thirsty that it must drink. After that there are strange commotions in the river, and the crocodile is cremated internally by the chemical action of the water on the quick-lime.

Flag Pong on the French Riviera.

A correspondent of the "Globe" writes from the French Riviera: "In several hotels I could mention ping pong tables are set up in the entrance halls, and for the sum of one or two francs an hour the balls and rackets can be obtained from the concierge, who, if it is his own perquisite, must make a good thing out of his investment. Nothing is more irritating to the quiet smoker or reader than the everlasting ping pong, accompanied by the hilarious exclamations of the young people, in guttural German, high-flavoured Americanese, or one's own native tongue. A crusty old gentleman I know said recently, 'What do you tell me they pay for this? A franc an hour? I would willingly give double the amount if they would leave off.' The next day I did not see him, and on inquiry the following morning I heard that he had left. I verily believe that ping pong did it. On sounding the manager on this untoward event, he looked grave, and hurriedly changed the conversation. In the Avenue de la Gare at Nice in a shop noted for its 'Articles Anglais,' I saw a box with 'Pim Pam' in large letters upon it, which presumably contained the elements of this fascinating and fashionable craze. Notwithstanding the pronounced Anglophobia existing over here I would lay odds that 'Pim Pam' will before long become the rage, and who shall say that an International Tournament may not be arranged.

"Same Here" Soon.

The domestic problem in America is in a much worse tangle than here, and it would seem that householders will eventually find their salvation in "travelling kitchens." They call at your door at any hour, and you can have any meal done to a turn and nicely served. The travelling kitchen is a huge motor-car—in appearance very like Black Maria. The interior is divided into trays or "carriers," and the same tray keeps soup boiling hot and an ice pudding firmly frozen, but a few inches of tinned space dividing the two. There are also parlour and housemaid brigades in connection with the kitchens. They come at the time appointed, do all

the work wanted in a smart, well-trained manner, and leave everything in apple-pie order.

An Essay on Hair.

"As for hair, I consider it a mighty dangerous thing. Absolum found it so, and the man who is scalped by Indians always wishes that he had been born without hair, and never been able to grow it. Did you ever read about the woman who poisoned a man by feeding him with chopped hair? She cut it up so fine that you could hardly see it, and gave it to the man in his food. It killed him by slow torture, much as if it had been home-made wedding cake, and the doctors couldn't detect it, as they would have detected wedding cake. Every now and then a man is choked to death by a hair sticking in his throat, and no careful man will ever eat butter in a strange house for fear of being choked. And then think of the misery that hair on a man's coat may cause. I knew a man whose home was broken up, and his wife divorced from him, merely because he came home two or three times with a long red hair on the left shoulder of his coat. The man was innocent, too, for the hairs were put on his coat by a mischievous boy, and besides, the girl that his wife ought to have been jealous of, if she had known the facts, had black hair." —W. L. Alden in "To-day."

Sixty Bananas at a Meal.

To eat sixty bananas at one meal, besides other food, may fairly be described as a large order, even for a medium-sized giant, but the extensiveness of the meal becomes appalling when we learn that it is consumed by a dwarf. Yet this is a common occurrence.

These dwarfs are pigmies who live on the confines of the Congo Free State; they are nomadic, and are, for small people, mighty hunters. It is not surprising to find that the result of this meal is to make the consumer lie and groan during the greater part of the night, but the lesson is not taken to heart, and the act of gluttony is repeated day after day.

'Beef, Lemons, and Cheese.'

While passing Cherbourg, en route from South Africa to London, the late Mr Cecil Rhodes once observed several vessels of the French channel squadron drawn up in line to salute the ex-Empress Eugenie's yacht. The Frenchmen, who were spread out on the yard of their vessels, shouted "Vive l'Imperatrice!"

The captain of the vessel on which Mr Rhodes was a passenger, wishing to show his respect to the Empress, got his men ready to salute, but in the short time at his disposal he could not school his crew to repeat the French words.

"Tell them to say 'Beef, lemons, and cheese,'" suggested Mr Rhodes. Shouted at a distance these words might sound sufficiently like the Frenchmen's cry, though Mr Rhodes' suggestion, of course, was made playfully. To his utter amazement the yacht was greeted with a deafening yell of 'Beef, lemons and cheese!' which entirely drowned the voices of the French sailors. The ex-Empress is stated to have expressed great pleasure at the compliment afterward.

A Quarrel in the Street.

About ten o'clock the other morning two men met and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two were about to grapple, when a woman opened the door and said:

"Gentlemen, are you about to fight?"
"We are!" they answered together.
"Then have the kindness to wait a

moment," she continued. "My husband has been sick for weeks, and is just now able to sit up. He is very downhearted this morning; and if you'll only wait till I can draw him up to the window, I know he'll be very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared in the house, and, after one look into each other's faces, the men smiled, shook hands, and departed together.

New Airship for the War Office.

At a meeting of the Aeronautical Institute and Club, held in London, an interesting lecture was given by Dr. Barton on the construction of airships. Dr. Barton said the new airship which he was now constructing for the War Office would be 180ft in length, and would weigh nearly 10,000lb. The deck would be about 10ft long, and the machine would carry seven or eight persons, five being required to work it. The machine would be driven by three pairs of propellers arranged on the sides of the car, each pair being worked by a 45 horse-power petrol motor. Attached to the machine would be an automatic water-balancing apparatus, which would keep it always perfectly horizontal, even when passengers were walking along the deck. The framework of the machine would be made of tubular steel, and braced together by steel wire in tension. He estimated that the machine would be able to travel at the rate of 25 miles an hour, and remain in the air for a period of 48 hours.

How He was Handicapped.

He was a policeman, and a tremendously large one. He loomed up like a huge blue elephant, and as the lady waited on the corner near him for a tram-car, she couldn't help saying something about his size, he looked so good-natured. She rather inclined to believe that it was in the way.

"Well, no'm," he said, "it comes very handy when I've got to push and shove through a crowd, or to reach around and help a lot of ladies over the street, or to catch a runaway and swing onto him, but, ma'am," and he sighed, "when it comes to buying pants, ready made, it's h—"

The conclusion rather startled the lady by its unexpectedness, but the big man was so innocent about it that she could only laugh.

Asleep for Nineteen Years.

The Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" states:—Great interest is being displayed in the case of Mlle. Bouyevnal, who for nearly 19 years has been in a state of catalepsy, taking neither meat nor drink, and to all appearance dead, save for the regular but almost imperceptible beatings of the heart. Marguerite Bouyevnal, who lies in a little bed on the ground floor of her mother's cottage, in the village of Thenelles, near Saint Quentin, is now nearly 38 years old. She has been visited by hosts of people, including a number of medical celebrities, and all sorts of theories have been put forward by way of accounting for her condition. The local physicians are of opinion that the trouble was caused by some violent emotion, and this view was set forth by an expert in his report to the Saint Quentin Court, which, years ago, went into this very peculiar case. Now, however, the idea is started that Marguerite Bouyevnal may have been magnetised, and not having afterwards been properly aroused, may thus have remained in a state of hypnotic catalepsy.

Philosophy of a Lie.

"Do you know that Tomlinson is just like George Washington?"
"Why?"
"He can't tell a lie."
"Can't tell a lie! He is the most gigantic liar in town."
"Impossible!"
"Nothing of the sort. There is not a man of his acquaintance who believes a word that he says."
"That proves what I say, for without deception there is no lie, and as no one believes Tomlinson he can't tell a lie."

A Muddled One.

At a football match the other day one of the players at "back" seemed rather nervous at clearing an awkward ball from a centre kick. For a moment the home goal was in danger.

There was a hushed silence that fell on the crowd present, but it was soon broken. A rough voice shouted to the hesitating player:

"Kick it hard, Charlie! Think it's Mr. Kipling!"

An Aucklander's Nightmare.

Once there was an Auckland citizen who fell asleep and had a horrible dream.

He dreamed that the city had become so intolerably dirty that men, despairing of ever seeing any improvement in its streets or in its atmosphere, were moving to other cities in droves.

He dreamed that a general apathy as to public improvements had settled down upon the doomed city. Either there was not enough money raised by taxation to keep things moving, or it was unwisely expended.

He dreamed that the prevailing dry rot had extended to the schools, and that some of the most important branches had been discontinued.

He dreamed that the fire department had become crippled by the palsy that was affecting every other part of the municipal body, and that destructive fires were of frequent occurrence.

He dreamed that the rich and prosperous men still remaining in the city were apparently content with this state of affairs, and instead of holding indignation meetings and organising for the purpose of restoring the old civic pride and prosperity went calmly on making money and paying no attention to anything else.

And then he woke—and, b'ho'd, it was no dream, but a sober reality!

Obliging.

Once two gentlemen attended a temperance meeting and on returning home by a dark and narrow lane were thrown out of their conveyance. The incident was reported in the local paper, and the account closed with the words: "Fortunately both men were sober." The editor received an angry letter from one of the gentlemen concerned requesting an apology. He was equal to the occasion. "In our account of the unfortunate accident to Messrs —," wrote the editor, "We stated that fortunately both men were sober. It appears this statement has given great offence. We therefore beg to withdraw it."

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Topics of the Week.

Peace.

Peace! The sentiment is warm at our hearts, and the words are trembling on our lips. As I write the deep sea cables are perhaps thrilling with the decisive message that is in turn to thrill the Empire, but this page of the paper goes early to press—confound the exigencies of weekly journalism—and I cannot wait to hear the news from England. What messages are coming to hand, and they are coming thick and fast, are so pregnant with hope that we all feel justified in getting ready our flags and decorations. How many long months have the latter been lying aside waiting for the happy day! So long, long has the war dragged out that there must be half an inch of dust on them by this time. Bring them out and get them ready for the auspicious occasion. What a lot there is to say regarding it, but one is handicapped in saying it now, when the chances are that by the time you, dear reader, get to these notes, you may know far more about the position than I do now, and are probably much too busy celebrating the close of war to trouble reading stale conjectures.

The Premier's Understudy.

The colony has lost nothing by the absence of the Premier from it—Mr Ward fills the vacant place so well. It is not merely that the latter efficiently discharges the functions of the office, but it is evident he aims at playing the role on the same lines as Mr Seddon has played it, giving the same readings the same attitudes, so that those casually interested in New Zealand affairs might not be aware that it was the understudy and not the original that occupied the stage. In this way the colony has really two Premiers to boot it: Mr Seddon on tour to advertise us abroad, and Mr Ward at home to perpetuate the Seddonian traditions. That speech of the Acting-Premier at Denniston last week is an instance of how well he is rendering his part. I felt as I read it that I was listening to the insistent note of Mr Seddon roaring defiance at the world. The theme was one that never fails to inspire the absent Premier to the limit of his eloquence, and frequently I am afraid beyond the limits of discretion; it was the destiny of New Zealand in the South Pacific. Who does not know the familiar broad touch of Mr Seddon when he takes up his brush to sketch the map of the Pacific ten or twenty years hence? But Mr Ward at Denniston was even less sketchy than the Premier has ever been. He drew the big pencil of authority down the map somewhere between the 160th and 170th degree of longitude with the remark that all to the right of the line was New Zealand's by the divine right of geographical position. "New Guinea and another island he could not (or would not) name came within the sphere of the Commonwealth, all other islands of the Pacific naturally came under the control of Maoriland." I don't know that Mr Seddon, in his most irresponsible moments, ever gave a more distinct unofficial intimation of our intention to ring fence new country for ourselves, and it need not surprise us if the intimation evokes hostile comment on the other side. The Australian newspapers have already warned the country to beware of the aggrandising spirit of Mr Seddon, and they are keeping a watchful eye on him during his travels, fearful lest he should break out in some way detrimental to the Commonwealth. What can such watchfulness avail, however, when no sooner has Mr Seddon left our shores, than another Seddon springs up in the absent one's place, preaching the same pernicious doctrine. If they had imagined Seddon-

ism was a creed with one priest, and no disciples they are mightily mistaken, for here's an apostle as fervent as his master, and goodness only knows whether this heresy may not affect the whole population. To Australian eyes the position is more serious than ever.

The Coming Coronation.

In connection with the Coronation festivities in Auckland, it has been decided after a great deal of discussion this way and that that the children are not "to be butchered to make an Auckland holiday," as an opponent of the juvenile treat expressed it to me. The arguments in favour of making the occasion a children's one especially were many and strong, but the one argument against was stronger still, and that was the probability of bad weather interfering with the arrangements. In the summer time we could have organised a gigantic children's celebration which the youngsters would have enjoyed immensely, and which would have marked Coronation Day in their memory and ours for the rest of our lives. In the winter time, however, it is quite another matter. Any great outdoor gathering of the youngsters would be attended with risks. Unless we could count on a bright sky overhead and dry ground under foot the poor little pleasure-seekers would stand a fair chance of catching more cold than enthusiasm. It would be downright cruel to marshal and parade thousands of little children in a wet paddock or along our muddy streets, and those of our cities who intend to make the juvenile demonstration a feature of the Coronation festivities may find unless favoured with exceptional weather, that they have made a mistake. That is their affair, however. Auckland for her part is going to revert to the stereotyped methods of celebrating—the military review, the fireworks in the evening, and so forth. Yes, after a desperate attempt at something original the Northern city has had to fall back on a procession and rockets. Local ingenuity may, of course devise some adjuncts to these, and is indeed likely to do so. A suggestion comes from the country that the Government should run the trains free on that one day, so that the country people may come to town to celebrate the King's crowning with their town friends, and those of the town dwellers who have no stomach for celebrations can lie them to the country to get away from the din. But, of course, that suggestion is for the Government to consider. So far as the city itself goes, a morning service, a military procession, and a fireworks make up the civic programme.

The King's Voice.

There's a divinity doth hedge the King, not merely from treason, but from the prefrid loyalty of his subjects as well. The latest attack on His Majesty of which we hear took the shape of a request from Wellington for a phonographic message from the Sovereign. The astute Secretary for the Colonies, Mr Chamberlain, met the thrust, and parried it before it reached His Majesty's person with a regret and an explanation that if one colony received a phonographic message other colonies and dependencies would look for a similar boon—a result which the Secretary no doubt thought it needless to point out would entail a very severe amount of work on the already over-taxed monarch. If King Edward himself could have been got at I quite believe he would not have shirked the ordeal which the sending of separate messages by phonograph to each of the colonies would involve. He is so complaisant that I can easily fancy him sitting up late into the night telling to the talking machine how much he appre-

ciated the loyalty of this, that, and the other colony. Happy those portions of the Empire which came first in the list in such a case, for then their messages would have all the freshness of the King's voice, and his best choice of sentiment, while those whose turn came latest would have to be content with a somewhat raucous message, and pardonable commonplace greeting. I suppose we in New Zealand might have counted on a "first proof," to use an office term, but even before that had been ground out repeatedly in every centre and corner of the colony it would be sadly the worse of wear. Making allowance for the tinny tone which the machine would impart to the full utterance of the Sovereign—for it is no respecter of person—Wellington as the capital and the other cities in their order would have a chance of getting the Royal message in good condition, but what would it be like before it got to small up-country towns. There is something positively derogatory to the dignity of the throne in the idea of a King's voice worn to a mere squeak, evoking not respectful attention, but a smile rather, from one audience after another. In that view it is better that the phonograph message is not to be sent. We have surely imagination to translate into the King's own tones any message he may choose to send us in writing, if such translation is necessary. For the life of me I cannot see how it is, but this is the age of speech.

School Committees and Boards.

The position as between the Auckland Board of Education and the City Schools Committee is one interesting to all boards and school committees throughout the colony, for it opens the question of what are the relative powers and functions of both. That question has never been properly settled, because it has never been properly opened. Parliament has in a loose sort of a way defined the jurisdiction of each body, but usage has had much more to do in actually determining it. And the effect of usage has been to give the boards larger powers than the Act concedes them. It was most natural that this should be the case. In so many instances the board was undeniably more qualified to decide educational questions than the bulk of committees in its district. In the case of scores of country places the members of the local school committee are less suited to judge of the qualifications of a teacher or the educational requirements of the place than the board is, even were the former in touch with the teachers, which they are not. Hence it has become customary for the board to dispense with any save a purely formal consultation with the local body on the question of fresh appointments and similar matters. But the members of a schools committee in such a centre as Auckland city stand in a very different position from the ordinary country school committee. The much larger scope of their work and the greater importance of it demands, and, as a rule, calls forth a close and interested attention to the work of the schools. Then they are men quite as able to judge of educational requirements and the qualifications of teachers as are the members of the higher body, and in regard to their own particular sphere of duty even better able. Conscious of this, they are likely to insist on the right to be consulted by the Board, which the Act allows, and have every reason to resent the slight put upon them if they are not consulted or their recommendations ignored. Some of us may think that in resigning in a body as a protest against the Board's treatment the Auckland Committee went to the extreme, but it was probably the only course that would bring to an issue the question of the actual powers of the two bodies, and have them more clearly defined. As to the imputation that the Board, in ignoring the Auckland Committee's recommendation, did so in order to unfairly favour its own favourites it is, no doubt, an interesting point in the controversy, but it has not directly to do with the larger question.

To Extinguish Volcanoes.

To the scientifically ignorant the results of science do not seem merely wonderful, but they suggest that there is nothing in heaven or earth that science will not accomplish. There are people who are quite confident that before another ten years railway and steamboat shares will be unsaleable, and mankind wandering at their own sweet will amid the upper regions of the air. The weary road by which science has toiled up to the height of her present achievement is quite left out of the reckoning by them, and they look upon each fresh triumph as a happy inspiration, or a fortunate leap in the dark. The great discoverers and inventors in scientific fields are just so many lucky individuals who stumbled on Nature's secrets as they were mooning along life's highway, or rummaging in the by-paths. To the prevalence of this notion we owe no end of irresponsible schemes and theories put forward by folks, often sensible enough otherwise. I think we must number among these that latest theory propounded by Mr Sanford, of Auckland, for the prevention of volcanic eruptions. Mr Sanford may be right in his extraordinary conjectures—it is not for a non-scientific person like me to dogmatise on the matter—but it is a little strange that students of volcanoes have never advanced a suggestion in the least like his. Mr Sanford's belief is that the internal fires to which we attribute such recent perturbations as have swept a whole city away in the West Indies had their origin on the surface of the planet at a time, I presume, when the latter was in a molten state; and that the eruptions are due to the water of the sea leaking through the crust, and being converted into steam. This last idea, I understand, is in a large measure accepted by the scientific world. No one in that world, however, can claim to have anticipated Mr Sanford's proposal for obviating this terrible generation of steam, which is nothing less than to pour down all the volcanic vents of the earth some chemical, the action of which would extinguish the fire without making steam. What the chemical shall be he leaves to the scientists to discover, merely venturing an opinion that the thing need not necessarily be expensive, and a suggestion that the nations should act in concert in the matter. But it is only natural that we should look to Mr Sanford himself to discover the necessary extinguisher. He could scarcely wish himself more favourably placed than he is here in New Zealand, with volcanic vents galore on which to experiment. From a business point of view it would pay him to set early to work on his researches, for it is certain that with the terrible possibilities of destruction before them the Antilles will be purchasable for an old song, and to a man who has the means of putting out for ever the fires which at present threaten to consume them, they should be more profitable than and as pleasant as any New Zealand islands.

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The number of persons to the square mile in New Zealand, in February, 1871, was 2.456. In March, 1901, it was 1.427.

A very old dodge is being resorted to by intended emigrants to South Africa from Sydney by making the same £100 do for several cases.

A "cow-spanker" in Mangatoki, Tararaki, who is milking forty cows on one hundred acres received £280 6/8, or £9 14/8 per cow, for the year's takings.

According to last year's census the North Island has 34 members to represent a population of 388,528, while the South Island has 32 members for 380,215 persons. The removal of this discrepancy will be one of the duties the representation commissioners.

On March 31, 1901, there were 170,593 dwellings in New Zealand, of which 153,782 were occupied. There were 45,499 dwellings of three and four rooms, 52,585 of five and six rooms, and 36,542 containing more than six rooms.

A recent Capetown paper says:—From Mazoe it is reported that two Maahonas recently seeing a pig killed by a lion attacked the brute and killed it with no other weapons than a battleaxe and an assegai. They escaped one with a scratch on the shoulder and the other with a torn coat.

The question of abolishing the Queensland Weather Bureau has been brought under the notice of the Senate. The Government express a hope that Queensland will carry on till the Federal Government enquire with a view to taking over the Weather Department of each State.

The Wellington "Post" says:—"The plain cotton khaki uniform used as working uniforms by volunteers has some disadvantages. Complaint is made in the annual report of the Engineer Corps that the health of volunteers who step out of their everyday warm tweed suits into the cotton stuff is endangered by chills, and that the khaki does not wear well."

Deer are rapidly spreading in Hawke's Bay. A visitor from the country informs the H.B. "Herald" that a herd of 27 were seen the other day on the Mataapiro run, whilst there are many at Otrig, really splendid looking animals. Behind the Ruahine deer are in great abundance. Probably shooting licenses for deer will be issued by the Acclimatisation Society ere long.

Chiefly owing to the introduction of oil launches, there has been a great stream of visitors to the Marlborough Sounds during the past summer, nearly 2000 people having, it is said, travelled between Picton and Torea, in Queen Charlotte Sound, alone within a few months.

Another case of serious illness through eating poisoned honey is recorded—this time from Oporua, in the Bay of Plenty. Four Maoris made a meal of bush honey last week, and nearly died from the effects. It is stated that their lives were saved through remedies administered by a European settler.

Some person in Auckland has lately circulated a considerable amount of pro-Boer literature, including leaflets containing slanders on the British troops, amongst the Maoris in the Waikato and the King Country. The chiefs to whom the parcels of literature were sent, however, took very little notice of them.

A correspondent writes to the Hawke's Bay Herald suggesting that the recent earthquake has reduced the level of that part of the colony. He points out that the tides in the inner harbour have been exceptionally high of late, and above the usual tide line by fully one foot, while por-

tions of ground usually free of water are now under water.

Mr. D. Young, who was in the employ of Messrs. Cable & Co., of Wellington, until three years ago, is one of the victims of the recent volcanic disaster at Martinique. He entered the service of the West India and Panama Cable Company. Mr. Young, who had a two years' engagement, expiring next month, was employed on the ill-fated cable steamer Grappler. His father, who resides at Belgrove, Nelson, has received advice by cable that all on board the Grappler perished.

How greatly the recruiting of labour for the Rand has been accelerated in recent weeks may be gathered from some statistics forwarded from Johannesburg. From the beginning of the year to March 15 the arrivals of "boys" from Portuguese territory were about 8000, or roughly 800 a week; but between March 15 and April 7 the arrivals were over 4000—an average of over 1300 per week—and the rate is now materially larger.

As to Mahuta's future political position, more will doubtless be heard shortly. At Waahi last week Mr Carroll asked the people to leave their "child," Mahuta, to him, so that he might exalt him in a manner befitting his rank. This was variously interpreted by the people present to mean anything from a "Kingship" down to an M.L.C.-ship. No doubt Mr Carroll in this indicated his renewal of the offer of a seat in the Upper House to Mahuta. Should it be accepted it would undoubtedly give satisfaction to both Europeans and Maoris, except to the old-fashioned native faction, who still hail Tawhiao's son as King.

An amusing incident occurred at the meeting of the City Schools Committee last week. During the discussion on the question of certain appointments, which resulted in the resignation of the members of the Committee, a member commented on the trivial nature of business to which the Committee was relegated. A letter was read from the Board of Education drawing attention to the fact that the Chapel-street School was infested with rats, and asking what recommendations the Committee made on the subject. The Committee decided to reply that they considered the matter too important for them to deal with, and that they refer it back to the Board.

The Christchurch police, having received instructions to rigidly enforce the law against persons loitering on the footpaths, are proceeding to carry the instructions into effect. In some instances, however, a little more discretion might, says a local writer, be used by the officers. One day three ladies were waiting for the tram at the corner of Cashel and Colombo streets, when a policeman ordered them to move on. On the opposite corner were seven or eight men, who were standing, smoking and expectorating, but no notice was taken of them. The same sort of thing happens every day in Auckland.

It is stated that golf's death knell has at last been sounded. It is the new game of ping-pong, of course. Several women golfers have declared that they much prefer the indoor game, and a prominent divine, known for his antipathy to Sunday golf, prefers the latest importation even to croquet. He has written the following lines in a young lady's album apropos of the game:

Listen to my sing song, Come and play at ping-pong, Ting-a-ling-a-ling-Jong, Ding-a-ding-a-ding-dong, Bing-bong, king-kong, That's the kind of sing song When we play at ping-pong.

An Australian ibis has just been received at the Canterbury Museum (reports the "Christchurch Press"). This bird is oia which was shot on the Washdyke Lagoon, near Timaru,

and the person who shot it, not knowing what it was, sent it to the curator of the museum for identification. Captain Hutton says that the bird is a native of Australia, but is new to New Zealand. In shape it very much resembles the pukaki, but its beak is about five inches in length, with a slight curve at the end, and its plumage is dark, with a beautiful green gloss.

Six Austrians in the Wairoa have applied to the Crown Lands Board to have a holding of 120 acres, valued at £30, leased to them as joint owners. A member of the Board, Mr. R. Thompson, M.H.R., said their object evidently was to become Crown tenants, so that they might be qualified to dig gum on the keuri gum reserves in the district. The applicants are to be informed that in view of the small area mentioned the transferees cannot exceed more than two persons.

In the course of a speech at the opening of a bridge at Rikiorangi last week, Mr T. Duncan, Minister for Lands, referring to the Conciliation and Arbitration Act, said there was just one thing he had to complain of, and that was the tendency to try and bring all workers down to a dead level minimum wage. It was all very well, but workmen and women should be paid according to their ability. There should be differentiation as to the payment superior workers received. He admitted that the Government had been a little dilatory in the matter of the South African trade. Steamers should have been running to the Cape two years and a-half ago. He was of opinion that the frozen meat companies should combine to further their own interests, and he was glad to see the Farmers' Union taking up the question of markets instead of leaving their legitimate profits to the middlemen.

It is not often (says the "Otago Daily Times") that a handsome pile of buildings so frequently changes its designation as that now known as the Stock Exchange Buildings, in Prince-street. Originally built by the General Government as the chief post office of the provincial district of Otago, its first use was as the University and Museum. From the University Buildings it became the Colonial Bank, and for the past two years has been known under its present designation.

One constantly hears it said, and sees 't written, that there are no cases of distressing poverty in New Zealand. Yet there are isolated instances, and no doubt "Graphic" readers will consider this a sad one: A widow of a barrister who had passed his examinations at one of the Home universities, applied last week to the Wellington Benevolent Trustees for assistance, as she is destitute, but was told that she would have to go to the Melrose Borough Council, for the reason that she is a resident of Melrose. When the applicant stated that she was to be turned out of her house, as it is to be pulled down, the reply of the Trustees was that even if she left Melrose and came into Wellington city to live, the Melrose Borough Council would still be liable, until she had been a resident of the city for six months. This phase of the law puzzled her considerably, says the Wellington "Times," but finally, with a cheery "Good-day," she set out for the Melrose Borough Council office, though evidently with misgivings as to her success in that quarter. It was suggested to her that her mother, whom she is supporting, should be sent to the Ohio Home. To this her emphatic reply was, "I'll never part from my poor old mother. I'll sooner die."

An amusing incident is recorded from the law courts on the other side. During the sitting of the Full Court yesterday two of the judges were observed to be staring with knitted brows and puzzled countenance at a paper on which they were bestowing all the patience and concentration of chess enthusiasts endeavouring to solve a difficult problem. It transpired that they were struggling to decipher a signature, which

was rendered all the more obscure from the fact that the Christian name and surname were apparently combined. The same was either that of a former governor of a gaoi or of the State, they could not be certain which, and one of the judges, after the manner of a man who cries "I'll give it up," remarked that he had been trying to recall the name of a governor of a gaoi which might suggest a solution of the difficulty. The signature which troubled their Honours was that of—"Hopetoun."

Here is a yarn from South Africa, which would apply mightily well to certain places and people and dinners in New Zealand. Nina writes in the "South African Review":—"Public dinners in Capetown are frequently transformed into extremely grotesque functions by reason of the long-drawn out pomposity of one or other of our parochial noodles who are selected to propose a toast on the strength of his unhappy "gift of the gab." More often than not such a toast as "The Army and Navy" suffers from this kind of dull-as-ditch-water oratory, and an instance has been related to me which might just as well have happened in Capetown as in Edinburgh. At a big banquet a few weeks ago a local merchant took half an hour to submit this very toast to the company, and in doing so used many words of "learned length and thundering sound." A gallant admiral had to respond for the navy, and he contented himself with saying: "Mr Chairman and Gentlemen, Mr Blank knows a great deal more about battleships and destroyers than I do; therefore, I will simply thank you all for the way in which you have received the toast."

Mahuta's village of Waahi, on the Waikato River, has the unique distinction of possessing a band of feminine musicians. This is a life, or rather whistle, band of eleven Maori girls and women, augmented by the necessary male in the person of a youth who acts as drummer. The ladies' instruments are long tin whistles, and the effect, with the addition of the drum, is exactly that of a drum and fife band, rather high-pitched, but sweet and pleasing, as are also the players. This band is only recently organised, but plays exceedingly well; and on high days and holidays it makes things merry in the village square at Waahi. The bandswomen are apparently picked for their good looks, as well as their musical abilities, for they are all rather handsome girls, and as they pipe away at "Hold the Fort," or "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" (the last named air is a great favourite with the Maoris) or some dance tune, with their brightest yellow, or pink, or red, or blue "roundabouts" and equally gay gowns on, they make a picture besides which the ordinary masculine band is prosaic in the extreme. When the Native Minister and party visited Mahuta's settlement this week the ladies' fife band met them, played them up to the entrance to the village marae, and then opened out into two ranks and played away on a popular hymn tune Maorified into quick-time as the visitors marched solemnly through. One of the members of the band is a rather remarkable looking girl by reason of her peculiar golden-reddish head of hair. She is a pure-blooded Maori, but is what the natives call an "urukehu," a survival of an ancient golden-haired tinge in the Maori, a relic of some long-forgotten racial strain of Aryan blood which now and again crops out in the Maori and the Polynesian. The band, on state occasions in the royal kainga, is headed by a King's retainer bearing a large white flag, inscribed with the legend "Rangimarie" ("Peaceful").

The many friends in Auckland of Mr A. Reischek, the well-known Austrian naturalist will learn with regret that news was received by mail of his death at Lintz on the 3rd of April last. The deceased was for 13 years in New Zealand studying the fauna and securing specimens. He was an enthusiast in his special branch of science, and made many friends here by his kindly, courteous style. He tried hard to do lasting good to New Zealand by protesting against the introduction of stoats and weasels. He wrote to the press, and communicated with the Government, pointing out the evils that would result from these pests being let loose in this colony. His efforts were, how-

ever, without avail, and the stoats and weasels came to stay. Mr Reischek had a most wonderfully intelligent dog named Caesar, which accompanied him in his lonely wanderings through the New Zealand bush. Caesar was trained so as to catch birds in his mouth so gently that they would not be in the least damaged. On one occasion, when Mr Reischek was away alone in the bush, he met with an accident that laid him up for several days, and starvation in solitude would have been his fate but for the intelligence of Caesar, who hunted birds himself and brought them to feed his master. When Mr Reischek was leaving Auckland he made special provision for his dog with a friend. At the time of his death Mr Reischek was curator of the Lintz Museum.

The Mayor of New Plymouth, whose Christian name is Edward, presided at a meeting of citizens to consider the means of celebrating the Coronation in that city, and read the following poem, which he attributed to a schoolboy:—

Now Edward the Mayor,
So as not to be beat,
Must, like Edward the King,
Give the youngsters a treat.
An extra week
Is what we seek.

Pinned beneath the poetical matter was a cable cutting from Wednesday night's "Herald," stating that King Edward had announced a week's holiday for the school children in Great Britain during Coronation week. The application was addressed to the Mayor and Messrs. Stohr, Tisch, and Carter—the Coronation Committee appointed by the Borough Council.

The medical etiquette case of Dunedin has aroused universal attention throughout the colony, and the "leader" columns of the press from the Bluff to the far North have been filled with dignified condemnation of the action of the Medical Association in general for its manner of treating the tragic incident, and the doctors chiefly concerned in particular. Certainly, so far as can be judged from the full evidence (on both sides), published in the Dunedin papers, no worse case of ridiculous and inhuman regard for professional etiquette has ever stained the annals of what is usually and justly looked upon as the noblest of professions. Most of the doctors who were appealed to in vain to go to the assistance of the unfortunate Mrs Marshall (who was in a critical condition, it will be remembered) have made more or less reputable, or, at all events, passable excuses. Dr. Davies, whose refusal has aroused most indignation, is reported by the papers to have said: "I, as one of those who do object, have a perfect right to refuse to attend. . . . My refusal causes no extra risk or suffering to the unfortunate patient when other doctors are willing to attend. I consider that my skill is my own property, and that I should not be called upon to dispense with it. . . . If I go to a case I cannot be compelled to use my skill upon it." As the Wellington "Times" remarks with justice in this connection, "To plead 'professional etiquette' is a poor excuse to offer when a mother's life is in imminent danger; and the indignation that has been aroused in Otago by Dr. Davies's conduct is justified alike by reason and humanity."

Amongst the many results in connection with the recent visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States is—it goes without saying—the concoction of a new "Yankee" drink. It is known as "Hohenzollern pick-me-up" (had they called it "knock-me-down" it would have been nearer the mark). The recipe has been sent to the Kaiser. In case any would care to sample it, here it is: Four quarts of brandy, one quart each of port, sherry, Sauterne and rum, two quarts of Moselle, a half-pint each of Curacao, Chartreuse and Maraschino, six bottles of champagne, two bottles of Rhine wine and two of Chambertin. After mixing well add twelve thinly sliced lemons, the beaten whites of ten eggs, and two pounds of sugar. This makes enough for twenty-five persons, and averages almost two quarts per head. America is the land of "tall" things, and you will agree with me that this is a "tall" drink for twenty-five persons. It

would certainly be interesting to learn how many of the twenty-five, after imbibing the prescribed quantity, would be able to distinguish the American from the German flag and pronounce the word "Hohenzollern" distinctly.

It is stated that a number of broad-shouldered gentry, who possess good testimonials, will be released at Coronation time, and given another chance to riot at large and plunder the community in the good old way. Whether 'tis right (says the "Speculator") to extend the clemency of the costly crown to the avowed enemies of Society is a debatable matter, but, at any rate, were a referendum taken of the great law abiding public on the subject, the verdict would be that the gentle burglar, the larcenist, the forger, the sheep stealer, the horse thief, the incendiary, the manslaughterer person, and other individuals who had transgressed the social code, would be far safer where they were, unless, indeed, there were exceptional circumstances connected with any particular case or cases.

The full magnitude of the Martini-que disaster was not at first fully appreciated. Journalists had not started to look the island up on the map and explain about its exports and imports. The smoking carriage (writes Hoyet) appeared to have grasped broadly the fact that it was French, and there popular knowledge on the matter ended. "I don't wonder that this awful visitation has come upon them," said one good man. "Paris cannot always flaunt its vice in the face of the world without the day of retribution coming." "Oh, but you're wrong about this," said another man. "Paris hasn't been overwhelmed—it's somewhere right out in the suburbs."

Ping-pong has found its way into the quarters of the single constables at the Police Station at Christchurch. An excellent table and set have been placed in the dining-room, and in hours of "off duty" members of the force may be seen practising assiduously, with the intention of holding a tournament among themselves in a short time.

A resident of the Dannevirke district, a farmer, has just returned from a three months' trip round the North Island (says the local "Advocate"). He went by train from Dannevirke to Napier. From the latter town he walked, carrying a change of clothes and a few other things in a swag, to Rotorua, a distance of 156 miles, doing the journey in five days. From there he went to North Auckland, the journey being partly by train, boat and on foot. Returning to Auckland he went through the Waikato and to the Kawhia, of which block we have heard so much of late. The tourist thought very little of the Kawhia block, and prefers this district to it. Carrying his swag, he walked to Raetihi, where he met a friend, who drove him to Feilding, and thence he went by train to Dannevirke. The trip took three months, and the cost was about £20. It was a novel and interesting way of seeing the country, and the gentleman in question greatly enjoyed his experience.

Wellington society is laughing just now (says the "Free Lance") over a most unsophisticated remark made at afternoon tea the other day. A young married lady thought it awfully silly that the young man who stands in the Bank of New Zealand behind the brass lattice should be called a "teller." Asked why, she said, with a giggle, "Because he simply won't tell at all. Just out of curiosity, I went in one day and asked how much my husband had on deposit there and he only laughed at me. Fancy calling him a teller."

Few readers of the "Graphic" are, one supposes, aware that there are marriages and giving in marriage amongst the Boer prisoners at St. Helena. But there are, as witness this: One of the most miraculous escapes (says the St. Helena "Guardian") just to hand by the Cape mail) from death or serious injury we have heard of occurred on Sunday morning last. A prisoner of war—who, by-the-by, was to be married that day, the second one

permitted by the authorities to form a matrimonial alliance in the island—was driving a carriage and pair down the street, and the horses took fright near the Baptist Chapel, and rushed furiously through the town. Not being able to turn quickly enough to avoid that opening near the Market-place, the horses bounced against the iron railings, completely smashing them, and snapping some of the cast-iron uprights in which they were fixed, and fell headlong into the culvert, where they lay helpless, with the carriage smashed to pieces about them. The driver, when the carriage impinged on the iron uprights, was shot like an arrow from a bow heading into the same opening, which is about 12 feet deep, and escaped with but a slight bruise on the leg. Help was quickly at hand, and the affrighted animals were cut loose, and hauled up by ropes, apparently none the worse for their fall. The man must certainly be congratulated on his wonderful escape from injury, and Messrs. Deason Brothers, whose team it was, on their good luck in not having both horses killed.

A recently arrived English lady in Victoria has tearfully implored her people to leave their recently acquired home and establish themselves at some spot whither it is possible to proceed without running the risk of getting into entanglement of a tender nature. After staying on a visit with some friends in town, she proceeded to the station to get a ticket for the place to which her parents had shifted. "First return Darling, please," she said, in the soft, low voice which the great William declares is a most excellent thing in woman. The ticket clerk simpered, pulled down his cuffs, stroked his incipient moustache, and insinuatingly replied, "Where did you say? Dookie?" Unfortunately, he pronounced Dookie as if he was uttering that enduring epithet which is chiefly popular among the adventurous pairs who have just embarked upon the sea of matrimony, and the lady, in a confused way, said, "That is not what I said—Darling, on the Glen Iris line." The susceptible clerk pressed the pasteboard without another word.

Here is another instance of man proposing and nature disposing in the matter of animal pests and their cure:—Some time ago a number of cats were turned out on an island near the mouth of the Rakaia for the purpose of destroying the rabbits. The recent experience of a shooting party in the locality shows that the unfortunate animals are having anything but a good time of it. The



The morning of life is the time of abundance, profusion, strength, vigor, growth. When the sun begins to sink, when the midday of life is past, then the hair begins to fade and the silvery gray tells of approaching age.

Sunrise or sunset? Which shall your mirror say? If the former, then it is rich and dark hair, long and heavy hair; if the latter, it is short and falling hair, thin and gray hair.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

members of the party saw several cats in a fearful state of emaciation, and on one occasion five, on seeing them, actually swam a stream and came towards them, appealing piteously for food. One of the party shot a rabbit, skinned it and divided it among the poor animals, who fell upon the food like a pack of wolves.

When Australia and England are playing cricket most other interests are relegated to a secondary place. Who will trouble to read the war news when there are columns of interesting matter about the manner in which Darling and Trumper smote a piece of leather with a bit of wood, and the number of times they ran backwards and forwards between two chalk lines? England will be more than consoled for the loss of her steamers if her cricketers win most of the test matches. The Boers may capture Kitchener himself if Ranjitsinhji captures the bowling of Noble and Jones. Australians will be prouder of the victories of their cricketing team than of the deeds of their citizen soldiers. There is here a certain justification for Kipling's jibe against the prominence given to modern sport. It is not the sport itself which is condemned, but its relative value when compared with the necessity to make provision for national defence. The love of sport is a healthy natural instinct, but when sport becomes an end in itself rather than a means to an end, danger and not benefit is the result. President Roosevelt is no milkop, but, like Kipling, he believes that in the British Army too much attention has been given to racing, football, polo, and tennis, at the expense of the hard, practical work of the profession of soldiering. That is one truth, but there is another. The love of sport increases, but the practice of sport decreases. The Shah of Persia appreciated dancing, but could not understand why a man should dance when he could pay girls to do it for him! Bigger crowds than ever witness football and cricket matches in England, but for lack of sport the physique of Britain's manhood is declining. The people pay to see the game, not to indulge in it. Is there no significance also to Australians in the fact that it should have been extremely difficult to send a rifle team to Bisle? It is by the rifle, not by the willow, that fields are won.

A youngster presented himself at the Exeter-street pumping station, Lyttelton, one day last week, with five rats in a paper bag. He was a stranger to the official at the station, and, replying to a question from the latter, admitted that he had come from Christchurch. Where had he caught the rats? Under the wharves. How had he done so? Oh, caught them by their tails as they ran into their holes. "You go to the Council office," he was told, and he went, leaving the rats, which were duly cremated. He presented himself at the Council office just about noon. To the queries put to him, he replied that he had come from Christchurch by the train at 20 minutes past 11, had caught the five rats under the wharves, and taken them to the pumping station. As that establishment is somewhere about half a mile from the wharves, his performance was, says the Lyttelton "Times," judged to be altogether too good for the time, and he was told to be off. He went, but in a moment returned: "Mister, will you give me back my rats?" he said.

General Delarey, who captured Lord Methuen, has perhaps inflicted more defeats on our troops than any other Boer general. He is responsible (says "The Regiment") for our defeats at Uitrvals Nek, Nootgedacht, Vlakfontein, and the recent convoy catastrophe, while his troops at Moedwill and in the fight with Von Donop's convoy came very near to annihilating considerable British forces, and were only repelled by the great gallantry and dash of the British troops.

At Magersfontein General Delarey occupied the extreme left of the Boer position. The choice of the Magersfontein position was his, in opposition to General Cronje's suggestion of a stand at Scholtz Nek. Through-

out the war he has been continuously at the front. He lay very ill for a time at Kroonstad, but rose from his bed to take command of the scattered commandoes opposing Lord Roberts's advance from Bloemfontein.

No man has ever accused Delarey of anything approaching dishonesty. In him is grand material for a loyal British subject. He voted against the despatch of the ultimatum in the last secret session of the Volksraad before the war, and he has fought throughout as a patriot, not as a political agitator.

General Delarey is too good a soldier, and has too high a respect for his opponents, to stoop to petty annoyances against the men who fall into his hands. He is in every sense of the term one of Nature's gentlemen—brave, courteous and chivalrous.

Those New Zealanders (and their name is legion) who have suffered tedious delay and vexation in travelling over the Rimutaka ranges, will read with interest the following, sent to one of the Wellington papers, in protest against the proposition to take all the railway traffic over the Rimutaka line. It says: "I had an experience of the Rimutaka incline, which I will relate. I left Napier on the 27th March by train for Wellington. There were ten carriages and two vans, and to this light load were attached two locomotives, which took the train as far as Cross's Creek, where three Fell engines were attached to take us over the hill. These managed to get the train into the second tunnel, where they stuck, and after vainly endeavouring to proceed for some minutes, gave up the attempt, and backed out, and shortly afterwards made a second attempt, with the same result as the first. The train was then cut up, and the portion at the back of the second engine was left on the hill in the charge of the third locomotive, while the two engines took a portion of the train to the Summit, and there we remained till the second engine returned to the assistance of the third engine with its portion of the train, and eventually, we arrived at Wellington at 9, instead of 7.30 p.m., in time for the people who were travelling to catch the 9 o'clock steamer to miss it. I returned to Napier a few days later in a train of about the same number of carriages as that I came down by, which also had two locomotives; so that it takes nine locomotives to take a train of ten carriages and two vans from Napier to Wellington and back. This may pay, but I doubt it."

Coming across from Auckland (writes "Mabel" in the "Australasian") H.M.S. Royal Arthur encountered the roughest weather that she has been through this commission. For three days in the Hauraki Gulf (?—Ed. "Graphic") there was such a big sea running that not an officer on board escaped sea-sickness, even the Admiral staying below. When she entered Sydney Harbour the sun came out, the sky cleared, and the days have been lovely ever since. As soon as Admiral Beaumont had left the ship steamboats were lowered, and no time was lost by the officers in following his example. In an hour there was hardly anyone left on board. The cruise seems to have benefited the whole ship's company; they all look better than ever. Had one not known the members of the commission by sight, one could easily have distinguished them as they wandered about the streets by their crushed suits, also by their eagerness to buy new boots and have tea. During the trip there has been very little time for ordering stores, so that the mess caterers of the wardroom and gun-room have been much worried and chafed by their messmates about the way they are fed. Therefore this week there have been no tea parties on board. Admiral Beaumont goes Home some time in June. There is a report that the new Admiral will come out in the Grey, and bring a new commission with him, the old one going home by the same ship without staying out their time here. Great hopes are expressed that such will not be the case, as the officers get on so well together. If it be so, the engineers will be the only old officers to remain here. On May 8 Lieutenant Castle, senior watch officer, surprised the ship, by notifying

the Admiral (as is customary) that he was to be married next (this) week to a Sydney girl, to whom he had been engaged for six months.

A sporting milkman owned a horse that had disappointed him twice, but on the strength of a really good gallop he believed that he had the Trial Handicap in his pocket this time. He and his friend the butcher went for a big win, but the horse ran worse than ever. "Well, I've done with him now," said the milky; "you'd better cut him up and sell him for sausage." "Mince, old chap—mince," said the knight of the cleaver, "E ain't wuth wasilin' skins on!"

A distinguished naval officer, very popular in this colony, was telling (this story on himself the other evening to a gathering of his friends. At the time of his marriage he'd had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept his courage, and remained as calm as a brave man should. As the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave way. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the full naval wedding, the officer was all but stampeded, and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was all over, and all was serene again, including the officer's state of mind, the kindly clergyman came up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, old man," he said, "you didn't endow your wife with any worldly goods."

"What's that?" asked the bridegroom with something of astonishment in his voice.

"Why, I repeated the sentence, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' several times and, despite my efforts, you would not say it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed for a moment, and then a beaming light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said, "she didn't lose a blessed thing by my failure."

Everyone has heard of the "retort courteous." An industrious German, Herr Shuch, has enabled one to make the appropriate, if not courteous, retort, by compiling a list of some two thousand five hundred insulting expressions, and carefully classifying them. He first of all separates them into five fundamental classes corresponding to the different kinds of persons that one may feel called upon to insult—insults for men, insults for women, insults for either sex, insults for children, and collective insults for syndicates, groups, and corporations. It used to be said that corporations had neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned, but at least, according to Herr Shuch, one may pelt them with withering insults. If a man should be insulted in the street or at the club, he has only to pull out of his pocket the "Schimpf-wörter Lexicon," and, finding the appropriate section, go one better than his adversary. If, in correspondence, he wish to escape an action for slander, he need only pick out a choice insult and refer his enemy to the aforesaid lexicon p. 1. — What could be more easy and effective?

Anthony Trollope, the novelist, who years ago visited Australia and New Zealand, and gathered up his experiences into a book, is the subject of a story which is told by the present Lord Chief Justice of England. In a post-office prosecution tried at Hertford Assizes, before Mr Justice Bramwell, Trollope was called to describe the ordinary method of procedure in the chief post-office, of which he was a supervisor. An Irish barrister appearing for the defendant asked, "What are you?" "An official in the post-office," replied Mr Trollope. "Anything else?" queried counsel. "Yes, an author." "What was the name of your last book?" "Barchester Towers." "Now, tell me, was there a word of truth in that book?" "Really, I can't say; it was a work of fiction." "I don't care what it was,

sir, tell me, was there a word of truth in it?" "Well, I don't suppose there was," said the author. Whereupon the barrister turned triumphantly to the jury, and asked them how they could convict anyone on the evidence of a man who confessed that he had written a book which did not contain a word of truth.

A writer to the press 'n a neighbouring colony makes some scathing comments on "Kitchen Tea." We know very little about these affairs locally—the prospective brides who have given kitchen teas being few in numbers. For the benefit of the uninitiated it may therefore be explained that a kitchen tea is a tea given shortly before a wedding, to which every guest brings something to furnish the kitchen of the prospective bride. On the face of it, such teas do not strike one as being very appalling. To attend a tea armed with a box iron or a saucepan may not be exactly dignified—it surely can be nothing worse. According to the correspondent in question, however, kitchen teas in the State in which she resides are becoming one of the very worst phases of the wedding present tax. Prospective brides no longer express intense gratitude over old-fashioned frying-pans, or admiration for last year's gridirons. It has become customary, therefore, to give not only aluminium and enamelled saucepans, but copper cooking utensils of very considerable value. Elaborate dish washers, highly approved stoves and costly dressers have been contributed at recent teas, and guests are naturally beginning to wax a little restive under the infliction. From all accounts, however, prospective brides are not the only women in a hurry to exploit their friends. The same correspondent takes exception to the fact that in some houses it is almost impossible to admire art needlework done by a member of the household without being invited to take a ticket in Mary's table cloth or Lucy's set of sachets. Many girls boast that they can keep themselves in pocket money by these distinctly unpleasing means, and until their friends get tired of them and their dealings there is small doubt that they will continue to go on and prosper.

In these days, when our shipping is passing from us, the difficulty is to find what the wonderful American people are not doing. American genius has been teaching the Russians how to train trotting horses. George J. Fuller, described as veteran reinsman and trainer of trotters, has just fulfilled his three years' contract with the Russian Government, and is turning his eyes to the quiet of Nashville, though the Russian Government, it seems, has all but fallen on his neck and wept in the effort to keep him another three years. No wonder Romanoffs sigh, for Mr Fuller has done deeds—demonstrated the superiority of American training methods over those of Europe, and as director of the leading training school at Krenovoi, has given Russia a delicious taste of the methods and go-ahead spirit of the West. Racing in Russia is fostered by the State, and is conducted, we are told, on a very high plane. The great Krenovoi school for trainers has a four-year graded course, in which the student is given, amongst other things, practical instruction in the management and training of the Orloff horse trotter. Every year the best of the horses at Krenovoi are sent to St. Petersburg and sold or raced under the immediate charge of the St. Petersburg Club. "Mr Fuller's horses" have won nearly everything of late. But though Mr Fuller has made history in Russia, still America says that it is "with the trotting turf of Tennessee" his fame is "permanently linked."

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the company of Haydn and Royal Conqueror at Ellerslie, and he was installed...

The Handicap Maiden Flat Race saw eleven go to the post, and the three-year-old Nelson filly Drudge was made a...

It will give some idea of the holding condition of the track when it is mentioned that it took the winner of the Birthday Handicap to run the mile and a quarter...

It was supposed in some quarters that the jumper Haydn had quite lost his form since winning the New Zealand Grand National at Huron Race...

The Maiden Steeplechase was won easily by Cavaliero, who made light of his 12 1/2 furlongs...

than usual with the Beids. The management all through left nothing wanting, but the crowding at the wharf to board...

Maiden Hurdle: Hippowal, 3/7 (Morris); 2, Miner, 2/1 (Mitchell); 3, Lady Dash, 2/7 (West); 4, ...

Maiden Plate of 5000s, 7 furlongs.—Frances Lovejoy, 7/7 (Spekman); 1, Drudge, 1/1 (Ryan); 2, Minna (late Warwick), 1/1 (Buchanan); 3, Scatched: Repetition, Minna was a bare length off...

Birthday Handicap.—Matamaharakelke, 1; Military, 2; Highlander, 3. All started. Military led into the straight...

Maiden Steeplechase.—Cavaliero, 1; Sultana, 2; Tuni, 3. Scatched: Bellman and Fionn, 4. Fionn and Hector, Cavaliero won easily...

Royal Handicap.—Scotty, 1; Takapuna, 2; Camille, 3. Scatched: Numa, Hikipene, Hostenbe, Gold Web, La Pollah, ...

WANGANUI JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

For the first day of the Wanganui Jockey Club's Winter Meeting showery weather prevailed. There was a large attendance and record fields...

Flying Stakes Handicap of 12500s, six furlongs.—Ostak, 3/7; 1, Lady Bell, 7/4; 2, ...

Maiden Hack of 7000s.—Ghoorka, 7/6; 1, Durable, 5/7; 2, The Guesser, 3/1; 3, ...

Century Hurdle Race of 30000s. About two miles and a distance.—261, J. O'Driscoll, ...

First Hack Hurdle Handicap. About one mile and three-quarters.—28, John Colter's Great Scott, ...

Hunters' Steeplechase Handicap. About three miles.—178, Thos. Scott's Hutana, 12/5 (Mr A. Mitchell); 1, 132, Jack O'Leary, ...

Hack Flat Handicap. One mile and a distance.—184, W. Homes' Lifebelt, 7/6 (J. McAlear); 1, 124, Dexterity, 8/4 (W. Price); 2, 72, Ontario, 8/0 (Bird); 3, ...

For the second day of the Wanganui races the weather was cold and wet, but there was a good attendance. The sum put through the totalisator for the meeting was 214,341, against 213,438 last year.

In the Steeplechase Shylcock jumped off with the lead and immediately put eight lengths between himself and Lochade, after whom came Plain Bill, the rest being well together...

Winter Oats Handicap of 10000s, one mile and a distance.—142, R. 1, Convey, 1/0; 2, King Edward, 6/7; 3, ...

May Handicap Hurdles, of 18000s, about 2 miles.—Frost, 10/3; 1, The Hemple, 10/7; 2, Sabreur, 11/0; 3, ...

Second Hack Hurdle Handicap, about 1 1/2 miles.—Mangata, 9/2; 1, Ngapuhi, 12/5; 2, Plainstone, 10/1; 3, ...

Final Steeplechase Handicap, about 3 miles.—Scallywag, 11/3; 1, Wai-10, 10/0; 2, Lochade, 10/0; 3, ...

Farwell Hack Flat Handicap, 1 mile.—Mussei, 1, Hard Work, 2; Dexterity, 3; Won by a neck. Time, 1m 7 3/8. Dividends, 219 15/6 and 25 0/6. Totalisator, 1525.

DUNEDIN JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

The Dunedin Jockey Club's May meeting was commenced to-day. After the weather of the past few days the weather proved exceptionally fine...

First Hack Handicap of 4000s, 6 furlongs.—254, S. S. Pongo's br G Khaki, 6/12, 12/3, ...

Birthday Handicap of 20000s, 1 1/2 miles.—140, A. Moss' Canteen, 7/10 (L. King); 1, 134, Lady Lillian, 7/2 (G. Man); 2, 214, ...

Maiden Plate of 5000s, 1 mile.—155, G. Holmes' Clanburn, 8/4 (R. King); 1, 96, Kotokote, 7/9 (L. King); 2, 49, ...

Winter Welter Handicap of 7000s, 7 furlongs.—190, L. Rutledge's Ardharff, 3/0 (Derrett); 1, 53, ...

Tradesman's Handicap of 10000s, 6 furlongs.—254, S. S. Pongo's br G Khaki, 6/12, 12/3, ...

long.—184, Sir G. Clifford's Windwhistle, 7/8 (R. Cameron); 1, 374, J. Brex's Red Gamblet (L. Hewitt); 2, ...

The weather was fine, but on the cold side, for the second day of the Dunedin Jockey Club's Winter Meeting. The attendance was fair, but the course was again soft after the recent rains...

Second Hurdles.—Huku (H. Davies), 1; Vulcan, 2; Turto, 3. All started, and there by a length finish, the race being won by the last hurdler, Huku, who troubled the winner. Time, 3m 3 1/2. Dividends: Huku, 21 1/2; Vulcan, 11 1/2.

Invermay Welter.—Gold Spur (Godfrey), 1; Wild West, 2; Lapidary, 3. All started, but Abercrombie, Time, 1m 2 5/8. Dividends: On Gold Spur, 23 3/4; on Wild West, 23 3/4.

Provincial Handicap of 18000s, One mile.—113, Hon. G. McLean's Pampere, 8/3 (Hewitt); 1, 96, Terrapin, 7/7 (R. King); 3, 120, Canteen, 8/8 (L. King); 4, ...

Novel Handicap of 5000s, Six furlongs. Mr Ruthven's Orconoe, 7/7 (E. Rutledge); 1, 136, Lapidary, 8/7 (W. Fine); 3, ...

Walronga Handicap of 6000s, Seven furlongs.—J. R. McKenzie's Pallas, 3/0 (E. Scoullar), walk over.

Hack High-weight Handicap of 4000s.—G. V. Shann's St. Elma, 9/0 (O'Keefe); 1, 254, ...

Farwell Handicap of 5000s, One mile.—251, B. Gates' Lady Lillian, 8/4; 1, 30, ...

OTAKI RACING CLUB.

The following are the handicaps for the open events of the Otaki meeting:—

- Raukawa Cup: Rebel 10 1/2, Hineaurua 9/8, Ruben 9/11, ...

GRAND HOTEL.

PRINCES-ST., AUCKLAND. This Magnificent Hotel is now open for the Reception of Visitors.

WELL APPOINTED BILLIARD ROOM. PRIVATE SUITES OF APARTMENTS.

Replete with Every Modern Comfort and Luxury.

T. MARTIN, Proprietor.

Clarke's World-Famed Blood Mixture.—The most searching Blood Cleanser that science and medical skill have brought to light. Buffers from Scrofula, ...

Athletic Sports.

FOOTBALL.

PONSONBY V. CITY.

There was a poor attendance at Potter's on Saturday. City met Ponsonby in front of the stand, and, contrary to general opinion, could only make a draw of the game. The game was a very uninteresting one to watch, and breaches of the rules were frequent. Asher scored in the first spell for City, and Francis kicked a goal from a free kick for Ponsonby. At the latter part of the game the blue and blacks were having all the best of it, the City forwards going all to pieces. Asher put in a lot of work, and Magee was prominent at times. Young was not up to his usual form, and instead of passing out made the mistake of trying to bullock through the opposing forwards. He was closely watched by the Ponsonby wing forwards. Nicholson, in the forwards, grafted hard from start to finish, but several of his comrades seemed out of form. Cunningham had several shots at goal, but did not succeed. For Ponsonby Stephenson and Doran, on the wing (the latter was inclined to play a bit off-side), Dunning and Francis all played well. Poulson, behind the puck, has the makings of a good half-back. S. Elley and Upton did the bulk of the work in the back department.

SUBURBS V. NORTH SHORE.

Suburbs put a strong team in the field, and had the best of the game throughout, especially in the back division, and came out on top by 6 points (2 tries) to nil. Dempsey, who took Sutherland's place at full, tackled and kicked well. Stuckey showed improved form on his previous Saturday's play, and seemed inclined to part with the ball a little bit sooner. Absolam and A. Gray scored the tries. North Shore forwards went off with a bit of a spurt, but did not last long, and with a poor half-back the backs did not have much chance of showing what they were worth.

NEWTON V. PARNELL.

Parnell made a real good fight against a much heavier team, and were by no means disgraced by being beaten by 12 points (4 tries) to 5 (a goal from a try). Mackerall, Teath and Long for Newton, and Handcock, for Parnell, were the best of the forwards, while in the backs Twiname and McCarthy (Parnell), and Pilleger (Newton), did a lot of good work.

SECOND FIFTEENS.

City (5) beat Ponsonby (nil).
Newton (8) beat Parnell (0).

SOUTHERN CHAMPIONSHIP MATCHES.

WELLINGTON, Saturday.

In to-day's senior football matches McLeese (23) beat Old Boys (12); Poncke (24) beat Polone (nil); Wellington (12) beat Athletics (7). For Wellington McIntyre scored 3 tries and Meredith converted one. Jacobs potted a goal. For Athletics E. Hales kicked a goal from a mark and W. Hales scored a try.

CHRISTCHURCH, Saturday.

In the senior football matches to-day Christchurch beat Merivale by 11 points to 9; Albion beat Bechemam by 12 points to 4; Linwood beat Old Boys by 20 points to 8.

DUNEDIN, Saturday.

In the senior football competitions to-day Kalkora (8 points) beat University (nil); Alhambra (17) beat Pirates (nil); Southern (9) beat Union (nil); Dunedin and Zingari played a drawn game, scoring three points each.

THAMES FOOTBALL.

Fine weather prevailed for Saturday's matches, and there was a fair attendance. The chief interest was in the senior contest, Rovers v. Thames. Rovers created some surprise by having the best of the game throughout, and winning by 26 points to nil. McCallum and McLean scored in the first spell, McLean converting both tries. In the second spell, Baker, Kingham, McCallum, and Laing scored, and McLean and Kingham converted tries. The first junior match, Rovers II. v. Native Rose II., resulted in a draw, no score being made on either side.

In the second junior match, Rovers II. met Native Rose II., and this match also ended in a draw. Dobson scored a try for Rovers and Graham a try for Native Rose.

PAEROA FOOTBALL.

The first round of cup matches under the Paeroa Rugby Union was continued on Saturday, when East and Suburbs tried conclusions. The game, which was most interesting from a spectator's point of view, was won by East by 8 points to 2. For the winners W. Borenson, H. Borenson and E. Brown scored tries, and for Suburbs Grogman succeeded in scoring, but none of the attempts at goal were successful.

The first match under the recently-formed Chalmers Public Schools' Union took place on Saturday at Paeroa, when the Waikato and Paeroa Schools met. The game was a most interesting one, some scientific football being shown by both sides. Waikato first tried to score, Campbell securing a neat try, which was not converted. The Paeroa boys stuck to their opponents, however, and in the second spell Hubbard, a three-quarter, made a magnificent run and scored, making the points even. No further score was registered. Mr. W. Moore refereed in both matches, and gave every satisfaction.

WAIHI FOOTBALL.

The first local club matches were played on Saturday afternoon, on the Waikato Recreation Reserve, between City, last year's champions, and West. The former won the toss. The first spell consisted of open play. The West forwards had the best of the game, and the City backs were unable to get an opening, and no score resulted in this spell. In the second spell the blacks rallied considerably, especially their back contingent. McKay, a City three-quarter, who had been playing a consistent game throughout, score a try near the corner not long before time was called, leaving the scores level. The West had a few opportunities but missed them. Mr. O'Neill and Dare showed up well in the forwards. Robinson was the pick of the West backs, and the forwards were all good. There was too much tendency to rough play in the back of the team. Mr. Hill refereed. The Martha brass band played several selections during the afternoon.

The junior match, West v. City, was also played on Saturday afternoon on the Waikato Recreation Reserve, resulting in a drawn game, neither side scoring. P. Murphy received injuries to the head and had to leave the ground.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The Association championships were continued on Saturday. In the senior grade North Shore beat Grafton by two goals to one, and Y.M.C.A. beat United by two goals to nil.

GRAFTON V. NORTH SHORE.

(North Shore 2 goals, Grafton 1.)
This was a hard fought game. In the first spell, Cotes scored for North Shore with a low shot. In the second spell North Shore pressed Grafton for some time, but could not score. Grafton then rallied, and Stokes got one through, making the scores even. North Shore then pressed hotly, and after several unsuccessful shots, Richards sent in a shot which Hunter stopped, but Jones followed up smartly, and ran the ball through. This left North Shore winners by two goals to one.

UNITED V. Y.M.C.A.

(Y.M.C.A. 2 goals, United nil.)
In this match play was fairly even in the first spell, but in the second Y.M.C.A. had the best of it. Sale scored twice for Y.M.C.A., and the match ended Y.M.C.A. 2 goals, United nil.

CRICKET.

VISIT OF AN ENGLISH CRICKET TEAM.

The sum of £2000 required for the expenses of the English cricket team, which it is proposed shall tour New Zealand, has now been fully guaranteed to the association. The guarantees are as under:—Auckland, £250; Wellington, £250; Otago, £250; Canterbury, £250; Hawke's Bay, £150; Wanganui, £150; Manawatu, £100; Blenheim, £100; Nelson, £100; Taranaki, £100; Southland, £100; making a total of £1800. The remaining £200 will be derived from the New Zealand match. The secretary of the Cricket Council expects to receive a definite reply from Lord Hawke by the San Francisco mail, due on June 14.

THE AUSTRALIANS IN ENGLAND.

MATCH AGAINST LEICESTER.

AUSTRALIANS WIN BY SEVEN WICKETS.

LEICESTER—First Innings.

Whitehead, b Noble	2
Wood, b Jones	13
King, b Jones	8
Knight, c Noble, b Jones	8
Crawford, c and b Jones	8
De Trafford, c Saunders, b Jones	0
Cox, b Noble	0
O'Dell, c Carter, b Noble	0
Gleeson, b Jones	6
Woodcock, c Armstrong, b Noble	4
Whiteside, not out	0
Sundries	4
Total	51

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Jones, six for 26.
Noble, four for 21.

AUSTRALIANS—First Innings.

Duff, c Whiteside, b Woodcock	0
Trumper, b King	20
Hill, b Woodcock	0
Gregory, b Woodcock	2
Darling, c Whitehead, b King	25
Noble, c Crawford, b Woodcock	13
Armstrong, c Odell, b King	7
Hopkins, b King	9
Carter, c Cox, b Woodcock	1
Jones, c Odell, b King	40
Saunders, not out	9
Extras	0
Total	136

Bowling analysis: Woodcock, 5 for 54; King, 5 for 72.

LEICESTER—Second Innings.

Whitehead, lbw, b Noble	24
Wood, b Jones	33
King, c Saunders, b Noble	12
Crawford, b Noble	17
De Trafford, c and b Jones	1
Cox, c Gregory, b Noble	11
Knight, b Noble	24
Gleeson, lbw, b Noble	1
O'Dell, b Noble	6
Woodcock, c and b Noble	5
Whiteside (not out)	0
Extras	0
Total	143

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Saunders, 0 for 24.
Noble, 8 for 48.
Trumper, 0 for 33.
Jones, 2 for 29.

AUSTRALIA—Second Innings.

Trumper, b O'Dell	14
Duff, c Wood, b O'Dell	8
Hopkins, lbw, b Woodcock	1
Gregory (not out)	18
Darling (not out)	22
Sundries	11
Total for 3 wickets	69

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Woodcock, 1 for 18.
O'Dell, 2 for 23.
Gleeson, 0 for 12.
Crawford, 0 for 7.

MATCH AGAINST OXFORD.

OXFORD—First Innings.

Marsham, c Hopkins, b Noble	21
Dillon, c Darling, b Jones	21
Wyld, c Saunders, b Noble	1
Yoss, b Armstrong	10
Evans, c Trumper, b Noble	7
Williams, c Trumper, b Armstrong	0
Bonham-Carter, c Jones, b Noble	7
Whateley, b Armstrong	0
Kelly, c and b Armstrong	6
Findlay (not out)	5
Ernsthausen, b Noble	4
Sundries	1
Total	77

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Noble took 5 wickets for 38.
Jones, 1 for 20.
Armstrong, 4 for 9.

AUSTRALIAN TEAM—First Innings.

Duff, c Findlay, b Ernsthausen	41
Trumper, c Wyld, b Evans	121
Hill, c Findlay, b Whateley	64
Gregory, b Whateley	6
Armstrong, c Bonham, b Kelly	17
Hopkins, c Bonham, b Ernsthausen	39
Noble, not out	4
Darling, not out	5
Sundries	6
Total for six wickets	314

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Ernsthausen took two wickets for 80 runs.
Whateley, two for 76.
Kelly, one for 21.
Evans, one for 22.
Williams, none for 63.

OXFORD—Second Innings.

Marsham, b Noble	5
Dillon, c Duff, b Jones	3
Wyld, b Jones	19
Yoss, b Saunders	28
Evans, b Saunders	13
Bonham-Carter, lbw, b Saunders	9
Williams, c Noble, b Saunders	26
Findlay, b Saunders	21
Whateley, c Jones, b Saunders	8
Kelly, lbw, b Saunders	31
Ernsthausen, not out	2
Sundries	17
Total	183

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Jones took two wickets for 38 runs.
Noble, one for 25.
Armstrong, none for 19.
Saunders, seven for 87.
Trumper, none for 17.

The team to represent England in the first test match will be selected from McLaren, Jackson, Fry, Mason, Ranjitsinhji, Jessop, Lilley, Braund, Hirst, Rhodes; Hayward, Tyldesley, and one other.

It is officially announced that McLaren has been invited to captain England in the first test match and that he has accepted.

GOLF NOTES.

The final round of the Auckland Golf Championship was played last Saturday between Messrs C. E. and H. Gillies. A great deal of interest was taken in this match by outsiders as well as golf-players. From a player's point of view Mr C. E. Gillies was picked as the easy winner, but many of those who only take an interest in the game thought it would be a very close "go."

The weather during the week was better, but all the same the greens were very heavy on Saturday. The final round consists of 36 holes, so in order to finish in the one day play was started in the morning. For the first few holes nothing very important occurred as both players held together very closely, but gradually Mr Charles Gillies proved his superiority over his brother, and ended by being ten up and nine to play. The second round was started about half-past two, and the players were followed by a group of interested spectators. In this round Mr Charles Gillies made a very good start by doing the first two holes in three and four, which made him 11 up on his brother. At the third and fourth holes a heavy shower rather spoiled the play, and left the ground very soapy. During the remainder of the game the play was very even, Mr C. E. Gillies winning by 10 up and 9 to play.

During the whole game Mr C. E. Gillies played a very steady game, and if he visits Australia this year we think he should have a very good chance of winning the Australian championship. There were not quite so many on the links last Saturday as on the two previous Saturdays. Next Saturday the Nursery Handicap, otherwise known as the Mellin's Food Handicap, will be played.

The entries for the Fry Challenge trophy, which is to be played on June 23rd, close to-day (Wednesday). The match will be played in 18 holes, bogey play, handicap. The conditions are that the trophy be played for three times a year, the triple winner to become the owner.

Mr E. D. O'Rourke's prize will be played for on the 14th and 21st of next month. The match will be a bogey handicap of 18 holes, played in two rounds. Players whose handicap is over 12 will play in partnership with those whose handicap is under 12. Entries close on June 11.

We are sorry to hear that the golf material ordered at Home by the professional, Mr Hood, has miscarried on the way, causing much inconvenience in regard to the making of clubs, etc. Owing to this accident he will not prolong his stay here as he had intended.

News of the Week.



CABLE ITEMS.

The Shah of Persia has visited King Victor at Rome.

The present outbreak of plague in Sydney is more virulent than that of 1900.

Rahelta, on the Red Sea, Littoral and Eritrea have been annexed to Italian territory.

Nine tourists and four boatmen have been drowned during a gale while boating on Lake Killarney.

The White Star liner Ionic, similar to the a.s. Athenic, and about 12,380 tons, has been launched at Belfast.

Britain's wholesale purchase of mules in Missouri has suddenly ceased.

The Porte recognises an Italian protectorate over Italian missionaries in the Holy Land and the Levant.

Edith Brookes, a parachutist, was killed at Sheffield by her parachute falling without opening.

The death is announced of Lord Pauncefoot, British Ambassador at Washington.

Cholera is prevalent in the Philippines. Out of 651 cases at Manila 435 were fatal.

The Knighthood of the Garter has been conferred on the Duke of Marlborough.

Delcasse will probably be asked to form a Ministry in succession to that of Waldeck-Rousseau.

Instead of presenting the Imperial Government with a cruiser, the Natal Government offers to contribute £35,000 annually to the navy.

The Tsar lunched on board the French cruiser Montcalm. President Loubet received a splendid send-off on his departure for France.

The cable last week announced that Earl Beauchamp is engaged to Lady Lettice Grosvenor, sister of the Duke of Westminster.

China protests against being compelled to pay the indemnity to the Great Powers in gold regardless of the fall in price of silver.

M. De Lanissan, French Minister for Marine, has ordered thirteen submarine vessels, which can be submerged within five minutes.

The Japanese warships Kongo and Hiei, which are on a cruise through the Pacific, have sailed from Hobart for Auckland.

The Miners' International Congress, sitting at Dusseldorf, passed a resolution in favour of eight hours work per day.

Armour's lard refinery in Chicago was destroyed by fire last night. The damage is estimated at one million dollars. Twenty-nine persons were injured.

The Prussian Diet is considering a Bill to provide an additional hundred and fifty million marks for settling German peasantry in Polish provinces of West Prussia and Posen.

The annexation by Italy of Raheita (in the Red Sea Littoral), which heretofore has been within her sphere of influence, was due to local disturbances.

Mr J. J. Shannon, A.R.A., has been commissioned by prominent Anglo-Colonials to paint a presentation portrait of the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon.

Tsinnipin leads 30,000 insurgents in Southern Chili. They have massacred their own wives and daughters with a view to testifying their devotion to the cause.

The Welsbach Incandescent Light Company's premises at Westminster were gutted by fire. One thousand employees, who were on the premises, escaped owing to the presence of mind of the foreman.

By an explosion in the Paterville mine, Coal Creek, Tennessee, followed by flames issuing from the shafts, 250 miners were killed.

The Chinese agreement confirms the arrangement entered into in 1898. It specifies that if funds are needed for branches of the northern line of Chinese railways the administration must apply to the British Chinese corporation.

Some reticence is observed in regard to the plague at the Sydney Zoo. It is understood that over fifty birds and animals have died of the disease during the past few weeks.

The "Daily Chronicle" states that a bomb which was intended to explode as the Emperor Franz Josef entered his compartment of the Imperial train at Vienna was discovered ten minutes before the train started for Pesth.

Two robbers entered a jeweller's shop in Bourke-street last week, gagged and bound the shopkeeper, and got away with £2000 worth of jewellery.

Official returns received by the Health Department show that there had been 114 cases of plague in New South Wales during the present outbreak up to May 3, and 56 cases in Queensland. Up to April 28 there were 30 deaths in New South Wales and 16 in Queensland.

A collier, lighting his pipe, caused an explosion in the Crow's Nest mine at Fernie, British Columbia. One hundred and twenty-three miners were killed. Fifteen escaped by a shaft leading to another pit.

Dr Russell has been elected Moderator of the Church of Scotland, and Dr. Howie of the United Free Church. King Edward, in a message to the Church of Scotland, suggests the training of preachers in the Gaelic tongue.

The New South Wales loan was underwritten on the usual terms. It has been favourably received and is quoted about one half per cent. premium. Ministers express themselves highly gratified with the result of the loan.

A company has been formed in New York, with a capital of five million dollars, to operate Professor Fessenden's wireless telegraphy and telephony. It is expected that Fessenden will shortly be able to telephone to France without wires.

Lenay Beautien protests against France's intention to retire from the Lake Tchad region, and urges the effective occupation of Jado, in Tripoli, on the line of march from the Mediterranean to Lake Tchad.

Burglars stole a Raphael picture worth £8000, and also several pictures by Corot, from Humbert's chateau, Vivescaux. Their chateau at Cleveaux was also entered by burglars.

Mr Copeland, Agent-General for New South Wales, has submitted to Mr Chamberlain the Premier's protest relative to the question of procedure as concerning the Commonwealth State Premiers and the New Zealand Premier.

The "Times" says the second volume of its "History of the War" is strongly condemnatory of General Buller and the general confusion of military administration.

A Blue Book issued shows that extraordinary consideration and leniency were displayed in the application of martial law. A full report of Commandant Scheepers' trial is also included.

Signor Prinetti, Minister for Foreign Affairs, speaking in the Chamber of Deputies, admitted that England and France had given Italy similar assurances regarding the Eastern frontier of Tripoli. He added that the Triple Alliance would be renewed at the proper time, though after Italy's agreement with France re-

garding the Mediterranean the alliance had lost a good deal of its weight.

M. Decraix, Minister for the Colonies, declares that the only news received in regard to the trouble on the Mekong is that 1500 Siamese rebels crossed the Mekong into French territory in Annam, and attacked a French post at Havanakek. They were repulsed, losing 100.

The Premier of Manitoba, interviewed in London, stated that he considered that the colonial cost of Imperial defence might be adjusted and borne indirectly in connection with slight preferential Customs treatment.

Goliad, a county of Texas, United States, with an area of 900 square miles, has been visited by a tornado, which caused immense destruction of property and the loss of many lives. It is estimated that 100 persons were killed and many others were badly injured.

Cavanagh, the parachutist, descending 1500 feet at Bradford, was blown on the steeple of a church, but managed to keep his hold of the structure until rescued with ropes.

The "Daily Mail's" Bangkok correspondent states it is reported that twenty thousand French subjects in Laos territory have revolted eastwards of Mekong.

The Hon. Colonel John Hay, American Secretary of State, proposes to extend the time for ratifying the sale to America of the Danish West Indies for a year.

The Danish barque Ebba, from New York, passed a derelict American schooner on February 9 in latitude 54 degrees south, and longitude 26min west, in the Southern Ocean. The vessel is a serious danger to navigation. There was no sign of the crew.

Zaleski, a locksmith, and Schniver, a mason, both Austrian ex-soldiers, have been sentenced to 4½ and 3½ years imprisonment for espionage and furnishing Russia with exact plaster clay models of fourteen Salician forts and with stolen documents.

Dr. Morrison, the Peking correspondent of the London "Times," states that the Court's eyes having been opened to the injustice of punishing the Viceroy Yuan-Shih-Kai and Huiyu-Pan, they have not been rejected in rank. Both are powerful supporters of Yung-hi.

The Kaiser, at Chateau Urville, when receiving the thanks of a deputation from the Provincial Assembly, of Alsace-Lorraine for the abolition of the Governor's dictatorial powers, said he was waiting till he had gained the loyal attachment of his subjects in the province, and desired to convince the Powers of Germany's pacific aims.

A new alien danger has arisen in the shape of the arrival of an installment of forty copper coloured Argentine natives of Spanish descent, with the prospect of more to follow. The immigrants were admitted by the Melbourne authorities, who did not think the Restrictions Act applied to them. The party promptly came overland to Sydney.

A sensational story comes from Meruke, in Dutch New Guinea. Two hundred prisoners came from Sumatra to carry out roadmaking. Thirteen escaped into the bush, and fell into the hands of the natives, including the Tugars or head-hunters. Each prisoner as he was captured was decapitated, and the heads were carried off as trophies.

M. de Witte, Russian Minister of Finance, in an interview, said Russia advised France to settle the Fashoda incident, but it nevertheless became a real victory for France, since without the Fashoda settlement England would have avoided the Transvaal war, which rendered her unable to effectively intervene in China.

The committee presided over by the Right Hon. A. Akers-Douglas condemns the entire system of army education at Sandhurst, which they consider should be remodelled. They recommend that the course be fixed at two years at a cost of £212 instead of £150, with only one examination

ed, but ill leave for the South next Saturday on his pre-arranged visit.

The prizes won at the recent tournament of the Auckland Ladies' Golf Club were presented last Thursday at the Cornwall Links by Lady Ranfurly, who drove out to the park attended by the Hon. Hill-Trevor, A.B.C., and Captain Alexander. The party were met on arrival by Mrs McCosh Clark, captain of the club, Miss Gillies, secretary, members of the Ladies' Committee, and Mr C. E. S. Gillies, secretary of the Auckland Golf Club. There was a very large attendance of active and honorary members and friends of the Ladies' Club, and a great deal of interest was taken in the proceedings. Prior to the distribution of prizes Lady Ranfurly went to the top of One Tree Hill and expressed herself as greatly delighted with the magnificent view. On returning to the club house Mrs McCosh Clark made a few remarks, and Lady Ranfurly then presented the prizes to the successful competitors as follows:—Putting competition, Miss Daisy Stevenson; driving competition, Miss Morrison (first) and Miss J. Richmond (second); approaching and putting competition, Miss Margaret Richmond (first) and Mrs W. R. Bloomfield (second); handicap competition, Miss Morrison; handicap foursomes, the Misses J. and M. Richmond; Auckland Ladies' championship, Miss Gillies. At the conclusion of the prize distribution the party adjourned to the gentlemen's club room, where afternoon tea was provided by the ladies, after which the distinguished visitors returned to town.

PING-PONG.

PING-PONG TOURNAMENT.

The tournament held on the evening of 20th May, in St. Mark's Hall, Remuera, proved quite as popular and successful as former gatherings, and all present were fortunate in witnessing some most excellent exhibitions of the game.

Systematic arrangements enabled the matches to proceed in a most animated manner. The brilliant and graceful play in the final games, especially in the sets between Miss Brabant and Miss Millie Hesketh, enlisted the keenest interest and attention. Mr Dawson's contest with Mr Norman Donald was also most exciting; in fact, the play in the finals was of such an even nature as to make victory additionally gratifying to the winners, who certainly met opponents worthy of their skill. The semi-finals in the ladies' division were contested by Misses Brabant, Millie Hesketh, Muriel Dargaville and Muriel Hesketh, while the four men who survived the earlier rounds and did battle for supremacy were Messrs Dawson, H. Hesketh, T. Buddle and N. Donald.

An elegant silver hair-pin box, presented by Mr H. P. Norton, formed the first prize for ladies, and was won by Miss Brabant. The second prize, a silver-mounted scent bottle, given by Mrs Cotter, fell to Miss Millie Hesketh.

Mr Dawson won a handsome silver card case, the gift of Mrs McCosh Clark, for gentlemen players, and second honours, with a silver-mounted purse, from Mr Edward Morton, fell to Mr N. Donald, who played a sterling game throughout.

Mrs McCosh Clark presented the prizes to the successful competitors, who were heartily applauded for their well-deserved victories.

It is understood that a tournament for children, promoted by Remuera ladies, will take place on the afternoon of Saturday, June 14th.

NAPIER & FITZHERBERT,
SOLICITORS.

N.B.—MONEY TO LEND on Freehold and Chattel Security at Current Rates of Interest.

VICTORIA ARCADE,
Queen-st., Auckland.

for candidates for Woolwich, Sandhurst or the militia. Fifty commissions, it is proposed, shall be granted yearly for students from the colonies, and a hundred for University candidates.

The Stock Protection Board in the West is urging, in view of the universal drought in New South Wales and Queensland, of unparalleled severity, that the Federal Parliament should temporarily suspend the grain and fodder duties. The Board understands that New Zealand has a larger amount of produce on hand than for many years, and with the pound a ton duty removed pastoralists would no doubt purchase largely in order to save their stock.

Mr Chamberlain, in his speech at Birmingham, said the Empire was attacked on all sides, and it was imperative to cultivate closer internal relations. If through adherence to economic pedantry and old shibboleths we lose the opportunity of closer union with the colonies and do not seize every chance of keeping trade in British hands we deserve disasters which must infallibly follow. Mr Chamberlain, speaking at Birmingham, referring to the foreign commercial policy of competition, and the new conditions arising from the creation of trusts, strongly urged the duty of seizing the opportunities of closer union offered by the colonies.

A German firm at Shanghai has offered China 50,000,000 taels annually for the monopoly of the preparation of opium. China is favourable if international obstacles are removable. It is considered difficult to enforce a monopoly on all.

Yuanshikal's opposition will probably secure the rejection of the German firm's offer of 15 (not 50 millions, as previously stated) taels for the opium monopoly, though Prince Ching advocates its acceptance.

On the tribunal asking Balschanett, the assassin of M. Siplagaine, Minister for the Interior, whether he had accomplices, he replied: "My accomplices are the Ministers and high officials who have deceived the Tsar and exasperated the people by their arbitrariness and tyranny. They are the real anarchists."

The death penalty for civilians not existing, Balschanett was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

The troops suppressed a revolutionary demonstration at Saratoff, in south-east Russia.

GENERAL CABLES.

THE SHIPPING COMBINE.

It is affirmed at Belfast that as the result of interviews between the Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, chairman of the Harland-Woolfe Company, and Mr Chamberlain and Mr Balfour that the White Star line will not cease to exist, and that merely a transference of shares takes place. Morgan's syndicate will nominate seven British members. If the combination register the White Star vessels and their names under the English Companies Act the present and future ships will be at the disposal of the British Government, and the vessels will retain the British flag. A meeting of White Star Company shareholders almost unanimously approved of the sale. It is understood the price is ten million pounds. It is reported that Mrs T. H. Iamay, of Ismay, Imrie and Co., strongly opposed the sale on patriotic grounds.

The "Times" Berlin correspondent states that German shippers are disappointed at being unable to join Pierpont Morgan's combine on the same terms as the British. They pretend to commiserate with the British over the terrible blow to their shipping, hoping to score them into reprisals estranging the Americans from the British.

The "Times" commenting on the subject, says the commercial and political warfare with America and Americans will only benefit their rivals. The shipping combination is substituted for community of interest, and is operating powerfully for friendship, as war rates and subsidies would operate against it.

The German press asserts that Herr Ballin, manager of the Ham-

burg-American steamship line, has declined Mr Pierpont Morgan's offer of the management of the Navigation Syndicate at a salary of 1,000,000 dollars.

THE FEDERAL TARIFF.

The Federal Senate voting on the reduction of the duty on hams and bacon was equal. Under the Standing Orders, it was resolved in the negative. A motion to reduce the duty to 2d was carried by 17 to 13. Mr Symons moved to reduce butter to twopenny, and cheese to one penny. He said it was a tax on food, and the duty should be brought to the lowest possible level. Cheese was largely imported from New Zealand, and this should be encouraged. It was not right to unduly impose heavy taxation on New Zealand cheese, which was distinctly superior to Australian. The reduction of the butter duty was carried by 16 to 12, but a reduction of the cheese duty was rejected by 15 to 13. Mr O'Keefe moved that the cheese duty be reduced to 2d. This was carried by 16 to 11.

Sir Charles Tupper, ex-Canadian High Commissioner, on being interviewed in London, said he anticipated colonial produce would be exempted from the corn and flour taxes. If so, there would be an influx of thousands of agricultural settlers to Manitoba and the north-west territories which would soon supply Britain with all the breadstuffs she required.

THE KING OF SPAIN.

On May 19th, King Alfonso took the oath before the members of the Cortes. The Te Deum was sung in the Francisco Church, where a magnificent mediaeval procession was arranged. The newspapers which published Don Carlo's manifesto, emphasising the loss of the colonies have been suppressed. Gabriel Lopez, an insurance company's messenger, has been arrested in Madrid with nine dynamite cartridges in his possession. He has confessed that they were given to him to throw at King Alfonso. Other fellow conspirators who have been arrested include a student, a printer, a joiner and a mason.

Suarez, one of the anarchists arrested in Madrid with dynamite cartridges, intended for King Alfonso, served seven years for an attempt on the life of the late Senor Canovas.

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE.

The "Standard" recognises the diversity of aims and opinions of the colonial Premiers, and says the discussion at the forthcoming conference will prove valuable and interesting, even if it produces no draft scheme. It is hoped that a noble and inspiring ideal of closer and more organic unity will be nearer realisation after the deliberations.

Lord Onslow, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, at Kendal, expressed the hope that the forthcoming Imperial and Colonial conference would facilitate the means of communication between the Motherland and the colonies.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO RUSSIA.

At a gala dinner, at which 150 guests were present, the Tsar and M. Loubet exchanged the usual Alliance toasts. The "Daily Express" says a plot against President Loubet was discovered. Hence it was officially announced that he would land at Reval or Riga. Eighty arrests have been made, including parents of condemned students.

CHINA.

It has been unanimously decided that Sheng's argument that the indemnity should be payable on a silver basis is untenable. The insurgents have burnt a bridge on the Pekin-Hankow line, and the Belgian engineers have withdrawn from Chengtingfu.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF CUBA.

President Loubet has congratulated President Roosevelt on the establishment of the Cuban Republic.

President Roosevelt, in a letter to President Palma, of Cuba, expressed friendship and good wishes for the

stability and success of the Cuban Republic. The Cuban colours were hoisted amid great rejoicing, and the American cavalry and warships have been withdrawn. Mr Hay, U.S. Secretary of State, has notified the Powers of the independence of Cuba. The American House of Representatives passed a unanimous resolution welcoming the birth of the Republic.

THE WEST INDIAN CATAS-TROPHEE.

Mount Pelee on Tuesday ejected a column of volcanic matter and rained red-hot boulders on the ruins of St. Pierre and neighbourhood. The rays of the sun lit up the volcanic clouds at Fort de France till they resembled molten metal, forming an appalling and sublime sight. Stones and ashes fell in the town. A tidal wave entered the bay and broke the ships' moorings. Many people fled to the hills. Others later on took refuge on the warships in the harbour. The sea, disturbed by submarine volcanic action, invaded and partly destroyed Le Carbet, a town on the coast between St. Pierre and Fort de France. A cyclone of fire simultaneously descended on the town. Two hundred and forty people were conveyed from St. Pierre and the neighbouring villages to Fort de France. Fire and smoke have appeared on a peak on the islet Diamond Rock, south-west of Martinique. The volcanic activity there still continues. Sharp shocks of earthquake were felt in Florida, United States, on Tuesday. French papers report that strange rumblings have been heard proceeding from an extinct crater in South Antut.

The American warship Potomac landed a party at St. Pierre, who recovered the American Consul's body. While they were engaged in the task Mount Pelee suddenly poured a mass of lava into the sea, accompanied by terrific detonations and thunder, and the vessel had to hurriedly escape. The British cruiser Indefatigable likewise put to sea.

A new township has been established in St. Vincent. Fifty thousand pounds sterling is required to support the sufferers for half a year and re-house them in fresh localities. The Lord Mayor of London has cabled a further £15,000. The sufferings of the wounded from burns are of a terrible nature. Sixty deaths have occurred in the hospital. Heavy rain has caused the Busepoint River in Martinique to overflow, and 20 houses were demolished and 50 damaged. A cinder cloud from Mt. Pelee swept with terrible velocity over Fort de France, dropping stones the size of hazel nuts. Many residents took refuge on the ships till the excitement gradually subsided.

A terrible panic occurred at Fort de France. Twenty thousand of the inhabitants ran about distracted, some kneeling and praying in the streets. Many fled to Guadlope, an island owned by France, in the same group, to the northward of the British possession of Dominica. Lava from Mount Pelee is issuing in greater volume. The eruption on the 8th inst. overwhelmed Grand Riviere. The inhabitants are still in the greatest danger since all means of transportation have been destroyed.

Six thousand have quitted Martinique, and thousands have gone to the extreme south of the island.

News from Martinique states that lava streams imprisoned many women and children at Grand Riviere. They were seen, and pleaded for deliverance, but it was impossible to render aid. Starvation or overwhelming by the lava is their almost certain fate. A great glimmer of light was seen in the direction of Martinique on Thursday night, accompanied by gunlike explosions. A steamer fifty miles away was covered with ashes.

It is believed that a new crater has been formed on Mt. Pelee, with a cinder cone a hundred feet high, ejecting steam, boiling mud, ashes and gases.

A torrent of lava from Mount Pelee on Saturday destroyed the remainder of Basse Pointe. A fissure 1000 yards long splits Mount Pelee's peak to the base.

Three days after St. Pierre was overwhelmed a family of five were

discovered alive in the ruins of a house. They were horribly burnt, and have since died. It is feared that many others taking refuge in houses and buried beneath the ashes might have escaped if earlier help had been available.

The Czar has given £10,000 to the Martinique fund.

THE BOER WAR

PEACE PROSPECTS.

Reuter's Pretoria correspondent states that on Wednesday, in accordance with the April arrangements, six Boer delegates were chosen at the Vereeniging conference, consisting of the members of the two Governments, and with De Wet, De la Rey and eight secretaries they arrived at Pretoria on Sunday and were lodged at a house next to Lord Kitchener's.

The "Daily Mail" states that in response to Boer haggling at Pretoria practically an ultimatum on the vital points has been presented by Britain with the intimation that in the event of a refusal Lord Kitchener is ready to strike.

The chief points of the peace negotiations have been satisfactorily settled at Pretoria.

The Cabinet sat for two hours considering questions in detail.

The final vote on the entire scheme will be taken at the Vereeniging conference in a few days.

The Cabinet's decision has been cabled to Lord Milner and communicated to the delegates.

Mr. Chamberlain had an audience of the King after the Cabinet meeting.

Ministers have returned to the country.

The "Standard" states that the Boers have abandoned their demands for independence, and restricted themselves to raising the questions of amnesty of the rebels, expenses of rebuilding and restocking farms, the adjustment of debts, and the status of burghers prior to the initiation of representative government.

The Transvaalers, in sending representatives to the Vereeniging Conference, left matters entirely to them, but the Free State representatives did not obtain equally full powers.

Those representatives at Vereeniging favouring peace without independence were subjected to bitter taunts.

The "Standard's" Pretoria correspondent states that up to last Saturday the proceedings at the Vereeniging Conference were rather of the nature of Free State recrimination than a discussion on the lines tentatively agreed on by the Boer leaders and those laid down by Lord Kitchener in April.

Calm counsels, however, prevailed on Sunday, when the Free States suggested points, offering to agree on their part if these were formulated. The leaders then came to Pretoria, where a final agreement will be drafted, and it is hoped, signed.

The decision is a step to general submission.

The "Times" states that the Boers' desire for full explanations or further concessions forms a substantial ground for hope. It would be premature to assume an immediate agreement, but all the chief points are within sight.

Fouche's commando was attacked because it refused to send a representative to the Vereeniging conference, and was therefore outside the tacitly understood armistice.

Everything is in readiness for an unusually vigorous campaign should the negotiations fail.

Mr. Brodrick, Secretary for War, speaking at the Volunteer Service Companies' dinner, said everybody hoped that the communications now passing might be the prelude to the surrender of the Boers. All he could say was that the Government were as determined as ever not to purchase temporary immunity from trouble by sacrificing anything tending to the permanent security of peace. The war had shown the Empire that association, mutual support and confidence had made the dream of colonial federation a reality. The colonial

Ministers' Conference would consider how we could put the enthusiasm which had brought the colonies into the field with us on a permanent basis. The war would give freedom to and establish a great empire in South Africa.

A number of Boers assembled in the market square in Pretoria on Saturday, expecting a declaration of peace. The "Daily Mail" declares that nothing stands in the way of peace, and that it is expected the Government will make in the House of Commons on Tuesday an announcement showing that they have satisfactorily and inflexibly maintained the British position. The Vienna newspaper, "Neue Freie Presse," rejoicing at the prospects of peace, admits that the world must thank England for leading the way for three centuries in all great achievements in politics, economics, and culture. The tone of the German newspapers is more friendly generally towards England.

THE FIGHTING.

Nine thousand troops participated in General Ian Hamilton's drive, from the 7th to the 11th instant. Vanzy's commando of rebels and Zapp's commando were practically wiped out.

Lord Lovat's force surprised Fouches's laager at Stapleford, killing and wounding several, and capturing eighty-four horses and sixty full bandoliers.

The "Times" states that McKinney, Jack Hindon's subordinate in his train-wrecking exploits, has surrendered.

The following cablegram has been received by the Government from Colonel Davies, who is in command of the New Zealand Eighth Contingent, which took part in General Hamilton's recent successful "drive":

"The following has been received from General Ian Hamilton: 'Result of recent operations—Killed, 1; prisoners, 354; rifles, 262; horses, 326; mules, 95; donkeys, 20; waggon, 175; Cape carts, 61; cattle, 3500; sheep, 1300; ammunition, 63,640; trek oxen, 106.' Amongst the prisoners is Jan De la Rey, elder brother of the general. Since telegraphing this to Pretoria General Hamilton has received the following from Lord Kitchener: 'Capital result. Tell troops I highly appreciate their exertions, and consider the result very satisfactory.' We have now, since Lord Methuen's capture, taken 860 of a De la Rey's force. As there are a considerable number of new troops under his command, the G.O.C. mobile columns in West Transvaal think column commanders would do well to explain to them that the G.O.C.-in-Chief is not in the habit of bestowing indiscriminate praise, and that, on the contrary, the compliment which has been paid this force is a very rare occurrence."

THE PREMIER IN AFRICA.

Mr Seddon received a cordial reception at Maritzburg.

Mr Seddon addressed the Seventh New Zealand Contingent, mustering 360, at Newcastle, on the eve of their departure for the colony. Accompanied by Generals Ian Hamilton, Wilson and Baden-Powell, he inspected the Eighth Contingent at Klerkadorp. They had just returned from a successful drive. Colonel Davies commands the complete column.

Mr Seddon received an enthusiastic welcome at the Johannesburg Stock Exchange. In the course of an address he said that New Zealand was prepared to treble her efforts for the Empire. He was confident that Imperial representation would be granted when demanded.

Sir J. Ward has received the following cablegram from Mr Seddon, dated Pretoria, May 22:—"I have visited the hospitals at Johannesburg, Potchefstroom, and Klerkadorp. The New Zealand patients are all doing well. I went along the front for 60 miles, and visited the Eighth Contingent, who are just in from General Hamilton's drive. Generals Hamilton, Baden-Powell, Wilson, and Colonel Thorneycroft accompanied me. Colonel Davies and the officers and men are first-rate, and desire me to convey their best wishes to New Zealand. General Hamilton addressed the column, and praised highly the services of the New Zealanders. He did not want better men under him. He also praised their capacity for digging trenches. By these marks the New Zealanders will be known,

I visited the scene of the railway disaster to the Eighth. It is marvellous so few were killed."

The Acting-Premier has received a cable message from Mr Seddon, who is at Johannesburg, to the effect that no more contingents will be required from New Zealand. This is interpreted to mean that the termination of the war is in sight, Mr Seddon being privy to what is passing behind the scenes.

Mr Seddon, speaking at a banquet at Pretoria, expressed the hope that the blockhouses would soon be turned into creameries and butter factories.

Mr Seddon, cabling to Sir J. G. Ward, says: "Passed a pleasant time at Pretoria as the guest of the Administrator. Had tea with Lord Milner, and dinner with Lord Kitchener. Had a long interview with both yesterday. Very satisfactory. Right men in the right place. To-day visited Elandsfontein Hospital. Forty-nine New Zealanders are patients. No serious cases, chiefly dysentery, rheumatism, and enteric. Lord Kitchener has sent Colonel Birdwood with us. General Baden-Powell also accompanies. Feeling for New Zealand cordial. The Administrator practically admits our land settlement conditions are the best suited for South Africa. Am now proceeding to Vereeniging to inspect the Ninth Contingent. Time permitting, I will see the Boer delegates. Had a most cordial send-off at Pretoria and Johannesburg."

Sir Joseph Ward received the following cable from Mr Seddon, dated Orange River, 1.25 p.m., 24th May:—

"I inspected the Ninth Contingent at Vernickling yesterday. Officers, men and horses are all well. The Contingent is disappointed at not yet having had a brush with the enemy. The officer commanding the column spoke highly of them. I gave a short address, and the latest New Zealand news. All along the line I have been well received. At Bloemfontein an illuminated address was presented by the borough, expressing great satisfaction at New Zealand's action in South Africa, and re Imperial Federation. I was also entertained by a large number of New Zealanders, who are doing well. Made a short stay at De Aar, and was met by the Midland Railway Commissioner. The Director-General of Railways accompanied us right through. Have nothing to learn on railway questions. Peace negotiations satisfactory. My opinion that no further contingents would be required is confirmed.—Seddon."

RETURN OF THE SIXTH CONTINGENT.

On Tuesday of last week the Auckland section of the Sixth Contingent returned home. At Onehunga the troopers were welcomed by Major Reid, officer commanding the Auckland district, and left by the eleven o'clock train for Auckland, arriving shortly before noon. At the railway station they were met by His Worship the Mayor (Mr Alfred Kidd), the town clerk (Mr H. Wilson), Councillors, and a large number of relatives and friends of the men. The contingent formed up and proceeded to Government House grounds, where they were welcomed by His Excellency the Governor, Lord Ranfurly, Lady Ranfurly, Captain Boscawen, A.D.C., General Babington, Captain Alexander, Major Moore, R.A., and Captain Campbell.

Addressing the returned troopers, His Excellency said:—Lieut.-Colonel Banks, Non-commissioned Officers and Men.—It gives me great pleasure to welcome you back to Auckland, and congratulate you on a safe return from South Africa. After inspecting the men and making a few enquiries the latter were dismissed and joined their friends.

Mr Runciman, member for Constantia, has issued a manifesto on behalf of forty-six colonial Imperial Progressive members. It declares that the suspension of the Constitution is imperative, and that the Dutch themselves are anxious for it. The colony should have rest for two or three years in order to avoid the acrimony incidental to elections. Sir J. G. Sprigg's majority of eight implies that three or four men rule and are compelled to make compromises with the consequent weakening of any measures submitted. The loyalists were entitled to demand a redistribution of seats on a numerical basis. Such,

however, would never pass the present Parliament. Redistribution alone would maintain the supremacy of Sir J. G. Sprigg. Federation must begin from within. That, however, would consume years and other colonies meanwhile would unite to boycott the Cape commercially and politically.

The "Standard" states Mr Runciman's not an important accession, and that only two Progressives now support Sir J. G. Sprigg.

Mr. Runciman, addressing his Simonstown constituents, said five members of the Government majority were ready to vote to maintain the Bond, and that the prospect of the Afrikaner party's return to power would be an unthinkable calamity. The Imperial Government ought, on restoration of the constitution, to introduce a more equitable system of redistribution.

GENERAL NEWS.

At Mangaweka on Saturday a young man named Sid. Cole was out with his brother shooting, when he slipped and his gun went off, blowing the fleshy part of the calf of one leg completely away. It is feared he will not recover the use of his leg.

Two men living at Mamaku, near Roturua, went into the bush last week and got lost. They were very lightly clad, and without food. A search party went out next day and found them completely exhausted from cold and the want of food.

The silver wedding of Mr and Mrs Wait, of Devonport, was celebrated on Thursday evening last in the Ponsonby Hall, about 50 couples being present. During the evening several presents were handed to Mr and Mrs Wait, and a number of congratulatory speeches made, all wishing that the couple might live to see their golden wedding.

At a restaurant situate not a hundred miles from Hastings, and which is extensively patronised by natives (says a Napier paper), the bill of fare on a recent date contained the item "fried warrior." Some of the dusky patrons, whether from curiosity or a more reminiscent feeling, ordered the dish, and appeared to be not unpleasantly surprised to find "fried wharehou" (an East Coast dish) brought in response to the order instead of the anticipated left wing of a Boer commandant.

The work of laying the cable that was recently imported for connecting East Island with the mainland at the East Cape will be begun shortly by the Tutanekahi. The distance between the island and the main coast is only about a mile, but in order to enable the cable to rest on a sandy bottom and in comparatively still water it has been found necessary to adopt a route five miles longer, which was surveyed last year by Captain Bolland, of the Hinemoa. The island is surrounded with rocks, and it is only in the calmest weather that a landing can be made.

On Sunday, as the ten minutes past six boat from Devonport was berthing at the Devonport Ferry Company's tea a young lady named Miss Collis endeavoured to step from the steamer to the wharf, but had the misfortune to miss her footing and fall into the harbour. She was rescued from her perilous position by two young men named W. Stack, of Wellington, and Foster, of Farnell.

The coaches on the country roads are now running according to their winter time-table, which was commenced the beginning of the present month, and continues in force until the end of October. There are several important alterations from the ordinary service, and persons who intend travelling in the country to Kawhia or overland to Wanganui will save themselves considerable inconvenience by making enquiry at the Government Tourist Department office in Queen-street.

On Saturday evening last the cyclists of the Birkdale district met in the schoolroom for the purpose of appointing a deputation to wait on the Birkenhead Borough Council with reference to a cycle track from Chelsea Hill to the lower end of Birkdale Road. There was a large attendance, and Mr Brooke, the

head teacher of the district, presided. The matter having been thoroughly discussed, a deputation was appointed to wait on the Council, and those present subscribed a good round sum to assist in the construction should the request be granted.

The retailers' section of the Employers' Union has decided to observe June 3, the Prince of Wales' Birthday, as a holiday in connection with the probable declaration of peace in South Africa. It was decided to close immediately on the day the announcement of peace is made, but not to observe any further additional holiday.

We have been asked to intimate that the lecturer of modern languages at the Auckland University College is arranging a course of special preparatory lectures at times suited to teachers and others who are desirous of studying French and German. Further particulars may be obtained on application at the College.

At a meeting of the Crown Lands Board last week the summary of lands disposed of from April 19 to May 22 showed that 16,763 acres had been disposed of between 86 selectors as follows: Leases in perpetuity, 11,011 acres; occupation with right of purchase, 4,071 acres; cash purchases, 558 acres; miscellaneous leases, 1123 acres. For the same period the sale of kauri timber amounted to 1,243,310, which was valued at £735.

The Crown Lands Board recently forwarded a communication to the Bay of Islands County Council re the kauri gum reserves in that district, and the latter have replied that there was practically no portion of the kauri gum reserves in the county that could be called "non-kauri bearing." The Council thought it advisable for the Department, while retaining the reserves, not to let it interfere with settlement. There was no reason, they said, why a restriction should be placed on the opening up of lands for settlement, because lands in question formed part of a reserve.

The decision of the Federal Senate to reduce the duty on butter and cheese to one penny per lb will be an advantage to the dairying industry in this colony. Large quantities of butter were sent over to Australia this season, but probably the bulk of it did not pay duty, being transhipped to South Africa. Australia is a good customer for New Zealand cheese at all seasons, but the reductions in duty should have the effect of increasing the demand by allowing the article to be sold one penny per lb. cheaper in the Commonwealth States. As Western Australia retains its own tariff for five years, the reduction does not affect that market, which takes large quantities of butter from this colony.

A very sad shooting fatality is reported from Paerata, near Pukekohe, resulting in the death of Miss Theo Connell, youngest daughter of Mrs Connell, a widowed lady living at the former place. Very few particulars have as yet reached town, but it is gathered that the unfortunate young lady went out on Saturday for some purpose, and took with her a gun for the purpose of shooting rabbits. On her not returning that evening a search was made, and eventually her body was found with a gun-shot wound in the region of the heart. An inquest was held yesterday. The greatest sympathy will be felt for the family of the deceased young lady in their sad bereavement. Only two years ago the elder brother, Trooper J. Connell, was killed in South Africa, he being one of the first New Zealanders to fall.

The tablet which is to be placed in the Christchurch Cathedral by the War Fund Committee, in honour of the Canterbury members of the Rough Riders who died in South Africa, has been received from England. It is a very handsome piece of work. It will probably be unveiled at the Coronation services. The inscription is as follows:—"In memory of the officers and men of the Canterbury troops, Third New Zealand Rough Riders, who were killed in action, or died whilst on active service, in South Africa, 1900-1901." After this come the names, as follows:—Lieut. H. H. Bradburne, A. D. Ross, and F. Ryan; Sergeant F. M. Russell; Corporals C. Parkinson, E. K.

Toxswill, R. H. B. Upton; Parrier J. C. Colvin; Troopers L. Perham, J. K. Allen, M. Bryce, G. W. Franks, R. McIntyre, T. L. Scott, C. E. Wiggins, W. N. Moffatt, R. W. Morris, H. K. Rule, J. W. Sansom, C. E. Smith.

The Government appear to be gradually replacing the men recently discharged from the North Island Main Trunk railway works. Mr Ferguson, the Government Labour Agent, has been authorised to forward another party of twelve workmen to the North Island Main Trunk railway.

The Remounts Court of Inquiry, presided over by General Robert Biddulph, examined Mr Copeland, Agent-General for New South Wales, who strongly protested that the colonies did not claim consideration on the ground of a spirit of gratitude for their war services, but wished for business on a basis of mutual advantage.

In the course of his annual report to the Wellington City Council Capt. Hugo, superintendent of the Fire Brigade, has some important remarks as to the number of fires which occur in Wellington annually. He says that the total number last year (93) was, on the basis of population, 100 per cent. more than in Sydney.

There is grave reason to fear that a timber-laden vessel bound from New Zealand has come to grief in the recent gales in the Tasman Sea, and that the timber and other wreckage washed up on the beach of the West Coast, in the extreme North, belonged to her.

A correspondent writes: "I am very successful in catching rats with pumpkin seed for bait. I stick three or four seeds together, and hang in a wire cage trap. Rats seem unable to resist this bait."

The Sydney 'Telegraph' dealing with the Imperial Conference, says it is evident that Imperialists will at any price make an effort to drag the colonies into the permanent defence service of the Empire.

A terrible tragedy was enacted in Auckland on Monday afternoon, when a man named William Parker attempted the murder of his wife, two children and mother-in-law, wounding

the first three and finally shooting himself in the head to such effect that it was doubtful whether he would recover. The children's injuries proved to be mere flesh wounds, in both cases in the right arm, and the injuries to Mrs Parker, though in the head, will not prove fatal.

On enquiry at the hospital later it was ascertained that all the wounded were progressing favourably. An operation was performed on Mrs Parker, and was successful, and the husband was also operated on with successful results.

A meeting of the General Committee of the Society for the Promotion of Bible Teaching in State Schools, was held in Auckland last week. It was resolved that each congregation be invited to elect one layman, who will give adherence to the objects of the society, to serve on the General Committee.

The objects of the Society, which is undenominational in character, are as follows:—(1) To demand such alteration of the Education Act as will prescribe: (a.) That Government Schools be opened daily with the Lord's Prayer; (b.) That on certain days of the week simple lessons on selected portions of the Bible be given by the teachers during school-hours.

There is grave reason to fear that a timber-laden vessel bound from New Zealand has come to grief in the recent gales in the Tasman Sea, and that the timber and other wreckage washed up on the beach of the West Coast, in the extreme North, belonged to her.

It is conjectured that the unfortunate vessel from which these items of wreckage came is the foreign barque King Oscar II., which sailed from Kaipara for Glasgow on the 7th inst, with a cargo of 682,500 feet of kauri fitches, shipped by the Kauri Timber Co.

The King Oscar II. arrived at Kaipara from Alga Bay, via Melbourne, on March 11. She was in command of Captain Jensen. She is registered in Lloyds as a wooden barque of 840 tons, her length being 177ft. 2in., breadth 35 ft. 3in., and depth 19ft. 3in.

At a meeting of the Pharmaceutical Association of Canterbury last week a grave scandal was revealed in connection with doctors' prescriptions. One of the leading chemists moved, "That this Association disapprove of the giving of secret commissions to doctors in any form whatever."

Another evil was that druggists who frequently paid 50 per cent. a commission could not make up the loss by a higher charge, as they were in competition with other druggists. When a doctor had to receive 50 per cent. it reduced the chemist to such a position that he could not honestly dispense the prescription.

Some discussion ensued, one chemist stating that there were doctors in the city who labelled the druggists who did not give them commissions, but took good care they did not come within the libel law. Another said that there were many cases where a certain preparation was ordered of a standard brand, and the chemist's own brand was made up, owing to the expensive nature of the drugs needed for the prescription.

Eventually the motion was carried unanimously.

THE CORONATION.

King Edward has announced that it is his pleasure that children attending elementary and other schools should have a week's holiday for the Coronation.

At a meeting of the Wellington Committee last week the Clergymen's Committee's report in favour of abandoning outdoor services was received. A suggestion to hand the matter over to the Salvation Army was rejected, and it was decided that the Musical Committee should arrange to have two hymns and two patriotic songs sung at the gathering on the Basin Reserve.

The Dunedin Committee agreed on the programme to be submitted to the Coronation Committee for Coronation Day. It includes religious services, parade of volunteers and cadets, parade of school children, with flags, hoisting and saluting the Royal Standard, dinner to returned troopers, brass bands' competition, dinner to deserving poor, bonfires, and illuminations in the evening, with torch-light procession, but no fireworks display.

NEW ZEALAND'S DESTINY.

The dominant note of Sir Joseph Ward's address at the banquet at Dennistown last week was an effort to inculcate a feeling of nationality in the people of New Zealand. New Zealand's destiny was, he said, apart from that of the Commonwealth. Geographically speaking, New Guinea and another island which he could not mention at the time were the only islands in the Pacific that fell under the natural control of the Commonwealth.

per word. In support of his idea he mentioned his advocacy of the Pacific cable at the conference of Premiers in Brisbane in 1893. At that time he mentioned his advocacy of the Pacific cable which, with one slight deviation, had been carried out, or will be completed within the next seven months.

A small "At Home" was given last Tuesday by the Countess of Ranfurly at Government House, when the following had the honour of receiving cards of invitation:—

- Commander H. G. Archer, R.N., and Mrs Archer, Mrs and Miss Boscowen, Mr and Mrs W. H. Bloomfield, Mr and Mrs G. H. Blount, Mrs W. Brown, Mrs and Miss Brown, Mr and Mrs E. D. Benjamin, Mr and Mrs Brett, Colonel and Mrs Burton, Captain and Mrs Brodie and the Misses Brodie, General Babington, Mrs Babington and Miss Babington, Mr and Mrs B. Cooper, Mrs and Miss Clark, Captain C. L. K. Campbell, Mr and Mrs W. Coleman, Dr and Mrs J. Logan Campbell and Miss Wilson, Mrs Chamberlain, Mr and Mrs Cheeseman, Mr Justice Conolly and Miss Conolly, Captain and Mrs Cooke, Mrs B. Cooper, Mrs and Miss Clark and Miss Clark, Mr and Mrs Colbeck, Mr and Mrs H. Campbell, Mr and Mrs A. Clark, Mr and Mrs Ching and Miss Ching, the Most Rev. the Primate (Bishop Cowie), the Rev. E. M. and Mrs Cowie, Mrs Coste, Annie, Antonia, Dolores, Colonel and Mrs Dawson, Miss Dunnett, Hon. H. de Bohn and Mrs Devereux and Mrs Devereux, Mrs and Miss Dargaville, Mr and Mrs Davis and the Misses Davis, Mr and Mrs D. W. Douthie, the Rev. Dr. Egan, Mr and Mrs George Evesham, Miss Erby, Mr A. J. Eirth, Mr and Mrs W. Gorrie and Miss Gorrie, Mr and Mrs Angus Gordon, Mrs and Miss Gilles, Mr C. E. S. Gilles, the Rev. W. E. and Mrs Gillam, Mr A. G. Horton, Miss Horton, and the Messrs Horton, Canon and Mrs Hisselden, Colonel and Mrs Haultain, Mrs and Misses Ireland, Mrs and Misses Isaacs and Mr R. Isaacs, Mr and Mrs Kirker, Mr and Mrs E. H. Lyons, Mr and Mrs Mitchell and Miss Mitchell, Mr and Mrs H. B. Morrison, Mr and Mrs A. H. Murray, Mrs and Miss L. Myers, Mr A. Myers, Canon and Mrs MacMurray, Mrs N. J. Markham, Mr and Mrs C. C. McMillan, Mr and Mrs T. Morrill, Miss Morrill, Mr and Mrs L. D. Nathan, Mr D. L. Nathan, Mr and Mrs A. H. Nathan, Captain and Mrs Napier, Canon and Mrs Nelson and the Misses Nelson, Mrs Percival and the Misses Percival, Dr and Mrs Parkes, Mrs Loasdale Pritt, Mr J. Pritt, Mr and Mrs E. D. O'Rourke, Dr. and Mrs Stewart Reid, Mr and Mrs R. E. Scott, Mr and Mrs Philson and Miss Philson, Miss Rook, the Rev. D. W. and Mrs Runciman and Mrs Runciman, Captain St. G. Rich, Dr and Mrs Swale, Hon. B. E. and Mrs Shelmiski, Mrs Street, Miss Street, Mr and Mrs E. Smith, Mr and Mrs S. Shepherd, Mrs and the Misses Kerr-Taylor, Mr Kerr-Taylor, Mr and Mrs E. Turner, Hon. J. A. and Mrs Toles, Professor and Mrs Talbot-Tubbs, Mr and Mrs J. W. Tibbs, and Miss Tibbs, Mr and Miss Uppill, Dr. and Mrs Williams, Mr and Mrs A. C. Whitney, Miss Amy Williams.

LATE SPORTING.

TAKAPUNA JOCKEY CLUB'S WINTER MEETING.

The following acceptances were received last evening for the second day of the Takapuna Jockey Club's Winter Meeting, to be run to-day (Wednesday):—

- Britannia Handicap of 150sovs, one mile. First Whispers 8.5, Sentin 8.8, Grilton Girl 7.9, Sea Spray 7.8, Wherefore 6.7.
- Victoria Handicap of 100sovs, six furlongs.—St. Olga 7.12, Takapuna 7.10, Scotty 7.10, Landlock 7.10, Anchorite 7.5, Camille 7.5, Jewellery 7.4, Golden Rose 7.0, Hesper 6.7.
- Second Pony Handicap of 60sovs, six furlongs.—Orange and Blue 10.10, Stepaway 9.12, St. Loanda 8.12, Annoyed 8.4, First Whispers 8.5, Sentin 8.8, Grilton Girl 7.9, Sea Spray 7.8, Wherefore 6.7.
- Welter Handicap of 75sovs, one mile.—Sundial 10.0, St. Olga 9.7, Takapuna 9.2, Commodore 8.8, Golden Rose 8.5, Moturoa 8.3, Ragabash 7.10, Doctor 7.7, Gatecock 7.7, Hikkpne 7.7.
- Second Handicap Hurdles of 100sovs, one mile and three-quarters.—Haydn 11.4, Tim 11.2, Bellman 10.10, Hippoval 9.12, Tresham 9.12, Sudden 9.12, Mokomoko 9.0, Bopha 8.5.
- Black Handicap of 60sovs, five furlongs.—Frances Lovejoy 9.2, Tabuti 8.5, Mount Zeehan 8.0, Gatecock 7.7, La Polish 7.4, Minna 7.0, Gatesman 7.0, Lance Corporal 7.0, Ambition 7.0.

The following horses are suggested as likely to run prominently in their engagements:—

- Black Handicap—Frances Lovejoy.
- Second Handicap Hurdles—Haydn, Tresham.
- Britannia Handicap—Matamatahara-keke, Military.
- Second Pony Handicap—Sea Spray, Wherefore.
- Victoria Handicap—Takapuna, Landlock.
- Handicap Steeplechase—Cannonage, Princess of Wales.
- Welter Handicap—Ragabash, Golden Rose.



Finished: South Africa. 1902.



MEETING OF BOER LEADERS IN PRETORIA.

The above picture, taken some little time ago, shows a meeting of the seven leaders at Pretoria. Reading from left to right the members of the conference are as follows: Acting-President Schalk Burger, British officer, General Lucas Meyer, General Louis Botha, General de Wet, ex-President Steyn (seated), General De la Rey, and State Secretary Reitz. It should be noted that the names include most of the leaders who are now conferring with Lords Milner and Kitchener at Pretoria.



LIEUT.-COLONEL BANKS SPEAKING TO SOME FRIENDS.



LEAVING THE STATION.



A GROUP ON GOVERNMENT HOUSE LAWN.



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE GATES.



THE FALL-IN AT THE STATION.

The Return of the Sixth Contingent to Auckland.



THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE PARTY.



Walrona, "Graphic" photo.

THE GOVERNOR ADDRESSING THE MEN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, AUCKLAND.

The Return of the Sixth Contingent to Auckland.



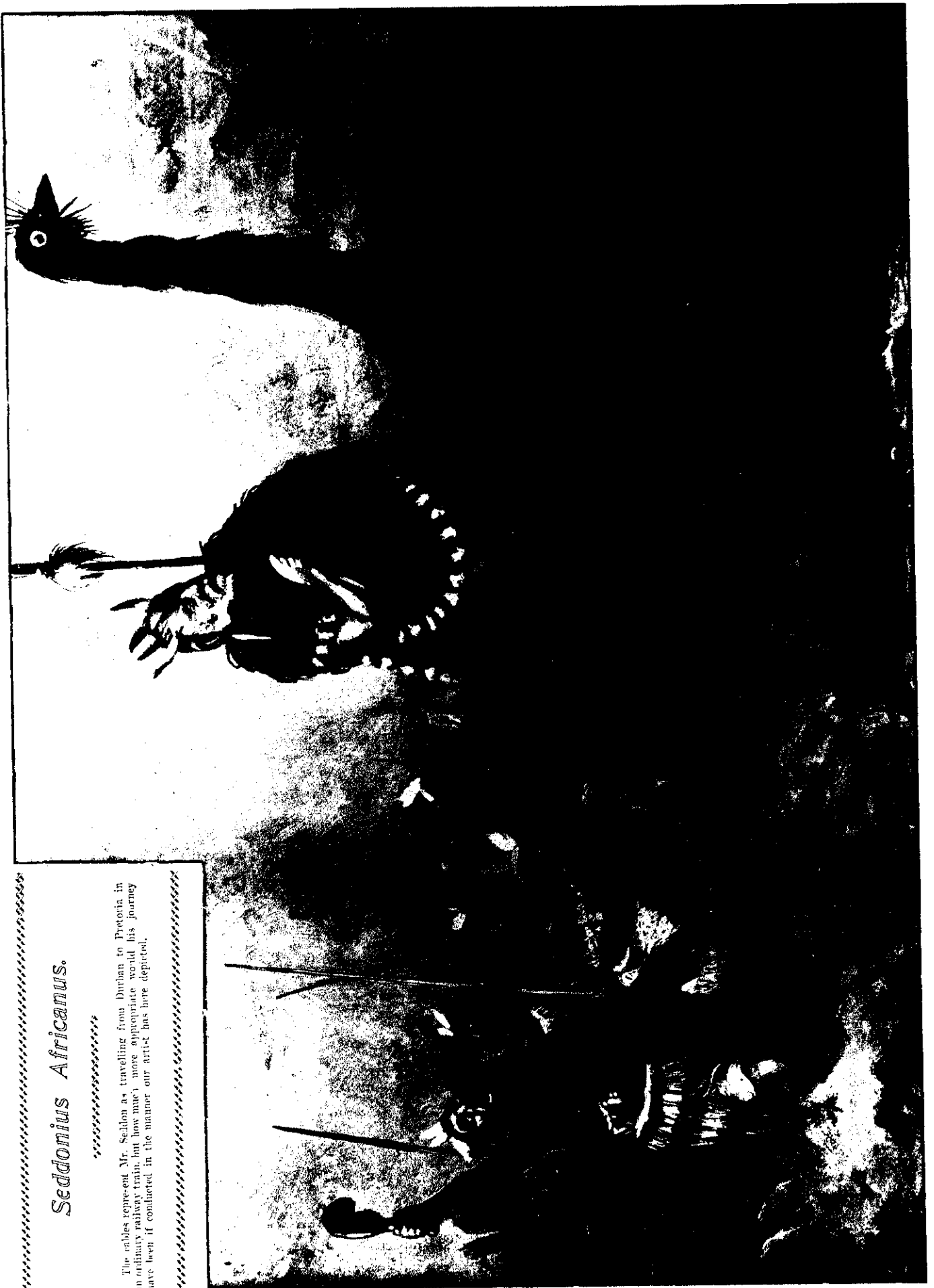
1. The Hon. J. Carroll, Native Minister, speaking to Mahuta. Mr. Henare Kaihau, M.H.R. to the left. 2. A Native Politician. 3. The Cooking Quarters. 4. Visitors. 5. The Royal Whare—Mahuta's Carved House at Waahi. 6. Hiri te Paerata, a celebrated Kingite Chief and Warrior. He is one of the heroes of the Orakau Fight in 1864. His father, brothers and uncle were killed there, and he narrowly escaped himself. 7. The Open-air Meeting at Waahi. 8. A Tattooed Veteran.

The Maori Meeting at Waahi, Waikato.



1. The Hon. Mr. Carroll addressing the Natives. 2. Two Waikato Pei's. 3. Listening to the Speeches. 4. and 6. "Old Hands." 5. The Cooking Quarters. 7. Mr. Henare Kaihau, M.H.R., speaking.

The Maori Meeting at Waahi, Waikato.



Seddonius Africanus.

The cables represent Mr. Seddon as travelling from Durban to Pretoria in an ordinary railway train, but how more appropriate would his journey have been if conducted in the manner our artist has here depicted.



MEMORIAL WINDOW AT ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, PONSONBY

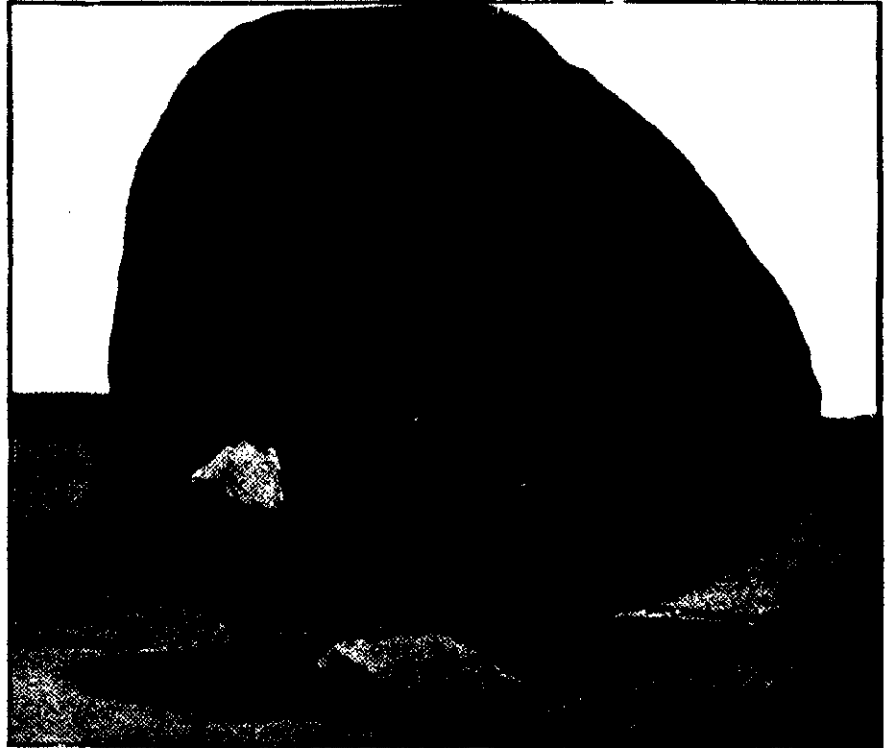
At the morning service in the above place of worship on Sunday, 11th May, Archdeacon Calder consecrated a neat stained-glass window to the memory of the late Rev. E. N. Bree, the first incumbent of the parish. Owing to the length of time that has elapsed since his death in 1883 and the short notice of the intended ceremony, only a very few of the old parishioners were present. The subject of the window was suggested by the late Mr A. Boardman, being after the panel in the Selwyn Pulpit in Christchurch Cathedral, representing the Bishop of New Zealand (Selwyn) in the porch of St.

Stephen's Chapel, Parnell, in the year 1857, in the act of pronouncing the Benediction after declaring the constitution of the branch of the United Church of England and Ireland in the colony. He is surrounded by Bishops, Archdeacons Abraham and Harper, and others, the laity being represented by Mr (afterwards Sir William) Swainson, Sir Wm. Martin, Colonel Haultain, and others. The portraits of the clergy are well preserved, and they may be easily recognised by any old colonists who knew

them. It is probably the only stained-glass window in the colony having for its subject an historical event of modern times, instead of the usual subjects, saints and prophets taken from the Bible. The window is the work of Messrs Clayton and Bell, the well-known church window designers and makers, of London.

The principal object of the window would be overlooked but for the name of the Rev. E. N. Bree being inserted in the glass at the bottom. There is also a brass plate under-

neath giving further particulars of the deceased clergyman. Mr Bree was a good preacher, and of the evangelical and liberal type of the Dean Stanley school, and for that reason was much respected by other denominations, as well as by his own. On one occasion, at least, some leading Wesleyan and other dissenting ministers gave addresses in the church at one of the annual meetings, when the building was packed and several well-known Roman Catholics were amongst the congregation.



THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF CECIL RHODES.

The place in the Matoppo Hills, in Rhodesia, near the tomb of the great Mesilikatzo, selected by the late Mr. C. J. Rhodes as his last resting-place. The hill commands a wonderful panorama of African scenery, and is surmounted by a giant rocking stone.



THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE, KILLARNEY, THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER LAST WEEK.

1See letterpress.



PERFORMING LION "BOBS."



MONS. RAOGOUL RIDING THE TIGER "PRINCE."

A Circus

66 At



HIGH JUMPING GREYHOUNDS—
"LASS" AND "MARCHIEL NIEL."



THE RESULT OF PLAYING SEE-
SAW WITH AN ELEPHANT.



GEE UP!



SUCH A GETTING UPSTAIRS.



RIDING BEAR "JACK."



"CAESAR" THE WORRYING BULL DOG.

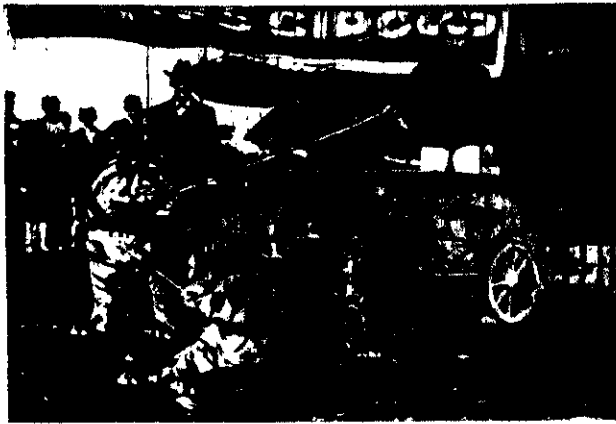


THE DINGOES.



"ROSIE" AND "JACK" BEARS AT

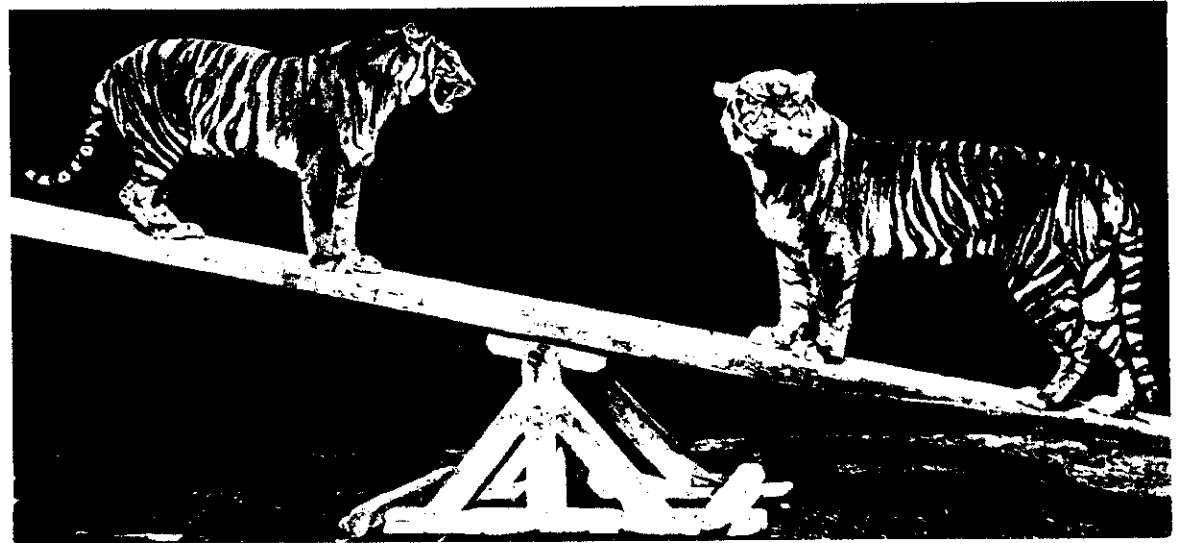
Home."



MONS RAOGOUL DRIVING TIGERS IN A CHARIOT.



SLEEPING BEAUTY.



"SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW."



THE CAMEL.



"GUNESHAR," THE BUCKING ELEPHANT.



Waited on by "Kreuger" the Baboon.



THE BOXING PONIES.



THE BOXING PONIES TIME, GENTLEMEN!



THE COOPS AT THE GOVERNMENT DEPOT, AUCKLAND.



BUFF ORPINGTONS, ONE OF THE BEST FOWLS FOR EXPORT.



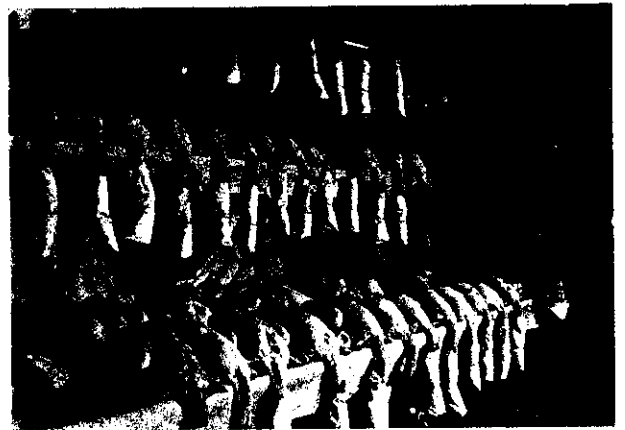
IN THE EXECUTIONER'S HANDS.



PICKING.



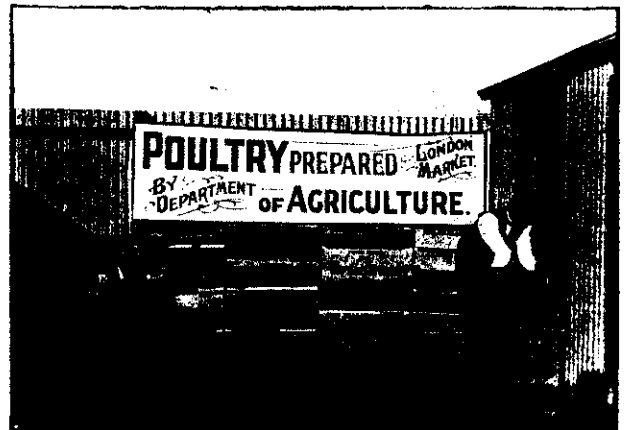
TRUSSING.



DRESSED FOR SOUTH AFRICA.



PACKING.



CRATES FOR EXPORT.

The First Camera.

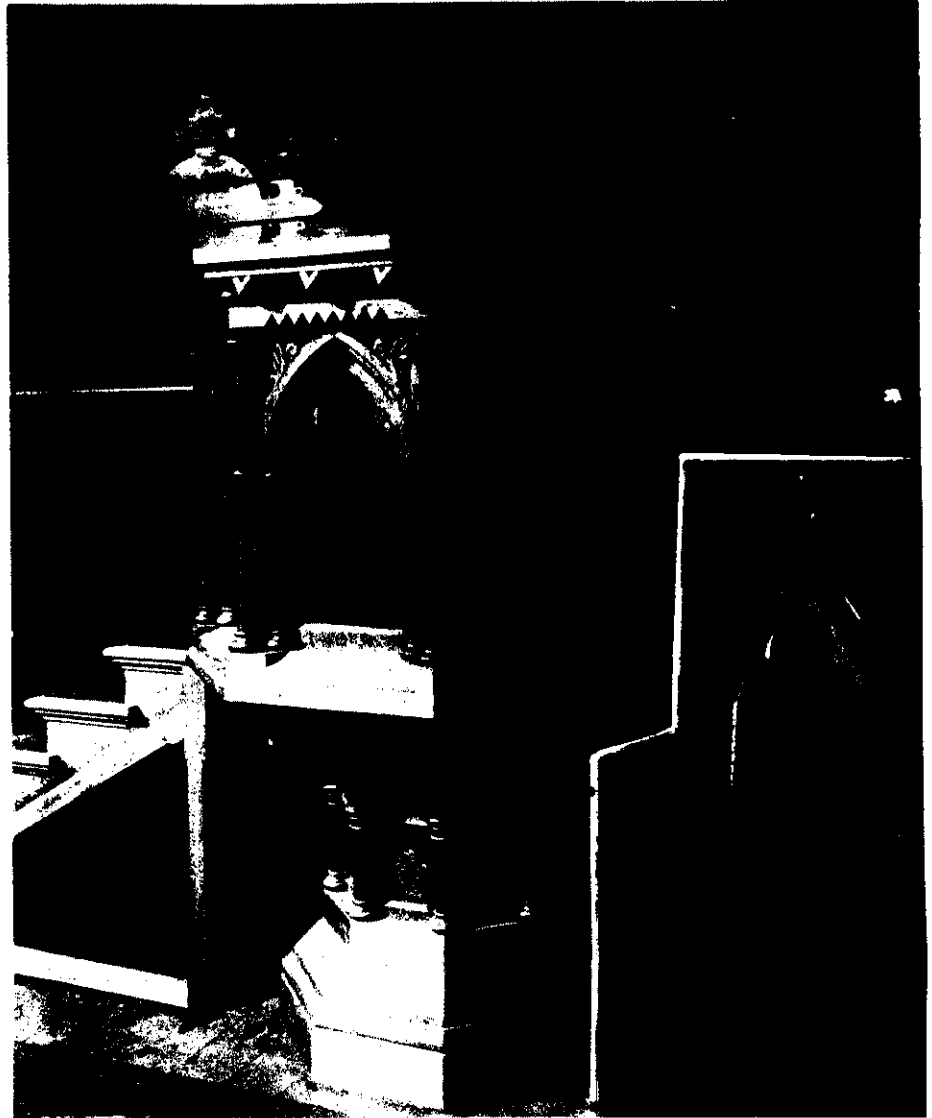
The camera was invented by an Italian named Baptista Porta, though it was not at first used for photographing. It was in reality merely a dark room, into which the light was admitted through a little round hole in one side. The rays of light coming from objects outside of this room entered it through this aperture and made a picture on the other side of the room glowing in all the beauty and colour of nature itself, but rather indistinct and upside down.

This dark room was contrived by Porta about the middle of the sixteenth century. He improved it later by placing a glass lens in the aperture and outside a mirror, which received the rays of light and reflected them through the lens, so that the image upon the opposite wall within was made much brighter, more distinct and in a natural or erect position. This was really the first camera obscura, an invention which is enjoyed to the present day, being situated often upon a hilltop, where a picturesque country surrounding may be reflected through a lens which is placed in the centre of the conical roof.

Now, our modern photographic camera is merely a small camera obscura in its simplest form, carrying a lens at one end and a ground glass screen at the other. It is, however, often much more complicated in its construction.

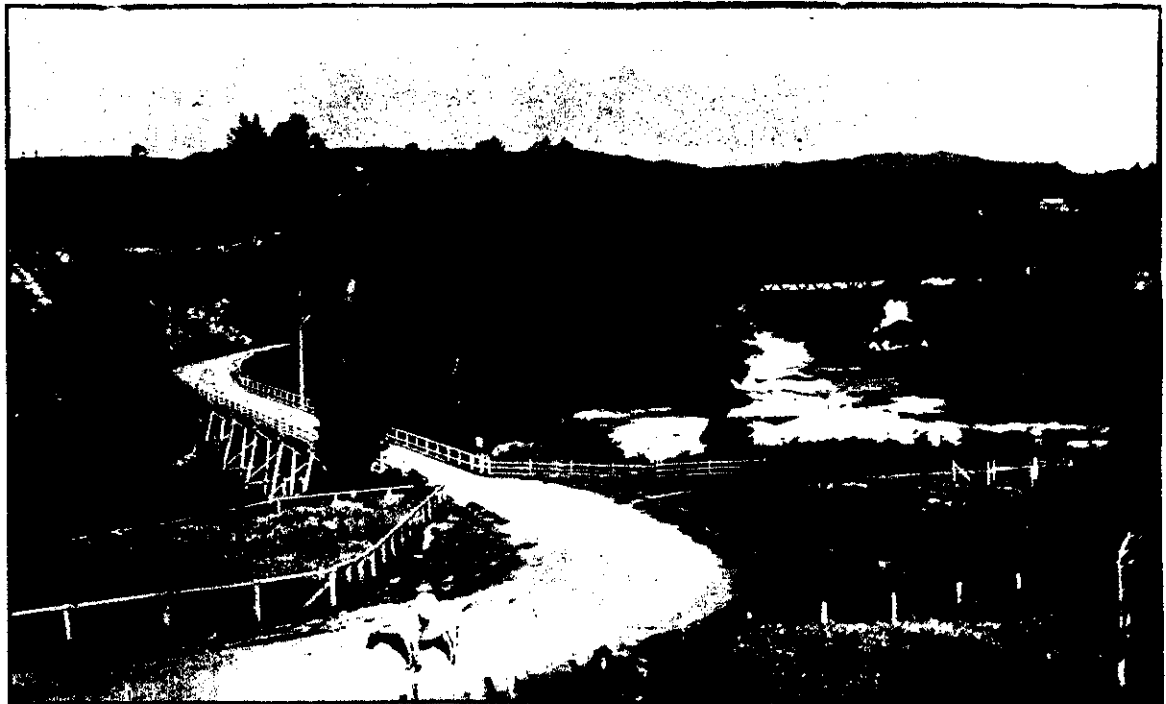
New Theory of Longevity.

A new theory of longevity has made its appearance. "A man has a definite number of waking hours allotted to him," says the originator of the idea, "and the fewer he uses up the longer will his life last. If, therefore, he is content to sleep for most of his days there is no reason why he should not live for 200 years. He alludes the case of the negroes as an illustration. The chances are that the only truth in this theory is the well recognised fact that less than eight hours' sleep is not sufficient for most mortals, and that those who habitually take less shorten their lives by so doing.



PULPIT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD HEWITT, IN CAMBRIDGE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

CHAIR PRESENTED TO THE CHURCH BY DR. HOOPER.



Senior. photo.

THE TWO BRIDGES, CAMBRIDGE, SHORTLY TO BE REPLACED BY A NEW ONE.

A Betting Dispute Over the St. Leger.

Why "Lord Clifden" should have been so much opposed for the St. Leger of 1863 has ever remained a mystery. His owner, Lord St. Vincent, was, however, very fond of the horse, and, undaunted by the way he went in the betting, backed him heavily.

The fact (writes a correspondent of "Illustrated Bits") was that his lordship "copped the needle" at the sarcastic way in which pencilers alluded to "Lord Clifden," and frequently snapped up the long odds that were offered, though this support did not make any perceptible difference in the market status of the dethroned Derby favourite. Macaroni, it may be remembered, defeated the "Lord"

by a short head at Epsom, but as the former was not in the St. Leger it looked good on paper for Lord St. Vincent's candidate; hence the dead set against him seemed the more puzzling.

At the time in question it was customary to settle all bets on the following morning. Lord St. Vincent therefore had an exceedingly busy time "raking in the spondulicks," and when he at length encountered Jackson, who had laid the owner 11,000 to 1000 Lord Clifden, the latter gentleman was in a rather excited state. Unable to thoroughly control his nerves, the nobleman hurriedly glanced through the bundle of banknotes he received from the leviathan layer, and then thrust them into his pocket.

Having more leisure later on, Lord St. Vincent counted the fimsies, and to his surprise found the amount short by a monkey.

Going over the various amounts again did not alter the total; a friend who was present likewise checked them, with the same result, in consequence of which Lord St. Vincent informed Jackson he had made a mistake. That worthy, however, insisted the notes he handed his client were of value claimed, an assertion which of course produced some argument and consequent loss of temper on both sides.

Undismayed by threats, Jackson refused to pay another penny, an announcement which called forth a threat from his lordship to post the bookmaker as a defaulter unless the amount in question were forthcoming before the following week. With this declaration of hostility they parted.

Later on, however, Jackson again met his client. Both by this time were in a less excited state, and on the layer referring to the disagreement of the morning, his lordship

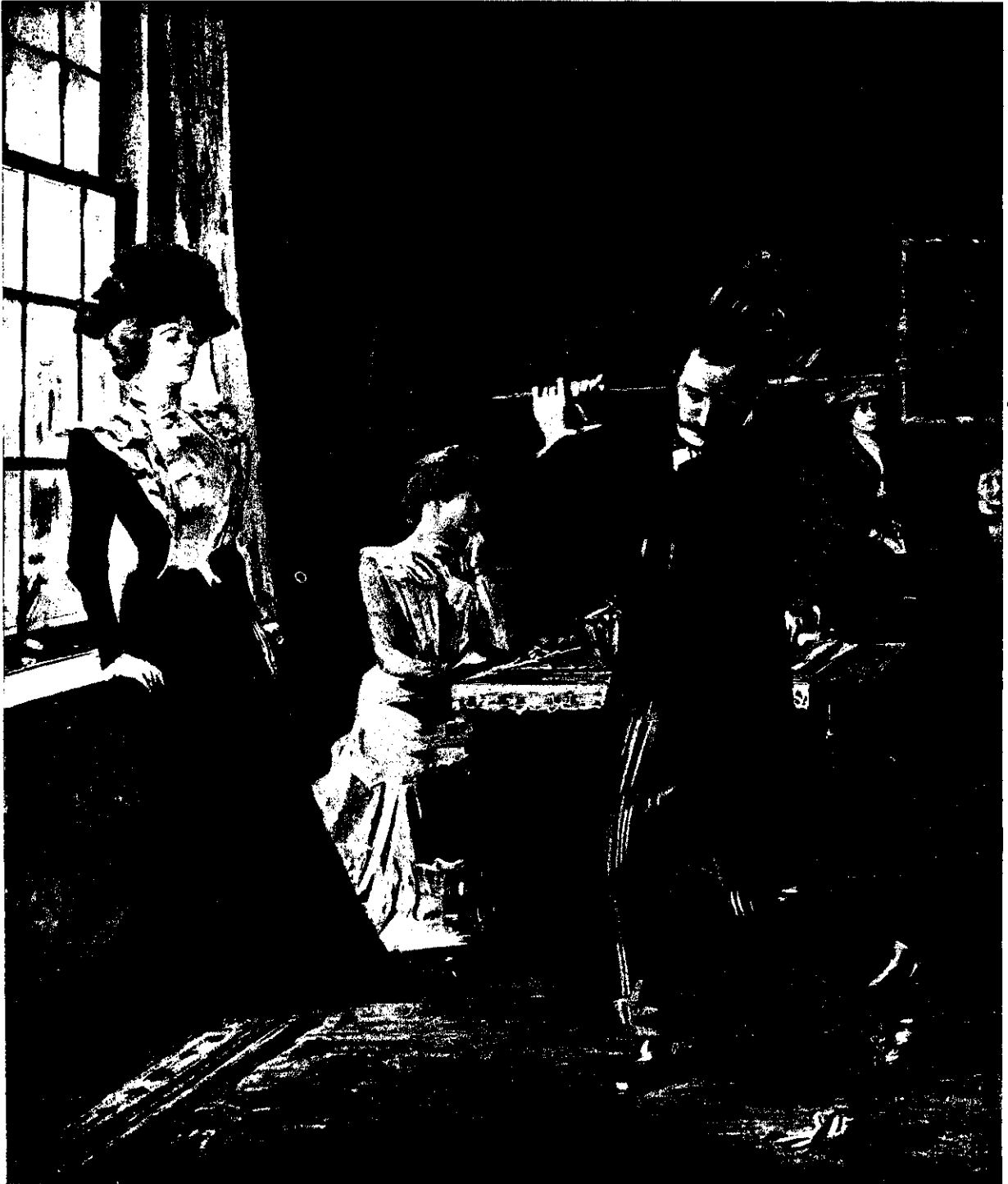
produced the notes, which he requested the penciler to count. The operation, however, afforded Jackson little satisfaction, and he still persisted that he had carefully given the full amount to his patron.

"Are you certain the money is not in one of the pockets of your coat, my lord?" inquired Jackson, who could see no other possible explanation of the missing money.

"I think not," was his lordship's reply; "but I put the money in here."

Suiting the action to the word, Lord St. Vincent placed his hand in the receptacle indicated; then as quickly withdrew it, and showed to the delighted bookmaker a crumpled-up note for £500.

In his excitement the nobleman had not thought of the simple procedure suggested by Jackson, who was well satisfied at this termination to what might have been a very unpleasant incident.



Social Bores—The Golf Maniac.

For the Empire's Sake.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF
A PREMIER ON TOUR.

Beyond acknowledging his indebtedness to wireless telegraphy, the editor does not feel at liberty to disclose the source of the interesting communication which follows, the securing of which is perhaps the most remarkable "scoop" yet made in the history of New Zealand journalism.

Durban, South Africa, May 19.—I was disappointed in my first impressions of Durban; the place appears depressing; there was not the crowd on the wharf that I expected. And in the streets, it was so different from New Zealand; so many folks did not seem to know me. Even those to whom I was introduced were obviously preoccupied with other matters. What a terrible thing is war! How it distracts people's minds. This was borne home on me most forcibly on setting foot in Africa.

Had a few cables from New Zealand, and heard the general news of the world, including the terrible Martinique disaster. Hope our colony wont blow up some day. It's a comforting thought that I have to a large extent provided against that possibility by the investment of my capital at home. Ward cables quite cheerfully about the progress of events — too cheerfully, confound him, for my entire satisfaction. I'm sometimes sorry that I didn't leave Tam Duncan in charge. In one way I'd have felt easier. Joe's too smart. . . . Seems that I have just arrived at a most opportune moment here. The general opinion is that peace will be declared before long. The Boer leaders are at Vereeniging discussing the position. I have instructed Thompson to pack my smallest portmanteau and be ready to start for the front to-morrow. What a scoop if I should get there just as the last shot is fired. I'll be looked upon in New Zealand as a sort of white-winged minister of peace. You'll never persuade the West Coast that I wasn't the author of the peace if it should come

off while I'm in South Africa, and I'm not the one to try to undecieve them.

May 20th: I'm writing this in my railway carriage on my way to Pretoria. In view of the attempt on my life by the pro-Boers on board ship—I haven't breathed a syllable of the affair to anyone—I am, not unnaturally, a trifle uneasy. I would have preferred to travel in an armoured train instead of the ordinary one, and did think of suggesting it to the authorities here, but on second thoughts decided to say nothing and take all the precautions I could. Consequently, as soon as the train started, Thompson and I made a very thorough examination of the carriage, looking below the seats and under the cushions. So far we have discovered nothing suspicious. Of course, we are individually powerless to prevent attempts from without, such as the derailing or dynamiting of the train. I must trust to Providence to protect me there. Nevertheless we keep a sharp look-out from the windows. All this rather handicaps me in the way of seeing the country; but to tell the truth, I'm not so very much interested in Natal, through which we are now passing. I shall be much more anxious to see the Orange State where, perhaps, my

a curious passage in one of Ward's telegrams that I can't understand. He quotes a sentence that appears in this diary word for word. Curious coincidence. There may be something in telepathy. . . .

At wayside stations, when the train stops, I show myself to the folks on



I REVIEW THE EIGHTH.

the platform. It may be a trifle foolhardy, but I'd risk a good deal for the satisfaction it gives the people. Besides, I stand behind the wire screen of the carriage, and let Thompson stroll on the platform. He has taken some snapshots of me in my khaki suit surveying the crowd. I hope they'll come out well. I don't create the sensation I had expected. The war, as I said before, has evidently upset people's minds. How different railway travelling in South Africa is to the system in my colony. They may have just as good a permanent way and rolling stock; they travel fast, and the appointments are admirable, but one misses—at least I do—the eager homage of the population to which I have grown accustomed whenever I went abroad by rail.



THE LION OF NEW ZEALAND.

future destiny lies. By the way, I must see Steyn and get all the information I can out of him about the Orange State. It'll be useful in coming to a decision if I am asked to choose by the King. Certainly, I said in New Zealand, that the colony was my home, and I meant to stay there—"close my days in peace at Kumara" sort of business. I should smile! Besides, I'm not going to close my days just yet, if I know it, and a Governorship in South Africa opens up possibilities to a man like me that New Zealand can never offer. The work of Cecil Rhodes is not yet finished, and there is a vast continent as against two small islands to work on. Still, that's between you and myself, diary dear. I am only noting down these reflections for amusement. These pages must never see the light. [An intention which has been frustrated by the enterprise of this journal.—Ed. "Graphic."] There

staggered Hamilton, Wilson and Baden-Powell, who were with me, and no doubt thought I was a mere civilian ignorant of their trade. I fancy I opened their eyes.

VEREENINGING, May 23. Got here this morning. Six of the Boer delegates have gone to Pretoria to confer with Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener on the conditions of peace. Would like to have a cut in myself, but doubt whether I would be prudent to interfere at this stage. Kitchener and Milner might get marked. Perhaps they'll allow me to make a speech as a contribution towards the negotiation. I'd remind the delegates of their mothers and their sweethearts and their wives, and the Empire of course.

LATER. I inspected the Ninth, and am very pleased with their soldierly bearing. If I remain in South Africa—I mean after the Coronation—I should like to get a company of New Zealanders for my bodyguard. Must see they don't all go back in the event of peace. Shall countermand order for return if necessary.

The talk here is all of peace—its possibility, probability and so forth. The Ninth associate my presence here with the present favourable aspect of things. Heaven knows I'm as innocent of the peace as I was of the war, but it's gratifying to find the above impression abroad. I trust it will spread.

Some of my New Zealand utterances with regard to the war—that unfortunate Papawai speech—have been thrown at me here. I have had to fall back more than once on that metaphorical old rascal of a Maori chief.

PRETORIA, May 23. Met Milner and Kitchener to-day. Good sort, Milner. Reminds me in some things of Bill Beves. Kitchener, I should say, knows his business. But they're nothing when it comes to making speeches. I received, after I had been with them ten minutes, that I could talk their heads off. This feeling gives one confidence. Milner said something about the war and my suggestion of the blockhouses. I saw my chance, and sailed in, and for two hours and ten minutes I gave them my ideas of the campaign. They were most impressed, hardly opening their lips after the first ten minutes, and apparently sunk in profound thought.

JOHANNESBURG, May 21.—The news from the front is more reassuring every day. I fully believe we shall have peace, and I'll be in the thick of it. What luck! Am wiring to Ward telling him the South Contingent of the Tenth had better hurry up or they will be too late. Have inspected the Eighth and found them all well. Although I say it, they seemed very pleased to see me. My voice reminded them more of New Zealand than anything they had heard in South Africa, one man told me. Of course, I made a speech, and got some rather good things off my chest. I told them about dear old New Zealand, and the Empire, and their mothers, and their sweethearts, and their wives; and reminded them that I was the first person who had suggested the blockhouse system to which more than anything else they owed the near approach of peace. Thanks to Fitchett, I was also able to remind them of the glories of Waterloo and the rest, and I think I put in some military hints that rather



I GIVE KITCHENER AND MILNER MY IDEAS OF THE CAMPAIGN.



WE MADE A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THE CARRIAGE.

Public House Reform.

Our readers are doubtless aware that there is being formed in Dunedin an organisation called the Public House Reform and Prevention of Intemperance Association, having for its object the buying up of licensed hotels, paying the present occupants full value, and then working them by means of salaried managers and employees, under strict superintendence. It will be evident that worked in this manner, the managers and employees will have no inducement

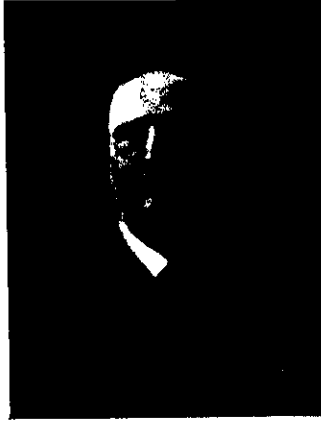
to encourage the sale of intoxicants; nor to sell to men partially intoxicated; nor to break the law by sly grog selling at unlawful hours; as they would gain no profit by so doing, whilst, if discovered, they would immediately lose their billets. It may be said, that if the managers do not profit by enhanced sales, yet the Association and its shareholders would so profit, and thus private cupidity is not eliminated, but simply transferred from the manager to the shareholder. To prevent this and absolutely eliminate the profit made from the sale of drink, from both man-

ager and shareholder, a maximum dividend will be fixed, beyond which the shareholders will receive no benefit from the sales of drink, all other profit that may be made being expended in the purchase of other hotels, and thus further the principle under which the Association has been started, viz., public house reform, and the prevention of public drunkenness.

The formation of a company for the objects set forth above is not a novelty. Such companies have been formed with great success in many large towns and villages in both England and Scotland.



REV. W. CURRAN-SIGGERS, M.A.,
Vicar of St. Matthew's, Dunedin,
Editor of "New Zealand Guardian."

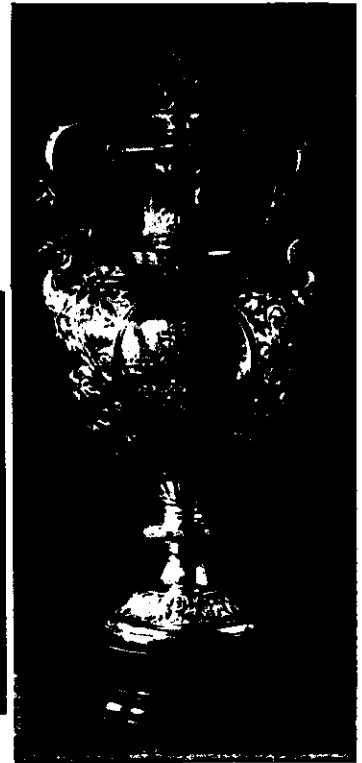


COLONEL MORRIS,
Late of the Indian Army.



RIGHT REV. DR. NEVILLE,
Bishop of Dunedin.

THE PROMOTERS OF THE PUBLIC HOUSE REFORM ASSOCIATION.

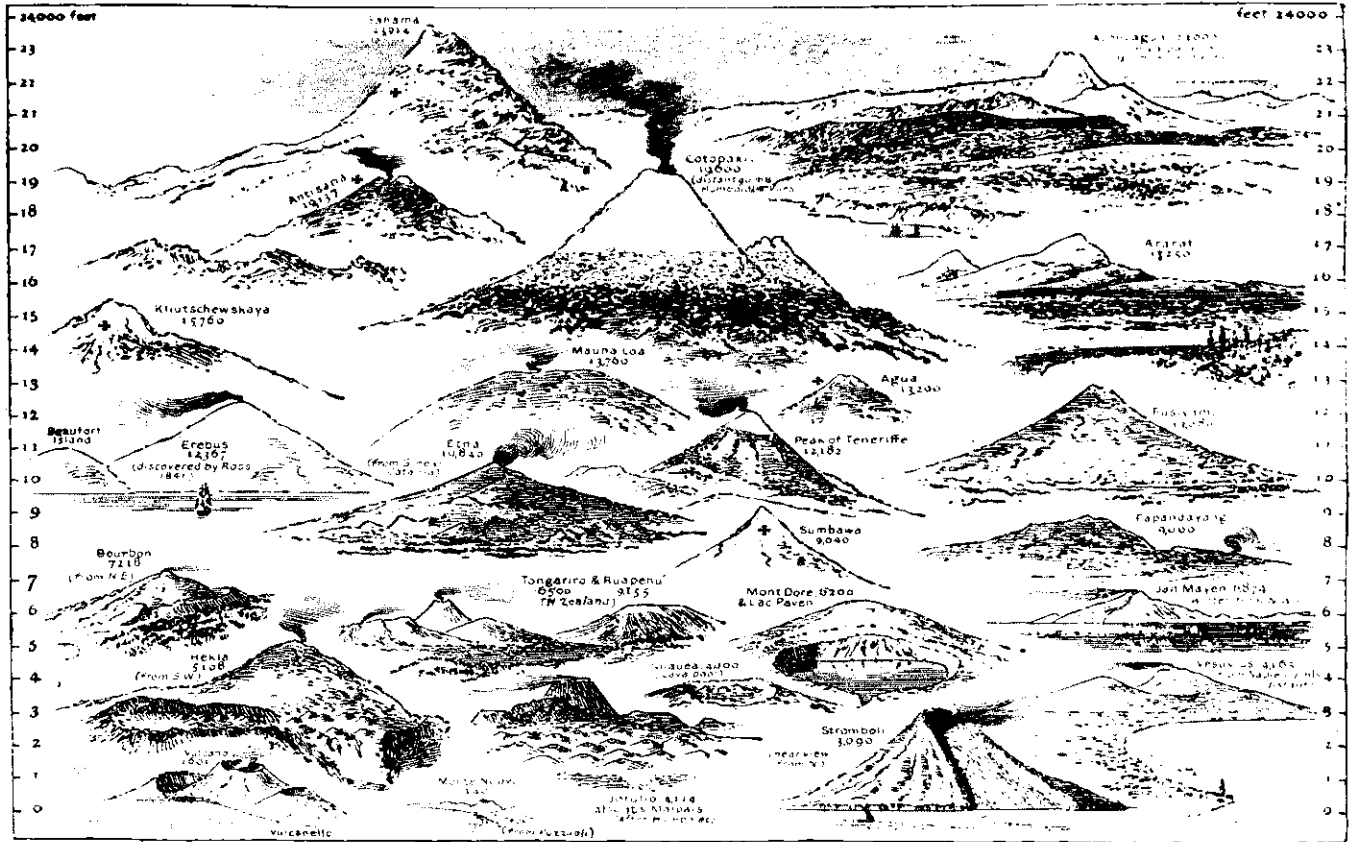


THE BUCHANAN CUP.
[See "OUR ILLUSTRATIONS."]

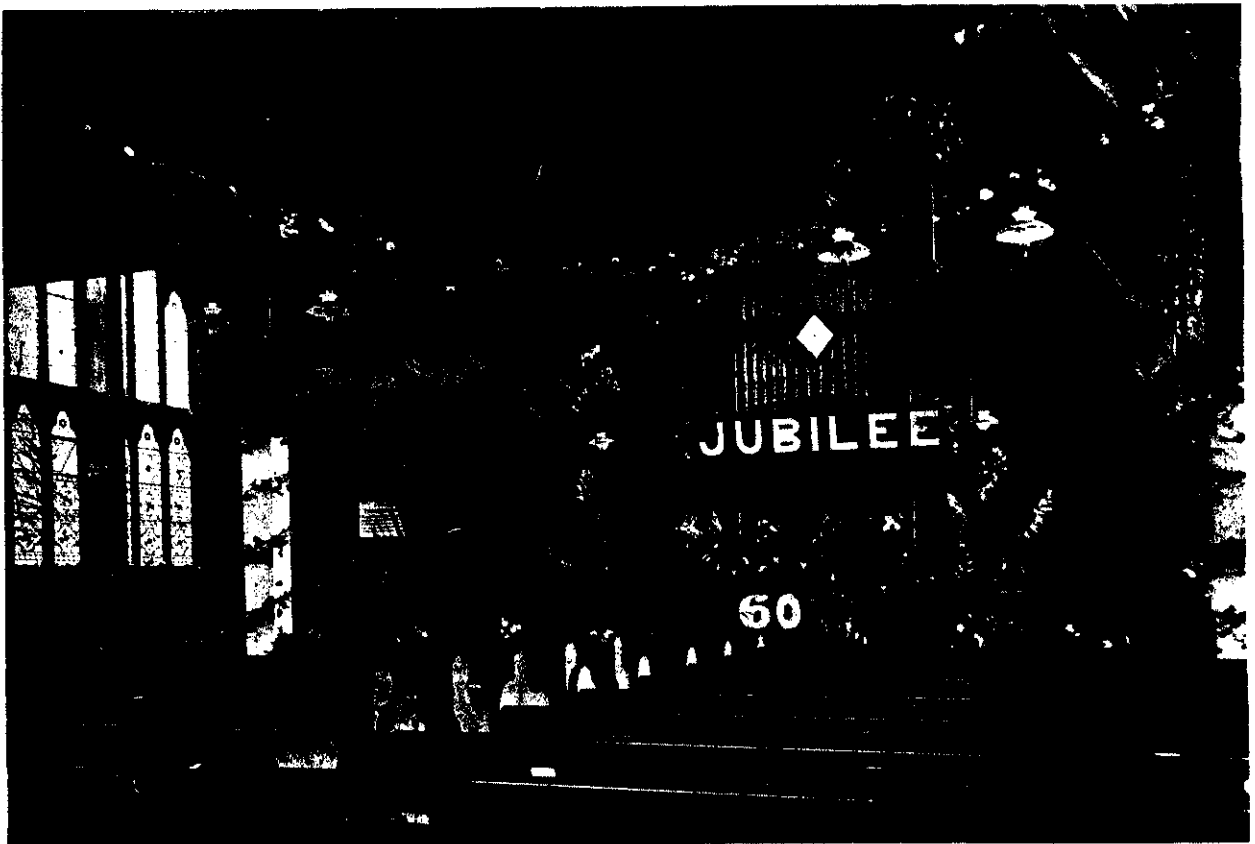


AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

1. The most popular amusement. Waiting for their turn in the donkey cart.
2. Oranges and Lemons.
3. Ride-a-cock-horse.
4. Teaching the Young Idea How to Cycle.
5. Steady, now!



THE VOLCANOES OF THE WORLD.



Dumble, photo.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WELLINGTON, AS DECORATED FOR ITS DIAMOND JUBILEE.

SEE LETTERPRESS.

A Perilous Voyage.

The barque Gladys, 123 days out from Liverpool to Wellington, was towed into harbour last week by the Union Company's steamer Pohorua. The collier fell in with the barque off Stevens' Island, at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. The Gladys had lost her foretopmast and topgallant mast, main topgallant mast, part of

the jib-boom, and she had over a foot of water in her hold. Most of her remaining sails were in ribbons, and she refused to answer her helm. In response to signals for assistance Captain Adams took the Pohorua alongside of the barque, and passing a tow line aboard commenced to tow her to Wellington, the question of towage or salvage being left in abeyance. Captain Foote, of the Gladys, reports having had a most tempestu-

ous passage from the Tasmanian coast. The wind blew with hurricane force, and the sea was alarmingly high. The vessel's decks were continually flooded, and everything movable, including two boats, was carried away. At seven o'clock on Tuesday morning a tremendous sea broke on board, completely gutting the deckhouses and fore-castle, washing the captain off the poop on the main deck, and severely injuring the sec-

ond mate (Humphrey), who was at first thought to have been killed. The crew lost the whole of their effects. They had a most anxious and trying time.



"THROUGH STRESS OF WEATHER." THE BARQUE GLADYS IN WELLINGTON.



THE LATE SERGEANT W. B. JESSUP.

The relatives of Sergeant W. B. Jessup, son of Mr Wm. Jessup, of the Chief Post-office of this city, have just received news of that young soldier's death. Enteric fever carried him off on the 4th April last, at the Elandsfontein Hospital. Sergeant Jessup, who left Wellington with the first N.Z. Contingent, served with the South African Light Horse and the Scottish Horse, and was with General Buller at the relief of Ladysmith. In an engagement near Standerton his horse was killed, and he was shot through the hand, and during his long service, which lasted from 1899 to 1902, he had many other exciting experiences.

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No. F 5514—18ct. Gold, 9 Pearls, 22 7s. 6d.

No. F 5508—18ct. Gold, 1 Sapphire and 4 Diamonds, 24 4s.

No. F 1628—9 ct. Gold Brooch, set with Diamonds and Rubies, 21 5s.

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No. F 1631—9 ct. Gold Sapphire and Diamond Bar Brooch, 41 5s.

No. F 2253—Handsome Heart and Lover's Knot, 15 ct. Gold Brooch, set with finest Pearls, 23 5s.

No. E 9414—15 ct. Gold Pearl Heart and Crescent Brooch, 22.

No. E 7070—Solid Silver 4-Bell Baby's Rattle, with Ring and Rubber Soother, 9s. 6d., and at 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 12s. 6d., 16s. 6d., and 22s. 6d.

No. F 11—1 ct. Gold Long Muff Chain, 25 5s. Also at 5s., 7s., 10s.

No. 5025—9 ct. Gold and Turquoise or Pearl Heart, 10s. 6d.

No. 142—Curb Chain and Padlock Bracelet, 9ct. Gold, 23 3s.; 15 ct. Gold, 25 10s. No. 143 (size smaller than 142) 9 ct. gold, 22 10s.; 15 ct. Gold, 24 7s. 6d. No. 144 (size smaller than 143)—9ct. Gold, 21 15s.; 15 ct. Gold, 23 5s.

No. F 1—9 ct. Gold Long Muff Chain, 25. Do., 15 ct., 27 10s., 28 10s., 210 10s., and 212 10s.

No. E 7365—New Lucky Bean Pin Charm, 9 ct. Gold, 5s. 6d.; smaller sizes, 3s. 6d. With Bell, same prices.

Real New Zealand Greenstone Brooches, 11s. 6d., 15s. 6d., 16s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 19 3s.

Silver-mounted Purses at 10s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 13s. 6d., 14s. 6d., 17s. 6d., 21s., 22s. 6d., 25s., 27s. 6d. and 30s.

F 2395—Best Silver-plated and Embossed Hairpin Box, 12s. 6d.; plain, 10s. 6d.

No. E 8242—9 ct. Gold Chased Heart Pin Charm, 4s. 6d.; smaller sizes, 3s. 6d. With Greenstone Heart or Bell, 10s. 6d.

No. E 8241—Electro-Silver Jani Dish, 21 7s. 6d.

No. W 403—Egg-shaped Jewel Case, Best Silver-Plated, 21 5s.

No. F 234—Elegant Electro-Silver Gong, 22 2s. 6d.

Solid Silver Serviette Ring, in many Pretty Designs. The prices run, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 9s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d. Electro-Plate at 2s., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d.

No. 31—Best Silver-Plated and Embossed Shaving Mug, 21 7s. 6d.

No. E 8533—New Silver-Plate Glass-lined Sugar, 10s. 6d.

Personal Paragraphs.

His Excellency the Governor paid a visit to the Takapuna Orphanage yesterday morning.

The Governor will visit the Sailors' Home, Auckland, on Thursday afternoon next.

His Excellency the Governor, the Countess of Ranfurly, the Ladies Constance and Eileen Knox and the Government House suite will leave for Wellington next week—probably on Monday.

Mr J. G. Ralph, of Auckland, has left for South Africa, via Sydney.

Miss Alice Gibbes is the guest of Captain and Mrs Barclay, Wellington.

Archdeacon Calder, of Auckland, left last week on a trip to Suva.

Mrs Sievwright has returned from Napier to Gisborne.

Miss L. Large, of Napier, has gone for a visit to the country.

Mrs Balcombe-Brown has gone to Nelson for a stay.

Miss Sutton, Hawke's Bay, is on a visit to Mrs Ewen, Wellington.

Mr W. Fraser, M.H.R., of Wakatipu, is at present in Auckland on business in connection with the Assets Board.

Mrs Davies, of Wairoa, is staying in Napier with her mother, Mrs Macfarlane.

The Hon. W. Jennings has returned to New Plymouth, after his visit to Auckland.

Mrs Caldwell, of Auckland, is paying a visit to the Hot Lakes, staying at Lake House.

Miss Hinton, of Auckland, is stopping at Lake House, Ohinemutu, for a few days.

Mr and Mrs W. E. Clouston have returned to Blenheim from a few days' visit to Wellington.

Mr and Mrs Leslie Harris, of Wellington, have returned home from their European and American tour.

Mr J. B. Connell, who has been on a visit to Auckland, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mr C. O. Smith, of Inglewood, has returned home after being weather-bound for some days in Auckland.

Mr E. D. Westmacott is visiting his old home, New Plymouth, for a few weeks before he returns to England.

Mr F. McGuire, M.H.R., of Hawera, paid New Plymouth a flying visit last week.

Mr W. J. Napier, M.H.R., of Auckland, passed through New Plymouth last week.

Mr J. Nixon, an old Taranaki boy, is visiting New Plymouth, having just arrived from England.

Miss Marion Quick (Wellington) has left for Melbourne, where her marriage to Mr Ingles will take place.

Dr. and Mrs Cleghorn have returned to Wanganui, after a round of visits in Picton and Blenheim.

Mr Callender, of the Bank of New Zealand, has been staying in New Plymouth for a few days.

Mr and Mrs B. Clouston left Blenheim this week to spend a few weeks in Nelson.

Miss Ahier, who has been visiting Sydney, has returned to New Plymouth.

Mr and Mrs Nat Miller have returned to New Plymouth after their pleasant trip to Christchurch.

The Misses Johnson are at present visiting friends and relatives in Hawke's Bay, but intend to return to Wellington before long.

Hon. E. and Mrs Richardson (Wellington) are on a visit to Sydney. Miss Richardson is staying with friends in Dunedin.

Mrs Bright, who has been lodging in Picton, has come to live in Blenheim again, Mr Bright having taken a house at Springlands.

Misses Ethel and Maud Abbott, Parnell, Auckland, are at present visiting the Wanganui district; thence they will go on to Wellington.

Troopers Fookes and Ellis received an ovation last Monday evening on

their return to their homes in New Plymouth.

Mrs Paton, who has been paying a visit to her mother, Mrs Parsons, of Ponsouby, has returned to her home in New Plymouth.

Mr F. G. Allen, director of the Thames School of Mines, has been appointed director of the School of Mines, Perth.

Dr. Logan has taken the house in Hill-street, at present occupied by Mr and Mrs Benjamin, who are leaving Wellington to reside in Melbourne.

Mr J. Tarry, of Howera, paid a short visit to New Plymouth, on his way to Auckland, where he intends to settle.

Mrs Brett, of Te Kiteroa, Lake Takapuna, has returned from Christchurch, where she has been visiting her daughters, Mrs Derry and Mrs Walcot Wood.

Sergeant Kelly, of Pungarehu, passed through New Plymouth last week on his way to Auckland, he having recently retired from the Police Force on a pension.

The Palmerston North Orchestral Society, who are giving a concert next month, have engaged Miss Phoebe Parsons as soloist.

Captain and Mrs J. E. Hume have left Wellington for Christchurch, where Captain Hume will be stationed for a time.

Mrs Collins, of New Plymouth, has returned from Wellington, accompanied by Mr Manton, and her mother, Mrs Devore; the latter is remaining in New Plymouth for a short time before returning to her home in Ponsouby.

Mrs G. Wastney and Miss Gledya Wastney, of Nelson, were in Blenheim last Monday on their way up the Wairau Valley to stay with Mrs J. Bell, at Hillersden.

Mrs G. Watts, of "Lansdowne," Wairau Valley, has recovered sufficiently from her severe carriage accident to come into Blenheim, though the cuts on her head and face are not yet quite healed.

On his appointment as justice of the peace, Mr John Coombe, of Muritai, Day's Bay (Wellington), has been presented with a gold pendant and a silver-mounted writing case from the residents of the district.

Miss Wilton, late of the candy store, Shortland-street, intimates that she has removed to the Imperial Confectionery Shop, Coombes' Arcade, where she has opened with a new stock.

At a meeting of Knox Church, Auckland, last week, Mr J. B. Paterson was presented by the Rev. H. Kelly, on behalf of the ladies of the church, with a handsome gold Albert and pendant locket, as a token of their appreciation of his valuable services in connection with the church work.

Among visitors to New Zealand at present is Mr Woodroffe, of the Victorian Government Railways, who is doing the "round trip," and viewing the beauty spots of the colony en route. Mr Woodroffe was much impressed with the wharfrage accommodation and facilities for working cargo, etc., at Wellington, and is charmed with what he has seen of New Zealand generally.

Mr F. H. Burbush (Palmerston North) was recently the recipient of several handsome gifts on the occasion of his marriage to Miss M. Boon. Mr Burbush is credited with being the originator of hockey in the Manawatu district, and among the presentations was one of a marble clock from the Pioneer Hockey Club, and a handsome silver teapot and hot water kettle from other local hockey clubs.

Mr and Mrs Watt, of Devonport, Auckland, have just celebrated their silver wedding. A gathering was held in the Ponsouby Hall, many beautiful presents were bestowed on Mr and Mrs Watt, and a number of friends wished them continued happiness and long life.

Misses Constance and Agnes Johnson, daughters of the Hon. Randall Johnson—for many years a member of the Upper House—are re-visiting Wellington after an absence of over ten years in England, where they have been residing since their departure from New Zealand.

Mr and Mrs Robert Miller, who are leaving Tauranga for Rotorua, were last week presented with a purse of sovereigns, and an illuminated address from the congregation of the St. Peter's Presbyterian Church, Tauranga. The presentation was made at a soiree organised for the purpose of bidding the popular couple farewell.

The programme of the Wellington Coronation festivities, as announced by His Excellency the Governor, includes a State ball on Friday, June 27th, a State dinner on Coronation Day itself, a levee on Monday, June 30th, and an afternoon reception to the citizens of Wellington on Wednesday, July 2nd. In addition to this His Excellency and Lady Ranfurly intend to give an entertainment to the seamen in port during the week.

The Rev. P. T. Fortune, of St. Paul's, Wellington, was entertained last week at a social given by the parishioners of Wadestown, with which district he has been principally connected. During the evening Mr Lowe, on behalf of the church members, presented Mr Fortune with a handsome gift of plate, in honour of his approaching marriage, and, on behalf of those present, wished him every success in his future life, which will be spent in the Auckland diocese.

Mr and Mrs Charles Stuart, of Judgeford, Pahautanui, celebrated their golden wedding at their residence on 15th May. Congratulations from the large gathering of settlers and their families showed the respect in which they are held, and congratulatory telegrams were also received from friends in all parts of the colony. Mr Stuart came to the colony in the year 1842, in the ship Birman, Mrs Stuart arriving a few years later, and close on half a century ago settled in Pahautanui. During the evening members of the Pahautanui brass band played selections on the lawn.

Visitors to Rotorua have dropped off somewhat with the advent of cold winter weather. Amongst those at the Grand Hotel last week were:—Messrs Adkins, Queensland; Edger, Auckland; Misses Taylor (2), England; Messrs Cuddy, Wellington; Horton (2), Sellers, Auckland; Adkins, England; Perry, Napier; Wilks, England; Jacobi, Myers, Young, Judge Edger,

Auckland; Henderson, Manakau; Bright, Hamilton; Colonel Roberts, Tauranga.

A New Zealander, Mr D. Young, who was in the employ of Messrs. Cable and Co., of Wellington, until three years ago, is one of the victims of the recent volcanic disaster at Martinique. With a view to improving himself in his profession, he proceeded to the Clyde, and entered the service of the West India and Panama Cable Company. Mr Young, who had a two months' engagement, expiring next month, was employed on the ill-fated cable steamer Grappler. His father, who resides at Belgrave, Nelson, has just received advice by cable that all on board the Grappler perished, thus confirming his worst fears. Mr Young was well known in Nelson as a good all-round athlete, and much sympathy for his relatives is felt throughout the district.

Among the numerous visitors to the Star Hotel during the past week were:—Mlle. Dolores and Valour, France; C. Newell, San Francisco; Mr. and Miss Adcock, F. Vert, Mr. and Mrs. Alexandra, H. Hunt, J. Wyatt, London; E. H. Pritch and G. Hoppenstedt, Tahiti; J. Kulkka, G. C. Chadwick, W. Sherer, New York; G. Sutcliffe, G. Farmer, C. J. Reakes, Wellington; J. Lathrop, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Greenaway, J. Weiner, H. S. Jefferson, N. Shilleto, Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Harris, F. Conachie, Sydney; Rev. Mrs. and Miss Edgett, New Hebrides; F. J. Frazer, Thomas Hogg, Durban, South Africa; F. H. Kent, Aberdeen; Captain E. Parsons, Lieutenant Prior, South Africa; K. Neave, Christchurch; R. S. Plante, Melbourne; F. H. Mackay and Miss Mackay, J. Overdale, Sydney; W. Wyutte, Wanganui; Captain Lambert, s.s. Wanaka; J. Friar, Sherrit, Mr. and Mrs. Crisp and one child, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Clark, Gisborne; Captain Taylor, London; John Stevens, M.L.A., and G. Granville, Wellington; H. Berkeley, Mrs. Beddard, Suva, Fiji; D. Aiken, Dundee; Thomas Wilks, England; F. Perry, Napier; Captain W. L. Lambert, India; Mr. and Mrs. Neilson, Denmark; R. Robertson, Manchester; S. Abrahams, H. Krafft, Levuka, Fiji; J. Hogg and A. E. Kernot, Wellington; S. W. Lush, Sydney; G. Heales, Wellington.

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AUCKLAND BANJO, GUITAR AND MANDOLIN CLUB.
 (REGISTERED.)
GRAND CONCERT.
FRIDAY NEXT, MAY 30.
VOCALISTS—Miss Maud McGuire, soprano; Mr Hamilton Hodges, baritone; Mr W. Aspinall, tenor; Mr Hugh Absolom, humorist.
INSTRUMENTALISTS—Miss Lily Barker, guitar soloist; Mr J. Lawrence, banjo soloist; Mr F. Carter, harp soloist; Mr H. Fountain, banjo soloist. Selections by the Full Strength of the Club.
 Box Plan now open at Messrs Wildman, Lovell and Arey's.
 Booking Free.
 Admission, 2/ and 1/.

His Excellency the Governor, Lady Ranfurly and suite will attend the Auckland Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club's grand concert to be held at the Opera House on Friday next. Among the performers will be Misses Maud McGuire and Lily Barker, Messrs Hamilton Hodges, W. Aspinall, J. Lawrence, F. Carter, H. Absolom, and H. Fountain. The Club's playing members now number eighteen, and will contribute four choice selections during the performance.

Mademoiselle Antoinette Dobros concluded her brilliant New Zealand tour with a matinee in Auckland on Friday afternoon, and has now left for Australia, where a series of concerts has been arranged. There was a large and brilliant audience, which listened in rapt attention to the marvellous vocalisation of the great soprano. It is the universal opinion here that no more finished or artistic singer has ever visited the colonies. Whether Mademoiselle will re-visit New Zealand seems doubtful, but to that hoped-for event thousands of lovers of music in all the cities where she has sung, will look forward with the greatest delight.

We often boast of the high standard of taste in this colony in the way of entertainments, and Auckland in particular prides itself on its affection for high class music, and patting itself on the back very considerably over the splendid reception given to the Musgrove Opera Company. But after all, what class of entertainment draws vaster audiences nowadays, than a variety show, providing—and the proviso is important—that it is a good one. The audiences which packed the Opera House, Auckland, night after night during the Cinquevalli season were larger than the present writer ever remembers to have seen on any nine consecutive nights, and on Saturday last literally hundreds were turned from the doors, not even able to secure standing room. Of course, Cinquevalli and Madame Titus were the attractions, the rest of the company were padding, and occasionally the house got very tired of them, and the pities were not above voicing their weariness. We cannot often hope to see such stars as the two principals, but the extraordinarily lavish support accorded to Mr Rickards' company will probably result in his sending Sandow and other expensive star artists over here. As for theatre-goers in the South, the "Graphic" strongly urges no one who has an opportunity of seeing Cinquevalli to miss doing so. He is a genuine wonder, and well deserves his cognomen of the Incomparable.

Amateur musical societies all over the colony are now getting into full swing. Amongst other recent events the Remuera Musical Society held their first concert of the season on Monday. Part first consisted of "May Day" (McFarren), and the second portion was composed of miscellaneous items. The affair was eminently successful, and much enjoyed by those present.

The last six nights of Wirth's circus in Auckland are announced. This would seem to indicate that the negotiations for a permanent building have not yet reached a satisfactory conclusion. The wintering of the circus in Auckland means the expenditure of a large amount of money there, and the money drawn in performances circulates freely in the town, so it is difficult to understand the attitude of those who have opposed the granting of several sites desired by Wirth Bros. The circus itself has been attracting very large audiences. On Saturday afternoon a tremendous concourse of children filled the huge tent to overflowing. A kindly-hearted man can scarcely fail to extract the keenest pleasure from attending one of these matinees, the intense delight, the beaming appreciation of the children, and their boundless enthusiasm would rouse the most base or misanthropic individual to a sense that there are some things in life worth living for. The show itself is an excellent one, and the trained animals—the tigers especially—are as good as anything to be seen in any part of the world whatever.

Comedian Percy, of the Pollard Opera Company, was married yesterday (Tuesday) to Miss Ramsay, formerly of the same troupe. The "Graphic" once again wishes Mr. and Mrs. Percy all possible health and prosperity in their life, both on and off the stage. Accounts of the marriage are not yet to hand, of course, but will no doubt be available for our next issue.

Mr Dix's variety shows in Auckland, Christchurch, and Wellington continue to do very good business. In Auckland, the Company suffered somewhat last week from the immensely strong counter attraction of Cinquevalli and the Harry Rickards' Variety Show, but business recovered last evening, when the Allison's (song sketch artists), just out from England, and who come with a big reputation, made their first appearance. In Christchurch Lizzie Kirk has scored a great success, being vociferously cheered five and six times nightly. Mr Frank Leon also did well for Mr Dix in the City of the Plains.

Rehearsals of "The Yeomen of the Guard" by the Wellington Amateur Opera Club are exceedingly satisfactory, and it is hoped that all previous records will be beaten in the matter of artistic—and, indeed—financial success. From a musical point of view, "The Yeomen" is by far the finest of all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and will probably live the longest.

The Auckland Amateur Opera Club are putting into rehearsal Mr Alf. Hill's opera, "Hicemoa." It will be remembered that in Sydney this work created great enthusiasm, and was likewise very warmly received in Auckland itself some years ago, when produced on the occasion of the tour of the Ovide Musin Co. Owing to the alterations at the Opera House the Club have not been able to secure dates for an operatic performance this year, so "Hicemoa" is to be given in concert form. Every effort is to be made to make the affair a success, and it is hoped the rehearsals will keep the Club members well together, when it is probable "Lady Dolly" will be produced on a scale hitherto undreamed of even in the history of the Auckland Amateur Opera Club, which has never erred on the side of parsimony in staging its productions.

The William Anderson Co. commence the season of the adventures of bold bad men and beautiful and virtuous heroines at Auckland on June 5. The ultra-sensational type of melodrama which this Company serves up, "hot and hot," has tickled the palates of theatre-goers in every city where the Anderson Co. have as yet appeared, as, as the vast bulk of

playgoers in Auckland prefer dramas of this lurid and well-spiced description to drawing-room comedy of the Brough order, or even farce, big runs may be predicted in the Northern capital. If not, Auckland will be an exception to every other town of note in this colony. "The Down Express" and "The Ladder of Life" are certain to prove big draws.

Mr. Musgrove's new comic opera company, which visits New Zealand shortly, commenced its Australian season on Saturday in "The Thirty Thieves." Herr Slapoffski conducted, and, according to a cable received in town yesterday, the production was a tremendous success.

Details concerning the success of "The Thirty Thieves" in Melbourne last Saturday night will be awaited with additional interest in New Zealand, as Miss May Beatty, so long a favourite here, was to take a leading part. Miss May Beatty will also play lead in "The Chinese Honeymoon," and several other novelties which are included in the company's repertoire. Since her arrival in Australia Miss Beatty has been studying under M. Slapoffski, and has done remarkably well. As was recorded in these columns a few weeks ago, her voice is said to have recovered all its freshness and beauty of tone.

After a successful season in Dunedin the World's Entertainers opened in Christchurch on Monday, and, according to private wires received both in Wellington and Auckland, were enthusiastically welcomed. The show is stated to be one of altogether exceptional merit in vaudeville.

The Orpheus Liedertafel, Wellington, gave the first concert of the present season on Monday last, when a very successful rendering of Dudley Buck's beautiful work, "Spirits and Hours," was given. There were other very successful items of a miscellaneous order.

Mr. Maughan Barnett and Herr Max Hoppe are giving a series of high-class chamber concerts in Wellington, the first of which eventuated last week. It is to be doubted if finer performances than these—judging by the first—are to be secured in the colony. The concert included a trio by Rheinberger, for violin, cello and piano, and Hauber's "Sonata" in B flat, for violin and piano; besides violin solos of exceptional interest by Herr Hoppe, so it will be seen that these chamber concerts are quite out-of-the-way in the matter of musical and artistic excellence.

The Auckland Dog Show.

The Auckland Kennel Club have decided to hold their annual Show on August 8th and 9th (Friday and Saturday). These dates are a week later

than the Hawke's Bay Kennel Club's date.

We understand that Auckland, in conjunction with Hawke's Bay, have secured the services of that eminent judge of dogs, Mr Court Rice, of Sydney, who will, after attending the Show to be held at Napier, come on to Auckland, and judge the local canine. It must be great satisfaction to the "fancy" in New Zealand that the services of such a good man in "dog" circles are available. No doubt every fancier will put an extra polish on his pets, knowing what scrutiny his hobby will have to undergo. Roll up, you prize-winners, and let the best dog win!

WORRIES IN WELLINGTON

CAUSED BY A DISORDERED LIVER.

DISPELLED BY BILE BEANS.

The liver is accountable for more misery in this world than anything else. As has often been stated, too much importance cannot be placed upon the functions of this organ. It is to the human system as important as air is to life. It must be kept in a clear condition, the arteries therein must do their work, systematically and independently, for upon the liver's action depends the condition of the other organs of the body. The best known medicine for keeping the liver in a healthy state is unquestionably Bile Beans for Biliousness, for they have been essentially prepared for this purpose. Among the thousands who have written complimentary letters to the proprietors is Mr John Stacey, of 131, Cuba-street, Wellington. This gentleman writes:—"For years I was a sufferer from biliousness and sick and nervous headache, during which time I tried many so-called remedies, but without receiving any benefit. At times I became very ill and depressed, and was unable to properly attend to my work. Two years ago I commenced taking Bile Beans, having been induced to give them a trial, and am pleased to be able to testify that they have done me a great deal of good. As they are the only medicine from which I have ever received any benefit I am never without them, and have much pleasure in recommending them to all who suffer from a disordered liver. If used according to directions and given a fair trial I am satisfied that patients will derive great benefit from their use." If your liver is out of order and you are suffering from any of the complaints arising from such complaint, viz., Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation, Flies, Bad Blood, Pimples, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Female Weaknesses, Debility, Dyspepsia, etc., take a fellow colonist's advice and be cured. Bile Beans are obtainable from all chemists and stores, or from Kempthorne, Prosser and Co., New Zealand agents.

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NO EGGS! NO MISAL! NO TROUBLE!

Stockholders can obtain Supplies from all the leading Wholesale Houses.

TENDERS FOR THE SUPPLY OF SATCHELS, VALISES AND LEGGINGS.

General Post Office, Wellington, 15th May, 1903.
Tenders will be received at the General Post Office, Wellington, until THURSDAY, the 17th June, for the SUPPLY of Letter Carriers' and Telegraph Messengers' SATCHELS and LEGGINGS and Telegraph Linemen's VALISES for the three years ending 31st May, 1906.
The approximate quantities required in each year will be 140 Satchels and Valises and 200 Pairs of Leggings.
Samples may be seen at the Chief Post Office at Auckland, Christchurch, and Dunedin, and at the Post and Telegraph Store, Wellington.
The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.
All tenders must be accompanied by one sample of each of the articles required. In the case of unsuccessful tenders, the samples will be purchased by the Department.
Tenders should be addressed to "The Superintendent of Electric Lines, General Post Office, Wellington," and endorsed "Tender for Satchels, etc."
J. K. COGAN
Superintendent of Electric Lines.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MAORI MEETING AT WAAHII, WAIKATO.

THE WAIKATO'S GRIEVANCES. DISCUSSION WITH NATIVE MINISTER.

The Hon. J. Carroll, Native Minister, had his long-looked-for conference with the Waikato Maoris last week at Waahii, the settlement of Mahuta, and his people on the west bank of the Waikato below Huntly. The Minister's object in meeting the Waikatans was to endeavour to get them to fall into line with the other native tribes of this Island, accept the new native land legislation, and hand their surplus lands over to the Council for administration. Mr Carroll, however, had a very difficult task in this part of the country, for the Waikato people, headed by Mahuta and Henare Kaihau, M.H.R., have raised much opposition to the new order of things, more particularly as regards the boundary of their Council District under the Lands Administration Act. The gazetted boundary cuts off Waikato from the Rohepotae or King Country, which latter is in the district known as the Ngatimaniapoto-Ngatituharetoa, extending down from the Waipa to Lake Taupo and Taumararangi.
About five hundred Maoris of the Waikato and allied tribes were assembled at Waahii, and they gave the Native Minister and party a hospitable welcome.

The meeting lasted two days. The Native Minister deserves congratulation on the result so far of his negotiations. Although matters have not yet quite reached a final stage, Mr Carroll accomplished a great deal in inducing the gathering of the tribes at Waahii to allow the matters in dispute to be settled between him and Mahuta jointly. Those who know the characteristic Maori fashion of discussing everything in tribal meetings will appreciate the diplomacy and tact displayed by Mr. Carroll, resulting in the people agreeing that Mahuta alone should act for them. One of the results of Mr. Carroll's negotiations is that he has been promised by Mahuta that the natives of Waikato will accept the new Government legislation, and will proceed to elect their Council under the Lands Administration Act, so that any lands not needed for the people's actual occupation may be handed over to the Council for administration, with a view to European settlement, and the rest set apart for the use of the Maori owners for food-cultivation, villages, etc.

THE EXPORT OF NEW ZEALAND POULTRY.

The question, so frequently asked, "Do poultry pay?" can be answered in the unqualified affirmative by those who have taken advantage of the facilities which the Government have brought within the reach of all. In another part of this issue we give some pictures of the Government

Poultry Depot in Auckland, where birds are received and prepared for export. Similar depots exist in all the other centres of the colony and some are on a much larger scale than the Auckland one. At the Christchurch depot, for instance, fourteen hands have of late been constantly employed. Altogether with the establishment of this department a very bright future has opened out for the poultry farmers of New Zealand, and it is anticipated that the industry will quickly assume large proportions. Already in one year it has developed enormously. At the Christchurch depot, just referred to, the number of poultry prepared for export has risen from 742 for April, 1901, to 10,185 for April, 1903. Unfortunately, at this moment the delay in securing steam-communication with South Africa has seriously interfered with operations. One Auckland agent has close on 6000 birds in the freezer waiting shipment, and others are in a like predicament.

It should be explained for the benefit of poultry raisers that the Government undertake to receive birds at any of their depots, and at a charge of fourpence a head, which covers carriage to the depot, to prepare them for export. The department does not undertake the shipping, etc., of the fowls, but there are agents in all our towns prepared to do that. It is hard to fix the average price obtained for good poultry, such as black and buff Orpingtons, which are considered the best for the foreign market, but six shillings a pair net is not above the mark.

WELLINGTON TERRACE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH. DIAMOND JURILEE.

The diamond jubilee services in connection with the above church were held on April 27. To commemorate the auspicious occasion the building was specially decorated. All across the front of the organ appeared the word "Jubilee" in large white letters on crimson ground, surmounted by representation of a diamond, the word "Sixty," similarly constructed, being placed in front of the pulpit. The principal pillars were draped half-way up in white, around which were twined wreaths of ivy interspersed with chrysanthemums, etc. The walls and windows throughout were tastefully decorated with flowers, nikau palms, etc., wreaths of evergreens, and evergreens showed up prominently around the pulpit; indeed the decorations taken as a whole were of a most effective character. The morning service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. Reed Glasson, who took for his subject "The Church's One Foundation"; "Thou Art Peter, and Upon This Rock Will I Build My Church" (Mat. xvi. 18). The speaker enlarged on the many ways in which even the young could accomplish great things by hearty and united effort, and how it lies in the power of even little children to do much towards making those around them happy.

In the evening the church was again well filled, the service being conducted by Rev. B. L. Thomas (of Newtown Congregational Church), who based his remarks on Deut. viii. 2: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years."

In connection with the diamond jubilee of the Terrace Congregational Church it is interesting to recall some facts relative to its formation. The present church, on Wellington Terrace, was formally opened on May 26, 1838, by the late Rev. Dr. W. H. West (its then pastor), assisted by the late Rev. W. J. Habens, Revs. E. D. Cecil, J. K. Elliott, and J. Dumbell. The cost of the land, church, etc., and fittings, as they then were, being some £5500; and in a little more than a year after its opening thanksgiving services were held to commemorate the extinction of debt in connection therewith. It may be added, all seats in the church are free.

With respect to the earlier history of Congregationalism in Wellington, it may be stated that amongst the arrivals in 1842 was Mr. Jonas Wood-

ward, who, although actively engaged in business pursuits, took a most active part in Christian work, and was the founder of the first Congregational Church established in New Zealand. Mr. Woodward conducted his first service in the Mechanics' Institute, then situated in Charlotte-street. On June 14, the five friends with whom the movement originated formed themselves into a church, and started a Sunday-school. Mr. Woodward being appointed its first pastor. The progress of the new church was steady, and a further advance made by the erection of a brick building in the neighbourhood of Murphy-street, for their use. In 1848, however, severe earthquakes rendered this edifice unsafe, and it was decided to erect a church in Woodward-street (so named after the Mr. Woodward here referred to). This church was opened for public worship in the year 1849. Later on a much larger church was erected on the site last referred to, which did duty for a number of years, prior to the erection of the present fine building on Wellington Terrace. In 1887 the second Wellington Congregational Church—that of Courtenay Place—was opened, a number of members from the mother church being transferred to form its nucleus, and within the past few years a further extension has been made by the erection of the Newtown Congregational Church, Constable-street.

A CIRCUS "AT HOME."

The popular pastime of snap-shooting has a multitude of charms, but surely not the least of these are the exciting vicissitudes and incidents incidental thereto, which endow it with many of the characteristics of a sport. Having witnessed many varieties of snap-shooting the writer hereof gives the palm for excitement to firing off at the performing animals of a menagerie and circus. The presence of Wirth Bros.' Circus in Auckland gave an opportunity of attempting such, and together with the "Graphic" photographer the writer spent a day this week endeavouring to obtain characteristic pictures of the performing tigers, bears, elephants, etc., etc. The difficulties in the way were sufficient to discourage most folk, but the proprietors' patience and foresight were equal to that of the snap-shottist, so, as will be seen on pages 1088 and 1089, some unique results were obtained. The first thing to do was to get the large circular cage in which the tigers perform erected in the open, for, of course, the interior of the tent was too dark for absolutely instantaneous work. This naturally attracted the attention of such of the juvenile portion of the population of Freeman's Bay as had "wagged it" from school, and a goodly audience assembled for the free show. With them they brought dogs. These immediately proved a disturbing element. "Caesar" was to do his trick with the clown and Dummy, and rehearsed the scene with great canine circumspection. But suddenly there appeared a dog whose case seemed to "Caesar" to require instant investigation, and he rushed off to conduct the interview on the usual doggy principles. After some trouble he was captured and brought back, but his mind was unsettled. Other dogs arrived, and there seemed a chance for a canine keroro, rare enough in the life of a circus dog, tied up in a tent all day. Persuasion, petting and patience at last won the day. "Caesar" pulled, the clown struggled, and Dummy danced frantically. But there was no sun, and to fire when there was no bright light would have been useless. There was nothing for it but to smother one's temper, appease "Caesar," who was rapidly becoming irritated, and wait for the sun to pop out. The most embarrassing interest continued to be taken in the proceedings by the children, who evidently were firmly convinced we did not know our business. "Let fly now, mister, while they're a-goin' it," yelled a chorus of youngsters, and seeing no effort made they chorused, "Yah, yer calls yerselves photographers, do yer! Why don't yer take the pore dawg when he's a-doin' of his best. You're slower than a church,

you are." But suddenly out comes the sun, the comedy is again set going, "Caesar" warning to his work like a "good 'un," as one of our critics remarks, and in a twinkling the picture is taken. Then came the tigers. They, too, were disturbed at performing in the open, and the sight of the plump dogs made their mouths water. "If old Faaha takes a fancy to one of those plump dogs for his lunch," says Mr. Wirth, genially, "he'll get it, take my word. It was obvious the dogs must be driven off, as the tigers became increasingly restless, snarling and snapping at their trainer as they never do in the circus. Wherefore stones were in demand, and we pelted every dog off the place. Then commenced a most exciting scene, indescribable on paper. The tigers were docile enough to start with, but, of course, were kept waiting before and after their tricks in a manner which seriously affected their temper. Whenever they were in correct position there was no sun, and as sure as the sun came out one or other of the tigers would change its position so as to spoil the picture. Attempt after attempt was made, till the nerves of all save the trainer began to get a bit on edge. Then a tiger got tangled up in the harness and had to be extricated—a dangerous and difficult task with the other two roaring about at large and in very evil temper. But the deafness of Mons. Raogoul is equal to his amazing patience. Nothing ruffled him, nothing seemed to make him cross; he was firmness and coolness and good nature personified. First of all we took them on a see-saw, then in the chariot, then with the Professor riding, etc., etc. Of the success of the results our readers can judge; but they can have no possible conception of the pains lavished in securing the same. Another difficult shot was to secure Dummy in mid air, after his leap when playing see-saw with an elephant, though even more so were the boxing ponies. Their movements were so wonderfully quick, and it was so difficult to know where they would be at the exact moment best to take the photo. The snaps of these are amongst the most difficult ever taken.

THE OLD WEIR BRIDGE, KILLARNEY.

The Lake of Killarney, one of the most beautiful places in Ireland, and a great resort of tourists to "the mild counthrees," has, according to the cabled news, just been the scene of a sad drowning fatality, in which nine tourists and four boatmen were drowned during a gale.

THE BUCHANAN CUP.

This magnificent cup of sterling silver, standing 3 feet high, has been presented by Mr James Buchanan, the well known distiller of Glasgow, to No. 1 Battalion, Auckland (Lady Ranfurly's Own). It is to be fired for by members of the battalion on terms to be arranged by the officers.

There are a good many features of interest in the "Pall Mall Magazine" for May, both in the way of illustrations and reading matter. Mr Edmund Garrett contributes an article on Cecil Rhodes, which shows some sides of the character of the dead Colossus not generally known to the public. An article on "The Tower of London," and another on "The Rebuilding of London," both capably illustrated—the New Piccadilly at Hyde Park corner makes the frontispiece of the number—gives the reader a good opportunity of contrasting ancient and modern London in their most characteristic aspects. An amusing and clever skit on some of the poets of the day is produced in Alice Fleming's "Odes for the Coronation." Other articles of interest are G. A. Storey's "Recollections of the Royal Academy"; "The Evolution of Paris Fashions," by Frederic Lees; "Prince Henry in America," by an American Observer; "In Westminster Abbey," by Mrs Murray Smith; etc., etc. The fiction in the number is chiefly represented by a well written story, called "The Generosity of the Baron," by Mrs George Ross.

OBITUARY.

It is with widespread and genuine regret that the announcement of the death of Mr R. A. Lusher will be received. Mr Lusher passed away at his residence, Hamilton Road, Auckland, last week, after a long and painful illness. Deceased had for very many years been a resident of Auckland. When he first arrived in the colony he entered the service of the Telegraph Department, and was placed in charge of the Mercer station. Later he was at Onehunga, and subsequently for some years officer-in-charge at Auckland. Severing his connection with the Department, he became associated with the Royal Insurance, and had for many years prior to his fatal illness been provincial representative of that leading English company. Mr Lusher took an active interest in public matters in his own district. For a considerable time he was a churchwarden of All Saints', Ponsonby. Of a genial and kindly nature, widely known and respected among the business community, the death of deceased at the not very advanced age of 67 will be deeply regretted by a wide circle whose sympathy will be extended to the widow and family in their bereavement.

Captain Hugh McKenzie died at his residence, Manurewa, last week, at the age of 66 years. Captain McKenzie traded out of the port of Auckland for many years as master of vessels engaged in the intercolonial trade. He retired from the sea some years ago, but returned after having been in the ship chandlery business for a time. He again retired a year or two ago, and settled on a farm at Manurewa. He leaves a widow and grown up family.

Mrs Mary Hamer, widow of the late Rev. Thomas Hamer, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. W. Callender, at Remuera, last Sunday, about 7 o'clock. Her other daughter, Mrs. H. S. Huddock, who also resides at Remuera, was likewise in attendance on her mother. The deceased was a native of England, where she was married to the Rev. T. Hamer. In 1851 she accompanied her husband to Auckland, where he was appointed pastor of the Albert-street Congregational Church. Mr. and Mrs. Hamer resided in Auckland until 1895, when they removed to Wellington, to reside with their son, Mr. Thomas Hamer, the well-known private secretary to the Premier. When the Rev. T. Hamer died in 1899 Mrs Hamer returned to Auckland, and has since resided with her daughter, Mrs. Callender, at Remuera. Right up to the last Mrs Hamer enjoyed wonderful health, and, although 84 years of age, was cheerful, and in full possession of all her mental faculties. Her death was also almost painless. On Saturday Mrs. Hamer had a slight seizure, either resulting in, or caused by, an aneurism in her head. She was only in pain for a few moments when unconsciousness supervened, and she remained in that condition until death took place the next morning. Mrs. Hamer was of a kindly, charitable disposition, and her good deeds will be remembered by many, who sincerely regret the death of an old friend.

Our Paeroa correspondent telegraphs: "I regret to record the death of Mr Jas. McAndrew, timber merchant, at Paeroa, this morning, aged 62 years. Deceased had been ailing for some months. He never got over the shock of the death of his son Robert last year. Mr McAndrew was born in Turiff, Aberdeen, Scotland, and arrived in the colony 40 years ago. He resided at the Thames for a number of years, and was twice Mayor of the Thames. He moved to Paeroa nine years ago, and carried on the business of a timber merchant. He took great interest in public matters, and at various times was on the County Council, School Committees, etc. He was also a shrewd and successful business man, and was respected by everyone with whom he came in contact. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn their loss."

THE STAMPS OF THE

Intercolonial Philatelic Exchange will be available for inspection or purchase by Collectors at THAMES, from June 2nd to 8th, at the Shop of Mr John Nodder, Bookseller and Stationer, when Mr Percy W. Berry will be pleased to meet all local Stamp Collectors.

TO STAMP COLLECTORS.—“BEN-HAM” Perforation Gauge with actual perforations cut out of Brass Plate, from eight to sixteen, also surcharge measurer. Any perforation gauged without removal of stamp. Invaluable to Collectors. Price 1/3 (stamps); post free, from PERCY W. BERRY, Tudor-st., Devonport, Auckland.

Stamp Collecting.

A new series of King Edward stamps have been ordered for Hongkong, so collectors require to fill up vacancies of Queen's heads with all possible speed.

Orange River Colony has issued a 4d stamp for registration and parcel post service. In order to meet requirements 4d in red was surcharged on 6d. V.R.I., the 6d being deleted by a red line.

The new British 2/6 and 10/ stamps were issued on April 7th and the 9d on April 8th.

New Zealand stamps since the Queen's head was replaced by views and birds, will soon become a small collection alone, from a specialist's point of view. Even the 1d universal stamp shows various types, both of paper, perforation, and watermark. It would almost seem latterly as if the Department was using up the old scraps of paper in stock for the printing of the penny stamp. Quite recently the fact was chronicled that thin tough paper was being used, then a fortnight ago stamps were issued on paper without any watermark at all. This week penny universals were selling which were printed on thin paper, watermarked "Star, N.Z.," single lines, similar to that in use for many years for Queen's head stamps.

The San Francisco "Sunday Call," in an article dealing with stamp-collecting states: "There are in the United States no less than 20,000 active stamp-collectors. Europe has about 5,000,000 stamp-collectors, among whom may be mentioned Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, Alfred De Rothschild, who has written several books on the subject, the Duchess of Marlborough, also the late Victor Emmanuel, and the Prince of Wales."

"Uganda" has been surcharged on the half-anna yellow green, the 2½ deep blue British East Africa stamps. The watermark is "Crown agents for the colonies" in large double-lined capitals, one letter on each stamp.

Nine stamps postally used are now obliterated by the postmaster at the island with what appears to be a rubber stamp. At the top of the circle is the word "Niue," and below "New Zealand." The oblitterating ink at present is carmine, and therefore much the same colour as the penny universal stamp itself. Nine issues, therefore, are three already, the New Zealand 1d universal used in 1901, without any overprint, then the same stamp overprinted "Niue" with rubber stamp, and the recent issue printed in Wellington, surcharged "Niue," and the value of the stamp in native language.

Three thousand eight hundred dollars was recently paid by Mr Henry J. Crocker for a St. Louis 20 cent stamp in America. Mr Crocker's collection is estimated to be worth 200,000 dollars. The history of the St. Louis 20 cent stamp is peculiar. Before the United States Government issued stamps the city of St. Louis employed an artist to engrave six stamps on a plate, the size of a card.

The values were four 5 cents and two 10 cents. Subsequently some 20 cent stamps were printed from the same plate by beating out on the copper the original five, and inserting 20. The stamps, however, when examined show traces of the alteration.

The Cuban stamps 5, 10, and 20 cents of 1893 were overprinted with various ornamental devices, because a large number of stamps of those values were stolen. The designs consist of five different geometric figures, four of which have the numeral of value in a space in the centre. They were printed from three plates of 100 each, the designs being differently disposed in each.

Telephone 344.

By Special Appointment

MRS W. WESTER.
Bridal Shower Bouquets, Sprays, Buttonholes, and Floral Baskets most artistically arranged. Choice Cut Flowers always on hand. Funeral Emblems in great variety of designs always on hand. DEPOSITE RAILWAY STATION, 23, QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

FLORAL WORK.
THE FINEST DISPLAY IN THE CITY—WEDDING BOUQUETS A SPECIALTY—WREATHS, CROSSES, AND FLORAL EMBLEMS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT MODERATE PRICES—CUT FLOWERS DAILY—POT PLANTS ON HIRE.—Porcelain Wreaths, Crosses, and other Designs in Glass Shades.—G. J. MACKAY, Florist and Seedsmen, 135, QUEEN-ST., 4 doors from Union Bank.

HEALTH NOTES.

- I. Care of the Blood.
- II. Result of too little Blood.

The following interesting and easily understood information is clipped from an admirable publication for South Australian readers, which contains many useful notes on health:—

"Our blood is at once the cleanser and food-carrier of the human body. Absorbing the nourishment from food through the walls of the stomach, the blood carries this nourishment to every part of the system. At the same time it carries off impurities that need to be eliminated. The performance by the blood of these functions is dependent upon its own condition. If it is deficient in quantity it cannot nourish the organs, and the food taken remains unused. Hence arises the indigestion so troublesome to pale, anaemic people, for the unassumed food gives rise to dyspepsia, and dyspepsia to bile and torpidity of the liver. Lack of blood is the direct cause of physical and functional weakness, headaches, heart palpitation and painful breathlessness after exertion, backaches, cold feet, tendency to catch cold and the general wretchedness of "delicate" people. The special troubles of girls in their development nearly always arise from anaemia—in popular language, from "too little blood." Dr. Williams' pink pills, which directly increase the supply and the richness of the blood, cure all the consequences of bloodlessness in a manner often spoken of as miraculous." Then the following instance is given as a case in point. As it concerns an Otago lady—a Miss Maggie Russell—we reprint it in full.

"As well as I can remember," she writes, "it is about three years ago that I became anaemic. My blood seemed to turn to water. I grew weak and pale, and disinclined for either work or pleasure. My system was quite run down, and I derived no nourishment from food. My medical adviser diagnosed my case as poverty of the blood, but despite careful treatment I did not appear to improve. Some time later I read in a newspaper that Dr. Williams' pink pills were an excellent blood builder, and had cured many cases of anaemia. I purchased some, and had used them for only a few days when I felt better. After taking the contents of three boxes I was restored to perfect health. As my blood became enriched the colour returned to my cheeks and lips. Now I am strong and robust, full of energy, have a good appetite, and sleep well." Miss Russell is twenty-four years of age, and resides in Livingston, Otago. Formerly she lived at Oamaru.

There is no doubt that the sudden changes inseparable from the New Zealand climate tend to thin the blood. This effect is more quickly noticeable upon women than upon men. Evidence from all parts of the world proves that Dr. Williams' pink pills have cured, innumerable cases of anaemia, scrofula, rickets, consumption of the bowels and lungs, neuralgia, loss of vital strength, bronchitis, and chest complaints. They are obtainable from retailers and from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Wellington, three shillings per box, six boxes sixteen and six, post free. A special letter of advice will be sent free of charge to those who write for it.

"If you want to be well take care of your blood" is an aphorism which a celebrated physician was never tired of impressing upon his patients. This advice is particularly applicable in our own colony.

TO THE LADIES.

Ladies who wish to make their Homes Artistic should go to SHAKESPEAR'S ART NEEDLEWORK DEPOTS,

QUEEN-ST. AND KARANGAHAPE RD. (Late Mrs Hunter).

Where they will find every kind of Fancy Work and Materials—Point Lace Braids in Silk and Linen, Latest Designs in Collars, Transparent Yokes, Vests, etc.

Berlins and Fancy Knitting Wools in great variety. Fearnall's Washing Silks and Merceries. Art Linens in all Shades.

Special Attention given to Country Orders.

REMOVAL NOTICE.

THE IMPERIAL CONFECTIONERY SHOP, COOMBE'S ARCADE.

MISS WILTON

(Late of the Candy Store, Shortland-st.)

Begs to notify her numerous customers and the public generally, that she has opened the Imperial Confectionery Shop, Coombe's Arcade, and hopes by strict attention to Business, and by keeping only First class Stock, to retain their patronage.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS

RILEY—GRAHAM.

A wedding which created much interest was celebrated last week in Dunedin between Dr. Frederick Radehoff Riley, and Miss Susie Graham, fourth daughter of Mr C. C. Graham, S.M. for Dunedin, and formerly Official Assignee at Wellington. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked very pretty in a dress of white satin, the skirt veiled with two deep flounces of beautiful old lace. The bodice was tucked, and had a yoke, and elbow sleeves of transparent lace, the décolletage being edged with rich pearl embroidery. She carried a lovely shower bouquet, and her veil was of lace, fastened with a cluster of orange blossoms. There were two bridesmaids, Miss Clara Graham (the bride's sister), and Miss Gertrude Rattray, both dressed in white silk, tucked and accented pleated, the bodices having transparent yokes of eru lace. They wore picturesque black felt hats strapped with velvet, and carried shower bouquets of scarlet carnations and maiden-hair ferns. The chief bridesmaid received a gold cable bangle, and the other a gold muff chain, from the bridegroom. Mrs Graham, mother of the bride, wore a handsome black silk dress, elaborately tucked and trimmed with jet, and a long black velvet mantle. Her bonnet was of black with scarlet flowers, and she carried a red and white shower bouquet. Mrs Edward Graham's costume was dark brown, with a vest of creamy lace, and a toque of brown velvet. After a large reception, held at the residence of the bride's parents, "Mihuru," Dr. and Mrs Riley left on a short honeymoon in the South, prior to leaving for England in the Rimutaka, the bride wearing a smart costume of blue frieze, with an embroidered gold collar and buttons of silver and turquoise.



MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE CUTICURA SOAP FOR THE Hands Hair AND Skin.

For beautifying the skin, for the softening of scaling hair, for softening and whitening red, rough hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, for free use of offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, for many sanative antiseptic purposes, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and dressing, it is incomparable.
Sold by all Colonial Chemists. **PERRIN COOK, 215 Princes Street, U. S. A.**

Society Gossip
AUCKLAND.

Dear Sir, May 27.

ST. GEORGE'S ROWING CLUB.

The annual ball given in the Choral Hall last Thursday evening by the members of St. George's Rowing Club was one of the most enjoyable gatherings that have yet been held under the auspices of the club. The interior of the hall was decorated in a truly nautical style. Nikau palms and bunting were used with admirable taste, and were relieved at intervals on the walls by crossed sculls, neatly tied with red and white streamers, the club's colours, white suspended from overhead were two of the club's stump outriggers, with sculls shipped, and on the staging port and starboard binnacle lemps shed their light. About 150 couples were present, and a large number of spectators witnessed the dance from the gallery. Amongst the guests were several officers from H.M.S. Kingarooma. The music was supplied by Meredith's string band. The supper was in the able hands of the Strand Cafe Company, and the manager (Mr. Speight) is deserving of credit for the choice menu which was provided. The tables were decorated with the club's colours. Amongst the ladies present were: Mrs. Ashton, black silk, with overdress of black lace, relieved with red flowers on shoulder; Miss Alison, white silk with bands of black velvet; and her sister wore a white silk, relieved at corsage with sprays of pink-mounted roses; Miss Aubrey, pink satin, veiled in black net, with bands of black satin running horizontally from bodice to hem of skirt, pink plaid sash and waistband; Miss Bloomfield (a debutante) looked well in a white voile, with two small flounces on edge of skirt, and trimmed with ruffled white bebe ribbon; Miss Halley (Cambridge), debutante, wore pretty soft white silk; Miss

Aicken, white silk, with large cerise silk rosette on corsage; Miss Basley, pale green brocade, with white lace ecruations, green tulle chou in coiffure; and her sister wore a yeddo blue silk; Miss Brabant, black satin, the decolletage was relieved with wreath of red geraniums, the same in coiffure; Miss Berry, white glace, with overdress of book muslin, hand-painted with pink sprays of roses; Mrs. Colbeck, black silk, with ecru lace decolletage; Miss Davy, canary silk, with rows of black velvet, red flower in coiffure; Mrs. (Dr.) Dawson, handsome English costume of black voile, with overdress of black chenille threaded with gold; and her lady friend wore a black velvet bolero and skirt, white lace vest; Miss Dawson, Italian silk, with ecru lace, the bodice was worn with square lace collar and fichu of net; Miss May Dawson, white silk, with pink flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Muriel Dawson, pale spring green silk, with pink roses on decolletage and in coiffure; Miss Bell, white voile, with infinitesimal tucks and lace insertion, relieved with silver spangles, pink roses on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Dennistoun, bleue fane silk, with bands of white satin, bleue fane coloured flower in coiffure to correspond; Miss Hunt was much admired in white silk, with tuckings and lace insertion, silver spray in coiffure; Mrs. Goodwin, black silk, relieved with lace; Miss Goodwin, black satin, with red flowers on corsage and in coiffure; and her younger sister looked sweet in a white debutante silk, white tulle chou in coiffure; Miss Rees George, white satin, relieved with tulle; Mrs. D. W. Duthie, sky blue silk, veiled in tucked blue mousseline de soie, with ruchings of black tulle on edge of skirt; Mrs. W. R. Holmes, rich white brocade, with silver passementerie; Miss Holland, canary silk, veiled in white mousseline de soie, made with flounced skirt, with pink flowers on corsage and in coiffure; Miss Essie Holland, white satin, finished with tulle, white flowers in coiffure and on corsage; Mrs. Lusher, pink silk, with red flowers on decolletage and in coiffure; Mrs. Steggall, very handsome tucked white silk, the bodice was finished with lace and large drooping white flower on shoulder, blackbird in coiffure; Mrs. Kilgour, rich black silk with green vest; Mrs. Ireland, black satin with small flounces on edge of skirt, white opera cape; Miss E. Ireland, black satin skirt, velvet bodice, black bird in coiffure; and her sister wore canary silk dotted all over with brown velvet chenille dots, brown bird in coiffure; Miss Kissling, white silk made with Russian blouse; Miss Leys, pale green silk with pink flowers and drapings of white lace, pink flower in coiffure; Miss Metcalf, blue silk; and her sister wore a becoming pink silk with pink ruchings, pink flower in coiffure; Miss O. Lusk looked distinguished in a lemon coloured silk with flounced skirt, bodice was trimmed with jewelled embroidery; Miss Laird, bouton d'or silk with small flounces on edge of skirt, the corsage was draped with white lace; Mrs Lyons, pink satin with over dress of

white lace, draped bodice with jewelled embroidery, short puffed sleeves and silk belt, glittering band of jewels in coiffure; Miss Cruickshank was graceful in pale pink brocade, with draped bodice fastened by silken braces, the pleated skirt had a narrow insertion and was finished by two flounces; Mrs Napier, rich black trained silk; Mrs Noakes, black silk with lace finishings; Miss Noakes wore a white debutante silk; Miss Percival, white silk with tuckings and violets on corsage; Mrs Price, orange silk with lace and jewelled embroidery finishings; Miss Price, pale pink silk with tuckings and small flounces; and her sister wore white satin with white tulle; Mrs Rathbone, black silk with overdress of black net and bands of ecru embroidery, large flat silk rosette of pink and green on corsage, bird in coiffure; Miss Raynes, very handsome pink silk with overdress of silver jewelled embroidered net, with deep ecru lace insertion bands, pink flower in coiffure; Miss Salmon, white satin with overdress of gauze with chi-chi skirt, white flower in coiffure; Mrs Tewley, pink silk veiled in net and jewelled embroidery, large pink flower drooped from shoulder; Mrs Ronch, wore a very stylish canary silk with canary and white striped under skirt, the stripes running horizontally, draped polonaise; Miss Newall, striking blue silk with rows of small flounces on skirt, the bodice was artistically draped with white lace and finished with white flower on shoulder; Miss Mary Wright, pale green with shimmering design of grey, the bodice was draped with broad insertion lace and finished with jewelled embroidery; Mrs Russell, black silk with bead passementerie and white flowers; Miss Thompson, black silk with overdress of black net; and her sister wore a white voile with overdress of white mousseline de soie with bands of white satin, full sleeves with bands of white satin, the decolletage was finished with jewelled embroidery, a wreath of small white flowers intertwined in coiffure; Miss Thomas, rich white satin with finishings of lace; Miss Richardson, black voile with overdress of black lace, sapphire blue flowers on corsage and in her coiffure; Mrs Farrell, black silk with lace; Mrs Saunders, black lace costume with silver passementerie; Mrs Vuile, black; Miss Wilson looked distinguished in a white silk with overdress of lacy material, forget-me-nots adorned the decolletage, while the coiffure was ornamented with sprays of forget-me-nots; her sister wore a similar white gown adorned with white flowers, white flowers in coiffure.

PIANOFORTE RECITAL.

The valedictory pianoforte recital given by Mr J. F. Bennett in honour of Miss Violet Dacre, prior to her approaching marriage, was most fashionably attended. The guest of the evening, who looked pretty and graceful in white satin with a garniture of violets on corsage, was the recipient of a handsome silver salver, the wedding gift of her master and companion pupils. The presentation was

made by Mlle. Dolores (Trebelli). During the evening Mrs J. McKail Geddes, on behalf of the pupils, presented Mr Bennett with a silver mounted pocket-book and Mrs Bennett with a gold brooch. The occasion was also availed of for the formal presentation of thirty-three certificates of the Royal Academy of Music, London, won by Mr Bennett's pupils for pianoforte playing, and theory. Among the audience were Mrs Dacre, who wore black brocade and a white brocaded satin cloak; Mrs J. F. Bennett looked exceedingly well in a white embroidered silk blouse and a black skirt; Miss Rattray, black gown; Miss Martin, azure blue silk blouse, black skirt; Mrs Spreckley, black evening gown, white satin striped cloak; Miss Hemus, blue velvet blouse and black skirt; her sister wore a white tucked silk blouse and darker skirt; Mrs McKail Geddes, black skirt; Miss Meta Dacre, white silk with short sleeves and berthe chiffon frills, corsage bouquet of violets; Mrs Torrance, ruby coloured velvet bodice with touches of pink, black satin skirt; Miss Torrance, black gown, peacock blue velvet cape; Miss Dummett, black evening gown, grey theatre cloak; her friend wore black; Miss Bell, green costume; Mrs Shule-George, black gown; Miss Ilughra, white tucked silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Dargaville, blue pompadour blouse, black skirt; Miss M. Dargaville

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A SIMILE AND A MORAL.—"What the dustman is to the dwelling in which we live, that Thursday's dandruff is to the head of the human spirit." Thus writes a well known medical writer.

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Having now opened up the bulk of our Season's Shipments, we have on view in our SHOWROOM A CHOICE LOT OF HIGH CLASS MILLINERY AT MODERATE PRICES.

HANTLES—Some very Choice Goods, suitable for young and old; also, **VELVET** and **CARACUL COATEES**, now so much worn.
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wore a pale pink silk blouse and dark skirt; Mrs Townsend, black costume; Mrs Leslie Stewart, ivory white tucked silk blouse, black silk skirt; Mrs O'Halloran, white satin blouse softened with lace, black silk skirt; Mrs Philson, blue and white striped silk blouse with Maltese lace deftly arranged in front, black trained skirt, trimmed with white waved lace applique; Miss Philson wore blue silk; Miss Wicheil, black lace gown; Miss Henseth, black satin blouse with cream lace collar, black skirt; Mrs Brookfield, navy gown with touches of pink; Mrs Gorrie, black silk; Miss Gorrie, white embroidered insertion over heliotrope silk, black skirt; Miss F. George, Coronation red silk relieved with white; Miss Muriel George, apple green check silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Ada Curtis (Wellington), black and gold gauze evening dress; Miss Pierce, black with cream lace, treliss on corsage; Misses Graves Alekia wore black frocks and white opera capes; Mrs H. Kinder, black silk gown with white silk tucked vest; Miss Eva Kinder, cream silk blouse and black skirt; Miss James, white silk dress, bluish rose pink cape; Miss Mabel Douglas, soft white tucked silk; Miss Peacock, green striped silk blouse, with cream Maltese lace yoke, dark skirt; Miss M. Peacock, white tucked silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Binks, geranium pink and white striped silk blouse with transparent yoke, and touches of black velvet, black silk skirt; Miss Kennedy, fawn skirt, heliotrope and cream blouse; Miss Brabant, carmine red velvet blouse, black trained skirt; Mrs Crawshaw, black costume; Mrs Mueller, black gown; Miss Mueller, black evening frock and fawn cape; Miss May Harper, black dress with touches of white chiffon; Mrs Choyce, black gown; Miss Choyce, dove grey silk blouse with Vandyke yoke of pink silk, black skirt; Miss Choyce, royal blue silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Hawke, blue and white striped silk blouse, black skirt; Miss Smith, amber silk blouse and black skirt; Mrs Webster, fawn and blue gown; Miss Ben-

nett (North Shore), fawn evening dress, blue theatre cloak edged with feathers; Mrs T. Blackay, lemon coloured silk blouse, softened with lace, black silk skirt; Mrs J. C. Mackay, blue silk evening bodice, black silk skirt; Mrs Oxley, electric blue; Mrs Kent, black satin; Miss Kent, black, pink silk yoke, with cream lace over; Miss Sellers, white and violet floral silk blouse, with white lace bolero, dark skirt; Mrs Edgar Ward, Nil green silk blouse and darker skirt; Miss Simmonds, white tucked silk blouse, and black skirt; Miss Wallace, black satin; Miss Steele, bluish rose pink silk blouse (tucked), black skirt; Miss Chapman, white tucked silk and lace evening blouse, and black trained skirt; Mrs Shakespeare, black satin gown; Mrs Brassay wore black silk piped with white satin; Mrs Brassay, Coronation red silk evening bodice, trimmed with white applique, black skirt; Miss Rylie, blue; Miss Maude, mignonette green and white floral silk evening blouse, transparent yoke, and black trained skirt.

A DANCE.

On Friday evening Mrs Malcolmson Boulton inaugurated her series of assemblies in Mrs Sowerby's hall, Symonds-street, with an assembly called the "Violet Dance." There was a good number present, and the dance proved very successful. The hall was tastefully decorated with greenery, intermingled with violet drappings, and the ladies adorned their frocks with wreaths of violets. The balcony was enclosed with canvas, and afforded a charming rendezvous between the intervals of the dances. On the platform a table laden with jellies, trifles, etc., was artistically decorated in the French style with arches of greenery and violets, arranged lengthwise and across the ends, and glass bowls with posies of violets dotted between the viands, the whole presenting a novel and very pleasing effect.

On the following afternoon Mrs Boulton's young pupils gave an exhibition dance before their parents. The

young folk, who have been learning just half a term, danced and marched with much grace and refinement of movement, which testified to the excellent training they received from their teacher. Mrs Boulton has the magic art of interesting the children and showing clearly the details of dancing. During the afternoon recitations were given by two of Mrs Boulton's elocution pupils in excellent style, and reflected the greatest credit on both the young ladies and their teacher. Afternoon tea was handed round by the young hostesses to show their department, which is included in Mrs Boulton's syllabus.

THE PAKURANGA HOUNDS

met last Wednesday at Mount Albert. The club members and farmers attended in large numbers. There was really a tremendous crowd for a Wednesday afternoon. The day was without such an entire and unnatural absence of clouds as would have been injurious to the scent; it was the nearest approach to a fine day that had occurred for weeks. The air, though very moist, was soft and mild, the clouds higher and less dense, while the sun actually permitted portions of his enlivening countenance to be visible to mortal eye. Naturally everyone's spirits rose, and anticipations of successful sport were rife. At the word from the master the hounds were thrown off in the Alberton Scoria. Drawing unsuccessfully through Mrs Kerr Taylor's, Mrs Hutchinson's, Mr Carey's, Mrs Blot's, and back to Alberton, with a stiff wall or two, and a hedge, wall, and ditch, all three combined, to be negotiated. Next the hounds were cast in Mr Lees', at the back of Mount Albert, then the swamp in Mr Stewart's was tried, when a note from a hound soon showed that a puss was at home. A few minutes afterwards pussie broke cover, making for Mt. Albert. Unluckily for her the hounds came out almost close on her tracks, and were racing not more than a hundred yards from her. Away pussie led them in a circle through Mr Lees' pro-

perty back to her usual precincts, where she threw up the sponge. Lady Constance Knox and Miss Babington, who were both in at the kill, received trophies from pussie's little body. Another hare was on foot immediately, which crossed the Avondale Creek, closely followed by the anxious hounds, but as some of the foremost riders had on a prior occasion dreadful experiences in attempting to cross this bottomless stream they wisely thought this time that "discretion was the better part of valour" and took a circuit on this side of the creek to catch the flying hounds, when some exceptionally big walls had to be negotiated by, of course, a dozen of the faithful few, the ladies certainly predominating. The hounds ran their hare to Waikawa, and there lost her. The hounds were then thrown off in the Mission property. After some time spent here a hare broke cover, running into Mr Moody's property, and gave the followers a fast and most enjoyable run in a circle round Mt. Roskill, back to the Mission, then taking a similar circuit as the first round Mt. Roskill, and was lost near Mr Moody's house. There was plenty of jumping, the obstacles were of varied kind, wire with saplings thrown across, walls and rails, all to be negotiated. Foremost amongst the followers during these runs was Lady Constance Knox, who ably steered her Bucephalus Bruno over the stiffest of obstacles. Hon. Hill Trevor was also seen amongst the first flight of followers on a big chestnut, who showed himself remarkably clever at walls, but most likely had never before attempted saplings and wire, for at one of these obstacles he took off much too close, with the result of a somersault for both rider and horse. Fortunately, neither was seriously injured. Mr and Mrs Moody, with their usual hospitality, invited the followers into their house, where a substantial luncheon was provided.

Amongst those present riding were—Mr O'Rorke, the Master (on a big bay); Mrs O'Rorke (Domine), Lady

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Ladies' Jackets

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NOTE.—Premises close at 1 p.m. on Wednesdays, and are open until 10 p.m. on Saturdays.

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PHYLLIS BROWN.

NAPIER.

Dear Bee, May 23.
A bazaar and sale of work was held in St. Augustine's Schoolroom on Wednesday and Thursday last, in aid of St. Augustine's Church. The stalls, all of which were prettily draped with muslin, were presided over by the Ladies of the congregation. Mrs F. Taylor, who sold general work, was assisted by Mesdames Carrick, Collins and Hardy; Mrs Tuke, at the refreshment stall, was helped in her duties by Mrs Thorpe; and Mrs Collins and others were associated with Mrs F. Taylor in the management of the well-laden fancy stall. Mrs F. Howard and Miss Faulkner were partners at the cake stall, and Miss Howse superintending the brant-buff. Mrs Sorrell, Misses Macfarlane, Williams, Hetley, Kennedy, C. Beale, and Sorrell, and Messrs. Arnold and Sound gave a selection of music in the afternoon and evening. Amongst the visitors were Lady Whitmore, in black brocade and pink chiffon; Mrs Tuke, brown dress, sailor hat; Mrs Howell, fawn jacket, dark skirt, pretty black toque with red poppies in the front; Mrs C. McLean, navy blue dress, hat relieved with red; Mrs Tanner, handsome black brocade cloak, black skirt, bonnet to match; Mrs Saxby, navy blue, large black hat; Mrs Locking, crimson silk, brown feather boa; Miss Nantes looked well in a stylish fawn costume trimmed with flowered silk, brown velvet hat; Mrs Dixon wore black, black fur boa; Mrs Von Dadelzen was in black silk, with white lace on the bodice; Mrs Westall wore fawn, and had a large picture hat; Mrs Davies had a long fawn coat, brown skirt and brown toque; Mrs Natusch wore black; Miss Large wore grey, large grey hat; Miss Howell, fawn jacket, dark skirt, sailor hat; Miss Von Dadelzen had a very pretty fawn cloth dress, and a becoming brown toque; Miss Macfarlane, light green blouse, dark skirt, large hat; Miss Hetley, fawn jacket, black skirt, sailor hat; Miss M. Locking, grey dress, grey boa; Miss Kennedy, light blouse, dark skirt; Miss E. Spencer, brown costume; Miss Tanner, navy blue, black hat trimmed with pink roses.

MARJORIE.

WELLINGTON.

Dear Bee, May 22.
A very pleasant afternoon "at home" was given on Wednesday by Mrs. Quick, as a farewell to her daughter, Miss Marian Quick, who is going over to Australia in a few days to be married to Mr. Ingles, of Melbourne. There were a large number of guests present to wish the bride-elect good-bye and all good wishes for her future. In the drawing-room a number of lovely wedding presents were on view, and were greatly admired. A delicious tea was laid in the dining-room, the table decorations being composed of white chrysanthemums and feathery green. Mrs. Quick received in a rich black brocade gown trained, and with beautiful real white lace on the bodice; Miss Quick, a black satin skirt and blouse of light silk, trimmed with cream lace; Miss

Marian Quick wore a pretty gown of soft white silk, trimmed with numerous frills and lace. Some of those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rev. T. A. and Mrs. Sprott, Miss Sprott, Mrs. and Miss Butta, Mrs. Gore, Mr. and Mrs. Butt, Mr. and Mrs. Stout, Mrs. Marchbanks, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. C. Izard, Mrs. and Miss Hislop, Mrs. Dr. Hislop, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Malcolm Ross, Mrs. Rhind, Dr. and Mrs. Martin, Archdeacon and Miss Fancourt, Mrs. and Miss Stowe, Mrs. and Miss Kemp, Mrs. Broad (Nelson); Mrs. Fitchett, Mrs. McTavish, Mrs. Loughnan, Mr. and Mrs. Ewen, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. and the Misses Rawson, Mrs. Hacon, Mr. and Mrs. G. Kemp, the Misses Fitzherbert, the Misses Halse, Miss Harding, Miss Edwin, Miss Campbell, and others.

On Wednesday evening a very merry "surprise party" of dancing people waited upon Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pearce at their lovely new house in Hobson-street. It was got up in a very short time, and when, on arriving at the house, the guests found everything so beautifully arranged and in readiness for the dance, they found it very hard to believe that the inmates had been taken quite by surprise! But this is the way of such parties, and it apparently makes them none the less pleasant.

On Wednesday everyone had a lovely time, and the evening was expressed by all to have been one of the jolliest they had spent for a long time. Mrs. Pearce's new house is an ideal one for entertaining, the rooms and the hall are so large and beautifully arranged, and there seem endless places for sitting out and resting. The drawing-room was used for dancing, and a dainty supper was laid in the dining-room. Mrs. Pearce wore a lovely deep rose satin gown, flounced with white spotted tulle; Mrs. Collins had a black sequined chiffon gown; Miss Cobb, who is staying with Mrs. Pearce, also wore a black gown; Mrs. Elgar wore black satin, with white lace; Mrs. Butler's gown was of white chiffon and old lace; Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. C. Pearce, Mrs. H. Johnston and Mrs. Turrell all wore pretty black gowns; Mrs. A. Duncan wore a handsome brocade gown, with lace; the Misses Johnston wore white, silk gowns; Miss Harcourt, in black, trimmed with jet; Miss Higginson and Miss Cooper also wore black; the Misses Gore, Brandon and Fitzherbert, in pretty white gowns. There were also present the Messrs. Pearce (3), Duncan, Johnston, Higginson, Gore, Turrell, Butler, Cooper, Tripp and others.

Three very enjoyable little teas were given this week by Mrs. Beauchamp, Mrs. C. Pearce and Mrs. McEwan, but our winter gaieties do not seem to have really started yet, as there is very little going on in the social world. However, I suppose when once the session begins, and visitors arrive, we will be more festive. Of course we have the Coronation ball to look forward to—the event of the year—and I also hear rumours of other dances, including the Garrison ball on July 11th, and the Thorndon Tennis Club's ball on the 30th of this month.

OPEHELIA.

BLENHEIM.

Dear Bee, May 16.
There has been much discussion and difference of opinion with regard to the proposed site for the public abattoirs, some urging that at times of heavy rain the ground is liable to be flooded, others that there will be insufficient drainage, and that it is too near town. Whatever the disadvantages they are not of sufficient weight to cause an alteration of plan, as I believe it is quite settled that the piece of ground on the towardward side of the Sandhills has been bought. Messrs Clouston and Co. have bought a new steamer, the Nambucca, which will run between the Wairau Bar and Wellington. As this vessel has just left an Australian port she has to be specially visited by the health officer, Dr. Anderson, and Mr. Jackman, Collector of Customs, before she will be allowed to come up the river. The Mayor, Mr. R. McCallum, has been requested to convene a meeting of citizens to discuss the best way of

celebrating the Coronation. I wish someone would suggest a more original way of commemorating such an event than the usual procession, feasts, speeches, etc. A building which could be pointed out as having been erected to celebrate the Coronation, would surely be better than a single day's jollification. The evening will be noted by the Volunteer Ball, which has been postponed from May 24th, the date on which it is usually held, to June 26th, when every effort will be made to render it even more than usually successful. The Volunteer Ball is generally considered the ball of the season, but this time everything will be on a much grander scale, and it is sure to be crowded.

The Young Bachelors, boys who are at home for the College vacation, and their friends, have issued invitations for a ball, which they will hold in Ewert's Hall next week. This has become an annual institution and are most enjoyable gatherings. Mrs Hindmarsh has been asked to act as chaperon, and will, with the other ladies invited, provide and arrange the refreshments, the gentlemen devoting their energies to preparing the floor and decorating, etc.

Mrs J. Bell, has invited a number of young persons from town to a dance at "Hillersden" to-morrow night, when, provided the weather is favourable, they are sure to have a jolly time.

FRIDA.

NELSON.

Dear Bee, May 16.
On Wednesday last the Garrison Band gave a CONCERT in the Theatre Royal. The elements were unfortunately not conducive to a large attendance, but the audience was enthusiastic, and every vocalist was excused without exception. The Garrison Band contributed three of Bandmaster Trussell's selections, opening the programme with "Gems of Italian Operas," and closing with "La Mia Speranza" and "Scottish Melodies"; all three were most enjoyable. Others who assisted were:—Miss H. Reeves, who sang "Mid the Hush of the Corn" and "Tell Me, O Bird"; Miss E. Driscoll, "Believe

Me"; Miss E. Hauby, "O Dry Those Tears"; Miss Marie Fraser, "A May Morning"; Mr D. Corrigan (Motueka), "Queen of the Earth"; Mr A. O. Maginity, "Will o' the Wisp"; Mr E. Richards, "The Message"; Mr T. Condon, "Love's Serenade." Cornet solos given by Bandmaster Trussell and Sergeant Scott were well rendered. Miss A. Stevens accompanied throughout with great taste.

Sir Joseph Ward arrived in Nelson by the Tutanekai on Tuesday afternoon, and was met by the Mayor, Mr Baigent, some local members of Parliament, and Messrs Trank and Coleman. He was a guest of Mr and Mrs Trank at Gunnesbury House during his stay. He left on Wednesday for Motueka, where he officially opened the new post office in the presence of a large number of residents from all parts of the district.

The Mayor, Mr Baigent, was re-installed as Mayor on Wednesday at the Council Chambers. There was a fair attendance, the councillors present being—Cra. Harley, Hudson, Room, Gray, and Webley. Sir J. G. Ward, Acting-Premier, was present, and also Mr R. McKenzie, M.H.R. Many speeches were made, and Mr Baigent was congratulated on his re-election.

On Friday evening Mrs Booth gave a pleasant little euchre party. There were six tables, and play was much enjoyed by all. The first prizes were won by Miss Phyllis Fell and Mr C. Hamilton, and the booby's by Miss Hilda Trent and Mr H. Grace. Others who were present were Misses Booth, Hubbard, Fell, Robinson, Hoggard, Ellis, Trent, Preshaw, Ledger, Maginity, Hodson, Messrs Hamilton, Dodson, Hursthouse, Houker, and many others.

A very narrow escape of four residents occurred on Wednesday to Messrs R. Kingdon and Morrison and Dr. Roberts. After calling at Mr Douglas', where Mr Douglas, one of the party, had been left, the landau was driven down the hill towards Stoke. As the night was wet the landau was closed, and before anyone could realise what had happened the train had run into the horses. On alighting it was found that both horses had been struck by the train and killed, though the occupants and also the driver of the landau were unhurt.

PHYLLIS.



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CHRISTCHURCH.

Dear Bee, May 21.
As the 24th of this month draws near, and the holiday of a lifetime given up, the day being passed over as any ordinary one, makes one feel that the memory of our great and good Queen Victoria will soon fade away, and that the young colonials will never know how noble a woman, as well as a good queen, our late Queen Victoria was. In the South here the Queen's Birthday was the last holiday of the season, and mostly devoted to some volunteering movement, but I suppose the natural course of events must have its way, and all will be passed on to June 3rd, the Prince of Wales' Birthday.

The first function of the new Mayor, Mr H. F. Wigram, was a simple, though pleasing, one—that of opening a bazaar in aid of a new Catholic presbytery, the old one in Manchester-street being almost too old to live in. The bazaar was an entirely new thing, so much so that the word itself, "bazaar," never appeared, but it was called the Coronation Festival, and was an altogether unique arrangement. The coronation ceremony in miniature was represented by tableaux, marches, and pretty dances arranged by Miss Lowe were gone through, and with the gay colours and brilliant lights made a most attractive scene, the whole being performed by children. The Mayor and Mrs Wigram, the Hon. C. and Mrs Lousson, Bishop Grimes, and several others were on the dais, and in a few pleasant words the Mayor declared the bazaar open. The stalls were named after different regiments, and presided over by Mesdames Hine, W. Hayward, J. R. Hunt, Nelson, P. Burke, J. C. Chase, and Cassin, the Misses Somerville, K. Goggin, and L. Grady, with numerous assistants.

Miss MacMichael, from the head branch, London, of the Girls' Friendly Society, addressed a meeting on Thursday in the Art Gallery, Mrs Julius in the chair. The attendance was not so

large on account of the very boisterous weather, but those who were present were more than ever satisfied with the good work being done by the Society, and which Miss MacMichael clearly showed was a lasting good to girls. Bishop Julius, Canon Pascoe, and several other clergymen were present.

Dr. Bradshaw, the new organist at Christchurch Cathedral, gave his first recital on Thursday evening, when every seat was occupied. It is difficult to pick out any special solos, when all were so exquisitely played, but the most thrilling, perhaps, was the finale from Tchaikowsky's "Symphonie Pathétique." The offertory is to augment the fund for placing a memorial in the Cathedral of the late organist, Mr G. F. Tendall.

Mrs Garrick gave a large "At Home" at her residence, "Orwell," on Saturday afternoon, to meet Mr and Mrs J. P. Newman, after their wedding trip. The house is admirably adapted for entertaining, and though a very large number of guests were present the rooms were not crowded at any time. The ball-room, opening out of the drawing-room, with folding doors, had a ping-pong table at one end, and the guests could alternately watch or play a game, and listen to songs, some excellent ones being given by the Misses L. Newman and Graham, and Mr Newman, while a string band was stationed on the balcony upstairs. Refreshments were served in the dining-room, numerous small tables being about as well, and tea and coffee handed round. The billiard room was also patronised, several games being played through the afternoon. Mrs Garrick received in a very handsome black mer-veilleux, with white vest veiled with lace, pretty black and white bonnet; Mrs J. P. Newman, a very stylish gown of dark brown frieze, white silk and lace vest and revers, black hat and feathers; Mrs Newman, black silk, black and white bonnet; Mrs E. Garrick, black costume, pale blue vest, bonnet to match; Mrs C. Price, grey and black striped silk, seal coat, pale blue toque; Miss L. Newman, vieux

rose frieze gown, black hat; Miss R. Newman, navy gown, white vest, hat to match; Bishop and Mrs Julius, the latter in red cloth gown, long fawn coat with sable collar, pale blue chiffon bonnet; Mrs Denniston, red gown and cape, with black strapping, pretty bonnet; Mrs J. C. Palmer, black coat and skirt, ermine revers, and three-cornered hat; Mrs T. Cowleshaw, navy merino with glace silk bands, panne velvet yoke, outlined with cream insertion, toque with violets; Mrs Ogle, brown frieze costume, turquoise vest and toque to match; Miss N. Way, royal blue gown, with light plaid silk trimming, fawn feather plumeau hat, turn-up brim of pale blue; Mrs Cobham, long fawn coat, brown hat and gown; Mrs Meredith-Kaye, dark brown frieze, yellow silk and lace vest, flat hat to match; Mrs de Vries, sage green frieze, strapped with silk, grey felt hat with heliotrope silk and white birds; Mrs V. Hargreaves, black voile skirt, the frills edged with silk, pink check silk blouse, black velvet hat trimmed with cream lace and black plumes; Mrs T. Garrard, black coat and skirt, white silk vest, black velvet hat and feathers, with crimson crown; Mrs Morton Anderson, wedgwood blue frieze coat and skirt, pretty toque; Mrs H. D. Carter, black merino trimmed with applique and glace silk, green velvet toque with wreath of autumn leaves and ber-

ries and gold lace; Mrs Graham, blue gown finished with white lace, pale blue toque; Miss Graham, black voile, the bodice finished with gold braid and small buttons, black flat hat, turquoise blue velvet muff, with knot of lace and violets; Mrs D. Matson, black voile pink trimmed hat and muff to match; Miss Hargreaves, powder blue coat and skirt, black hat; Mrs Meredith (North Island), handsome prune cloth, the bodice made with coat-tails, china silk vest; Mrs R. E. McDougall, royal blue gown with cream insertion, seal coat and black hat; Mrs (Dr.) Jennings, dark red gown strapped with black lace, toque to match; Mrs A. Anderson, black skirt, heliotrope frieze jacket, black hat; Mrs Kinsey, black costume, very handsome black silk-embroidered jacket, crimson and black bonnet; Miss Fairhurst, black satin, pink and brown hat; Mr and Mrs H. O. D. Meares; Mr and Mrs A. Kaye; Mrs K. Garrick, dark green cloth, with pale blue vest, grey hat with pale blue, sable furs; Mr and Mrs J. Donald; Mrs Breeds (North Island); Mrs J. Fairhurst; Mrs T. W. Stringer; Mrs Bickerton-Fisher, Mrs Webb, Mrs Wardrop, Mrs C. Turner (Timaru), Mrs E. Garland, Misses Newton (2), Turner (2), Wilson, J. Anderson (Blenheim), Mrs R. Anderson, Dr. Palmer, Messrs Webb, De Vries, V. Hargreaves.

DOLLY VALE.

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THE

King and Queen



**PERSONAL NOTES
FROM LONDON.**

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, April 19.

The Niwari, a new steamer, 465ft long, with a beam of 55ft, a carrying capacity of 12,000 tons, and a steaming capacity of 13 knots, has just been added by the Tyser line to their fleet of steamers trading between London and New Zealand. Mr W. H. Tyser showed a party of friends over the vessel a day or two ago. A sister-ship is on the stocks.

Miss Mildred Ellen Peel Tehbs, younger daughter of the late Rev. William Tehbs, M.A., Vicar of St. Matthew's, Auckland, and of Mrs Tehbs, of 56, Dafforne Road, Upper Tooting, was married last Wednesday at St. Albans, Streatham Park, to Mr Leslie Whittam Hawkins, elder son of Mr J. Whittam Hawkins.

Mr John Macgregor and Dr. and Mrs Duncan Macgregor, who arrived last week, purpose spending a fortnight in London, and then making for Glasgow. Most of their brief stay will be spent in Scotland, and it is probable that they will not come to London for the Coronation festivities. They will leave for the colony again in July.

The "British Australasian" scheme for the presentation of a service of plate to Mr Seddon during his stay in England is slowly taking shape. The Bank of New Zealand is prepared to receive subscriptions, and Mr. E. B. Marriott-Watson has consented to act as honorary secretary to the fund.

On the arrival at Plymouth of the N.Z.S. Company's Ruapehu from New Zealand, it was reported that a lamp trimmer named Robert Post, of Liverpool, had been killed in the coal bunkers by a huge quantity of coal falling on him and crushing him to death. As soon as the fall of coal

occurred the engine-room staff were employed to dig the unfortunate man out, but he was quite dead when extricated.

Major William Henry Barker, of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, who served in New Zealand from 1863 to 1866 and was present at the capture of Rangiaohia, the repulse of the enemy's attack on the camp at Nukumaru and the affair at Kakarama, died last Saturday at Chetwood, Wokingham, at the age of 65.

Mr Seymour Thorne George (Auckland), after a day or two with his brother in Devonshire, consulted a prominent London specialist, who has pronounced him thoroughly sound, and removed all restrictions as to diet and smoking. This will be good news to Mr George's many friends.

New Zealanders will take with a cellar full of salt the following semi-official explanation which the "North German Gazette" in Berlin gives of Consul Krull's Wellington anti-slanders speech: "During the last few days," says the guileless "Gazette," "various papers have discussed a speech which the German Consul at Wellington, a merchant named Krull, made at a meeting which was held in that city in connection with the South African war. It was reported that the Consul declared that the Germans enjoyed greater freedom under the British flag than in their own Fatherland. We are in a position to state that the Consul never made such a remark. What he actually did say was that the Germans in the colony enjoyed the same liberties as in Germany." The "Gazette" might as well have added: "He told this to the marines."

Miss Isabel Jay, the prima donna of the Savoy, who sang so prettily in the revival of "Iolanthe" "For We're to be Married To-day," was married on Wednesday at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Mr Henry S. Cavendish, the traveller and explorer.

Mr J. Herbert Jay, brother of the bride, gave her away, and Mr Hubert Cary-Barnard was best man. The bridesmaids—Miss Ethel Jay and Miss Clara Sutton—wore white glace silk, tucked and trimmed with string-coloured net and lace and Tuscan hats, with white plumes and black velvet. The bridegroom's presents to them were pearl and turquoise pendant brooches and nosegays of pink roses, tied with soft pink ribbons. The bride wore a gown of ivory satin, veiled in gauze chiffon, with transparent yoke and sleeves of lace. Her only ornament was a diamond and pearl necklace, the gift of the bridegroom. She carried a bouquet of white roses and orange blossoms, tied with white satin streamers.

Owing to the recent death of near relatives of both bridegroom and bride, the wedding of Mr Arthur Grenville Hume, R.N.R., fourth son of Lieut.-Colonel Hume, of Wellington, and Miss Amy Rogers, at Old Widcombe Church, Bath, last week, was of a quiet description. The bride, who was given away by Captain G. Macintire, the bridegroom's uncle, wore a white satin coat and white silk crepe skirt, a white lace and chiffon hat and a long white feather boa, and carried a bouquet of lilies and roses. She was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Meta Rogers and Miss Irene Macintire. The best man was Mr A. Hernandez, of the s.s. Matabele. Mr and Mrs Hume are spending their honeymoon in London, and after a few days in Bath will sail on the 29th in the Matabele for Durban, where Mr Hume intends practising as a consulting engineer.

Mr A. W. Soames, M.P. for South Norfolk, has been giving the "Eastern Daily Press" some impressions of his tour in Australia and New Zealand. Both in Australia and New Zealand Mr Soames remarked how far ahead of the Old Country the colonists were in the way of electric trams and telephone. To compare the means of transit in the Australian cities with those of London was

like comparing the latter with the Middle Ages. He was also struck with the development of the telephone system, which seemed to him in far greater use among the colonists than with us. Another great point is the State ownership of railways. Again, he could not help being struck with the advantageous position occupied by the Australian or New Zealand workingman, compared with his brother in the Old Country. In all the colonies he practically holds the Legislatures in his own hands. He has a fixed and generous rate of wages, coupled with the health safeguard of an eight hours' day. There is very little lack of employment for men who wish to work, and the standard of comfort among the working classes is immensely higher than at Home.

Terrible revelations were made last week with regard to "Colonel" Arthur Lynch, the elected member for Galway. In the first place he is a landlord. That may be only his misfortune, since the land of which he is lord (more or less) is in Ireland. But, secondly, he is an absentee landlord. That may be said to be his misfortune also, but he ought to have remembered the point before he took any step likely to render his absence imperative. However, waive that point; for worse remains behind. This landlord and absentee actually had a dispute with his tenants. He even went so far as to require them to pay rent, and to invoke an alien law for that purpose. A pretty sort of Nationalist member! But these awful revelations were partial and misleading. The Colonel now explains that there is a head rent on the property, and that he never received for his own personal profit one penny of rent. So far as his interest in the property is concerned, he is prepared to make it over to the tenants as a gift. He thus leaves the court of public opinion without a stain upon his character—as an Irish landlord, that is to say. For the rest my opinion of Lynch is unchanged.

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EXTRACT FROM "AUCKLAND STAR," NOVEMBER 19th, 1901.

"An armchair, which for ease and comfort may fairly be said to surpass anything of its kind, has been put in the market by Messrs. Smith & Caughey. The chair, which has been patented, is the invention of Mr. W. Aggers, of this city. Its external appearance is that of an ordinary armchair, but by an ingenious arrangement of springs, the new invention is made as comfortable as one could desire. The seat, back, and arms are all fitted with springs, which yield to every motion of the sitter, absolute ease being thus secured. The chair is very simply constructed, there being nothing to get out of order, and the one originally made by the patentee, after two years of use, is now in perfect order. For invalids the chair should be very popular, and in clubs and hotels it will probably be widely used. The maker has styled it the "Advance." In a slightly different chair the arms are made rigid."

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ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

LONDON, April 19.

At an "influentially attended" conference of debenture-holders of the New Zealand Midland Railway Company, held on Thursday, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That this meeting approves the course suggested by the Debenture-holders' Committee, and authorises them to request the New Zealand Government to hand over the railway to them on payment of £66,045, the sum at which the interest of the Government in the railway has been valued by the Royal Commission."

The report presented to the annual meeting of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade referred with gratification to the passing of a law prohibiting the opium trade in New Zealand, and expressed a hope that Australia would follow this example.

This is the third year of the war, but within the next few weeks no fewer than 21,000 British soldiers, to say nothing of colonial contingents, will be dispatched to the front. What a contrast to the sorry remedy to which the Crimean War drove us. After sending out the first army of 30,000 men under Lord Raglan, the Government declared that no more British soldiers were available, and appealed to Parliament for authority to enlist 15,000 foreigners to fight the Russians. This was in November, 1854, within three months of the war's commencement. Despite opposition, the Bill became Act 18 and 19 Vic., c. 2, and recruiting agents were dispatched over Europe to enlist men, as remount officers are now searching the world for horseflesh, for the British Army.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which resumes its sittings this week, has only eleven appeals before it. Of these six come from India, two from New South Wales, and one each from Jersey, Natal and New Zealand. The last raises the question whether certain wax vestas were goods prohibited from importation into the colony and liable to forfeiture under the Patents Act, 1899, and the Customs Laws Consolidation Act, 1892.

The law has done speedy justice in the case of the collision between the Waealand and the Harmonides in St. George's Channel in a fog on 5th March. In the action brought by the owners of part of the cargo on the Waealand and on behalf of the passengers to recover damage, for loss of their effects from the owners of Harmonides, the representatives of each vessel claimed that the other was alone to blame for the collision. The evidence of the naval architects was of that contradictory character which has led to the celebrated classification of witnesses. Two surveyed the Harmonides after the collision. The one representing the Waealand was of opinion that the damage to the Harmonides showed

that at the time of the collision she had considerable way on, while the Waealand was moving slowly, the one representing the Harmonides drew the conclusion from the same damage that it was the Waealand that was going at a substantial speed and the Harmonides that was almost stationary. Mr Justice Barnes and the Trinity Masters, however, came to the conclusion that Harmonides had not been "navigated with caution until danger of collision was over," and that she was alone to blame for the collision. The Waealand, on the other hand, had done exactly what the owners of the Campania, in the Campania-Embleton case had alleged was impossible, viz., slowing down, stopping, and reversing, and then gradually going ahead again at intervals. Very excellent discipline had also been maintained on the Waealand. Judgment was therefore entered for the plaintiffs, with costs, the damages to be assessed by the Registrar and merchants.

A second collection of natural history objects from the exploring ship Discovery has arrived in England, from Macquarie Island, and is said to be of considerable interest. This island was the last point at which the ship touched before heading for its destination in Victoria Land, and for many months Captain Scott and his companions will remain shut off from the rest of mankind in that ice-bound region. It is to be hoped that the influences of the Boer War and the Coronation will not cause British folk to forget the explorers, who are at the present enduring the rigours of an Antarctic winter. What these are like can be understood by any reader of Mr Louis Bernacchi's book, "To the South Polar Regions." The author was meteorologist on board the Southern Cross, and has gone with the Discovery in the same capacity. He at any rate has the advantage of being "salted" to the brain-softening monotony of the long Antarctic night.

Mr Leo Mandel, of Wellington, draws my attention to the translation of a paragraph which appeared in "Le Petit Marsillais," which he thinks will interest your readers. The French journal says: "Those fine fellows the English are hunting everywhere for recruits for the war in South Africa. But it would seem that the task is no easy one, and that, as a rule, there is a want of enthusiasm for the business. At least, one would imagine so from the fact that our neighbours across the Channel are reduced to enrol even the Maoris of New Zealand. These natives are old followers of anthropophagy, having only renounced cannibalism within the last 40 years. The English, no doubt, hope that the Maoris will regain their fine appetite of former days, and will set to work to eat up the Boers. But what does it matter? To obtain volunteers among people who so recently were cannibals shows that England is still the most civilised country in Europe. We are ignorant what these regiments of former cannibals will

do, but we doubt much that they will alarm the Boers. Up to the present the latter have not been very much frightened. Besides, it must have been brought home to them that the natives of New Zealand cannot be a bit more savage than certain English volunteers have shown themselves."

Now that the Board of Trade is taking over the Imperial Institute, it is interesting to compare the work done by the German Colonial Institute, the Kolonial-Wirtschaftliches Komitee of Berlin. Although it receives no financial aid from the German Government, and is therefore unable to carry out costly research investigations such as are made at the Imperial Institute, every year it organises and equips expeditions to explore new colonies for new products of economic value, supplementing the systematic explorations on a large scale undertaken by the German Government in East and West Africa and elsewhere. Last year a botanist spent two months in German South-west Africa investigating the best method of preparing rubber obtained from the roots of certain trees, while another expert explored the central portion of German East Africa for gum-yielding and medicinal plants, fibres, and tanning materials. Dr. Stubmann is now studying the cultivation of teak, cinchona, and sun hemp in India for the benefit of German East Africa, and other experts are investigating the conditions of cotton-culture in the chief cotton-producing districts of the world, with the view of cultivating cotton in Togoland on a large scale. The collections made by the explorers employed by the Komitee are exhibited in Berlin, and afterwards deposited in the Colonial Museum; small exhibits of typical products are sent to schools and colleges. The results of all investigations appears in a monthly publication containing interesting articles on the development of the German colonies and "commercial protectorates."

We, who leave the discovery and development of the economic products of the Empire to chance, and the private explorer and manufacturer, might, in the reconstruction of the Imperial Institute, profit by the example that the German Institute has set us.

Lord Macnaghten yesterday delivered the judgment of the judicial committee of the Privy Council dismissing the two appeals of the Wellington City Council from a refusal of the Court of Appeal of N.Z., to set aside the filing of claims for compensation for lands of the respondents taken compulsorily by the Council for public improvements in Wellington, so that the claims might become void and of no effect. The facts were simple. The City Council, under the Public Works Act, 1894, took the lands of the respondents for public improvements. The respondents in due course, as required by the Act, sent in their claims for compensation. Section 44 of the Act provides that if the respondent does not within 60 days after receiving such claim, give notice in writing to the claimant that he does not admit it, the claimant may file a copy of his claim, together with the

receipt for the service thereof, in the Supreme Court, and such claim when so filed shall be deemed to be and shall have the effect of an award filed in the Supreme Court, and may be enforced in the manner provided in section 76. By the omission of the Town Clerk of Wellington, the Council failed within the statutory period to give notice of objection to the amount of the claims, so as to entitle it to have the amount of compensation determined by the Compensation Court. When the Council discovered that the respondents had filed copies of their claims and receipts in the Supreme Court, it applied to the Court of Appeal for an order to set aside the claims, on the ground that the corporation's omission to give notice was entirely due to inadvertence. The Court of Appeal (Mr Justice Edwards dissenting) discharged both motions with costs, and the Privy Council also made short work of the Council's contentions.

The scheme of the Act was not unreasonable. It was said that Parliament had overlooked the possibility of a slip. It had certainly made no provision for a slip in the case of a local authority setting the Act in motion. It had made provision for a slip in the case of a claimant who had received notice that his claim was not admitted failing to make the next move in due time. But that was a different case altogether. It was not unreasonable to require that public bodies putting in force an Act of Parliament for their own purposes should attend to its provisions. The claimant, in the opinion of the Court, having fulfilled the requirements of the law, their Lordships were of opinion that the appeals failed, and they would humbly advise His Majesty that they ought to be dismissed. The appellants would pay the costs of these appeals.

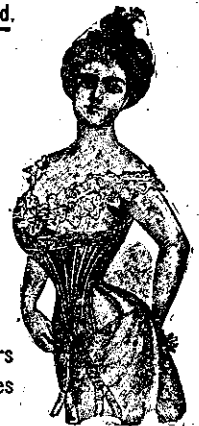
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2. But, anyhow, bread must be good, and likewise must the cheese. And kisses must be—well—first-class, if guaranteed to please; Yet all these little luxuries, the bread, and—all the rest. Are sadly uninspiring if your TEA is not the best.

3. The choosing of a dainty TEA requires the greatest care; You ought to give it serious thought; it almost calls for prayer; But if that's inconvenient, just call when by the door At 50, PITT STREET, AUCKLAND, and you'll bless them evermore.

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The law has done speedy justice in the case of the collision between the Waealand and the Harmonides in St. George's Channel in a fog on 5th March. In the action brought by the owners of part of the cargo on the Waealand and on behalf of the passengers to recover damage, for loss of their effects from the owners of Harmonides, the representatives of each vessel claimed that the other was alone to blame for the collision. The evidence of the naval architects was of that contradictory character which has led to the celebrated classification of witnesses. Two surveyed the Harmonides after the collision. The one representing the Waealand was of opinion that the damage to the Harmonides showed

that at the time of the collision she had considerable way on, while the Waealand was moving slowly, the one representing the Harmonides drew the conclusion from the same damage that it was the Waealand that was going at a substantial speed and the Harmonides that was almost stationary. Mr Justice Barnes and the Trinity Masters, however, came to the conclusion that Harmonides had not been "navigated with caution until danger of collision was over," and that she was alone to blame for the collision. The Waealand, on the other hand, had done exactly what the owners of the Campana, in the Campana-Embleton case had alleged was impossible, viz., slowing down, stopping, and reversing, and then gradually going ahead again at intervals. Very excellent discipline had also been maintained on the Waealand. Judgment was therefore entered for the plaintiffs, with costs, the damages to be assessed by the Registrar and merchants.

A second collection of natural history objects from the exploring ship Discovery has arrived in England, from Macquarie Island, and is said to be of considerable interest. This island was the last point at which the ship touched before heading for its destination in Victoria Land, and for many months Captain Scott and his companions will remain shut off from the rest of mankind in that ice-bound region. It is to be hoped that the influence of the Boer War and the Coronation will not cause British folk to forget the explorers, who are at the present enduring the rigours of an Antarctic winter. What these are like can be understood by any reader of Mr Louis Bernacchi's book, "To the South Polar Regions." The author was meteorologist on board the Southern Cross, and has gone with the Discovery in the same capacity. He at any rate has the advantage of being "salted" to the brain-softening monotony of the long Antarctic night.

Mr Leo Mandel, of Wellington, draws my attention to the translation of a paragraph which appeared in "Le Petit Marsillais," which he thinks will interest your readers. The French journal says: "Those fine fellows the English are hunting everywhere for recruits for the war in South Africa. But it would seem that the task is no easy one, and that, as a rule, there is a want of enthusiasm for the business. At least, one would imagine so from the fact that our neighbours across the Channel are reduced to enrol even the Maoris of New Zealand. These natives are old followers of anthropophagy, having only renounced cannibalism within the last 40 years. The English, no doubt, hope that the Maoris will regain their fine appetite of former days, and will set to work to eat up the Boers. But what does it matter? To obtain volunteers among people who so recently were cannibals shows that England is still the most civilised country in Europe. We are ignorant what these regiments of former cannibals will

do, but we doubt much that they will alarm the Boers. Up to the present the latter have not been very much frightened. Besides, it must have been brought home to them that the natives of New Zealand cannot be a bit more savage than certain English volunteers have shown themselves."

Now that the Board of Trade is taking over the Imperial Institute, it is interesting to compare the work done by the German Colonial Institute, the Kolonial-Wirtschaftliches Komitee of Berlin. Although it receives no financial aid from the German Government, and is therefore unable to carry out costly research investigations such as are made at the Imperial Institute, every year it organises and equips expeditions to explore new colonies for new products of economic value, supplementing the systematic explorations on a large scale undertaken by the German Government in East and West Africa and elsewhere. Last year a botanist spent two months in German South-west Africa investigating the best method of preparing rubber obtained from the roots of certain trees, while another expert explored the central portion of German East Africa for gum-yielding and medicinal plants, fibres, and tanning materials. Dr. Stubbmann is now studying the cultivation of teak, cinchona, and sun hemp in India for the benefit of German East Africa, and other experts are investigating the conditions of cotton-culture in the chief cotton-producing districts of the world, with the view of cultivating cotton in Togoland on a large scale. The collections made by the explorers employed by the Komitee are exhibited in Berlin, and afterwards deposited in the Colonial Museum; small exhibits of typical products are sent to schools and colleges. The results of all investigations appears in a monthly publication containing interesting articles on the development of the German colonies and "commercial protectorates."

We, who leave the discovery and development of the economic products of the Empire to chance, and the private explorer and manufacturer, might, in the reconstruction of the Imperial Institute, profit by the example that the German Institute has set us.

Lord Macnaghten yesterday delivered the judgment of the judicial committee of the Privy Council dismissing the two appeals of the Wellington City Council from a refusal of the Court of Appeal of N.Z., to set aside the filing of claims for compensation for lands of the respondents taken compulsorily by the Council for public improvements in Wellington, so that the claims might become void and of no effect. The facts were simple. The City Council, under the Public Works Act, 1894, took the lands of the respondents for public improvements. The respondents in due course, as required by the Act, sent in their claims for compensation. Section 44 of the Act provides that if the respondent does not within 60 days after receiving such claim, give notice in writing to the claimant that he does not admit it, the claimant may file a copy of his claim, together with the

receipt for the service thereof, in the Supreme Court, and such claim when so filed shall be deemed to be and shall have the effect of an award filed in the Supreme Court, and may be enforced in the manner provided in section 76. By the omission of the Town Clerk of Wellington, the Council failed within the statutory period to give notice of objection to the amount of the claims, so as to entitle it to have the amount of compensation determined by the Compensation Court. When the Council discovered that the respondents had filed copies of their claims and receipts in the Supreme Court, it applied to the Court of Appeal for an order to set aside the claims, on the ground that the corporation's omission to give notice was entirely due to inadvertence. The Court of Appeal (Mr Justice Edwards dissenting) discharged both motions with costs, and the Privy Council also made short work of the Council's contentions.

The scheme of the Act was not unreasonable. It was said that Parliament had overlooked the possibility of a slip. It had certainly made no provision for a slip in the case of a local authority setting the Act in motion. It had made provision for a slip in the case of a claimant who had received notice that his claim was not admitted failing to make the next move in due time. But that was a different case altogether. It was not unreasonable to require that public bodies putting in force an Act of Parliament for their own purposes should attend to its provisions. The claimant, in the opinion of the Court, having fulfilled the requirements of the law, their Lordships were of opinion that the appeals failed, and they would humbly advise His Majesty that they ought to be dismissed. The appellants would pay the costs of these appeals.

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1. A man once said (he was a man of sense and taste combined) That bread and cheese and kisses are fit food for humankind; But kisses may not be at hand, and thirsty you may be; When that's the case the next best thing is bread and cheese and TEA.

2. But, anyhow, bread must be good, and likewise must the cheese, And kisses must be well—first-class, if guaranteed to please; Yet all these little luxuries, the bread, and—all the rest, Are sadly uninspiring if your TEA is not the best.

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BECAUSE They will assist you in choosing just the Right Sort; the sort that is PURE and Good; TASTY and Invigorating; satisfying to the senses, but light on the purse.

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BRITANNIA and CUP BLEND Teas

Afford a wider range of choice than does any other known brand; and the Prices are such that FINEST TEAS are brought within the range of every purse, at

The Britannia Tea Co.,

50, PITT STREET, AUCKLAND.

But Adeline de Cevenne had not hesitated.

For a week, day by day, she had importuned the dreaded Cardinal.

It was said he was cruel. She cared not. He had sent many of the sons of Alenois to the scaffold. She was not warned by the fact. Hardly was there a house in the land which had not some cause, direct or obscure, to hate him. She was blind even to this.

One thing, however, she knew and clung to. In his hands were the reins of power. He spoke for the Prince. In all but name he was the Prince. He could break her heart or not as he chose.

Why was everything that was beautiful nothing to him? Why was he for a mere principle of policy to be allowed to commit a crime? If the aims of his statecraft were great, there were other things also to be heeded, things of beauty, joy, happiness which must not be broken, gifts of God which must not be crushed under foot for the mere aims of man. Why should he dare to decree that an innocent man should die? A man whose only crime was that he united several claims to the Princely throne, and that he had committed a trivial indiscretion.

For a mere aim of statecraft must her heart be broken, must the fairest gifts of God be as naught, must an innocent life be taken?

For days she had sought an audience with him, thrown herself on her knees at his feet, and kissed his hand. He had smiled and treated her as a child. Once he had taken her to a seat in one of the gardens, and with his courtly grace had read to her the latest poem of the Court poet, a thing, she remembered, in praise of a clipped tree and a flower-bed laid out in geometrical designs. And thus she was treated, reduced to a mere timid girl, had quailed into silence, though protest, entreaty and rebellion were at her heart.

And now, if nothing were done, in a few days the scaffold in the market place of the town whose houses clustered on the hillside under the shadow of the Palace, would once more be reddened with innocent blood.

With an inarticulate, gasping cry of helpless misery she buried her face in her hands.

She did not know that the Cardinal was gazing at her from one of the windows of his room.

It must not be supposed that the estimate which the Court formed of the Cardinal was wholly just. Those who suffer invariably abuse the hand which causes their suffering without pausing to inquire what faults may lie at their own door.

And the faults of the nobles of Alenois were many. They were selfish, short-sighted, quarrelsome, and absurdly jealous of each other's power. They spent their time in constant feuds.

It was now some years since the Cardinal Bretani had become the chief minister and the virtual ruler of Alenois.

Trained in the intrigues surrounding the Papal throne, he had gained a not surprising belief in the virtue of a strong hand. A strong advocate of reform in the church, and a strong opponent of the corruption and nepotism prevailing in Rome, he had made violent enemies for himself in the Consistory. After several attempts upon his life, he left Italy and placed his services at the disposal of the Prince of Alenois, a weak and dissolute ruler at the mercy of his nobles. There he found himself face to face with the same problem which a century later faced Richelieu in France. He proceeded to solve it in the only way possible, by breaking the power of the nobles.

If Alenois were to remain an independent State, internal dissension must be stamped out. Otherwise the little mountain principality must inevitably be absorbed in either the possessions of France or the grasp of the Emperor.

Thus it was that the Cardinal waged unflinching war against the nobles, who cared little for Alenois but much for their own individual ambitions; thus also it was that the scaffold claimed so many victims.

Such a victim would shortly be provided in the Comte de Mervalle.

The curtains were held aside, and the Count was brought into the Car-

dinal's presence. He was a young man, singularly handsome. Though he must have been aware that the days left to him to look upon the sunlight which now streamed into his face could but be few, his attitude expressed neither fear nor a disposition to conciliate. He would die with a taunt upon his lips against the man who had struck him down. He naturally supposed that he was now summoned that pressure might be brought to bear upon him to induce him to disclose the names of his supposed confederates. He was, however, mistaken, and the first indication of his mistake was furnished him when he looked into the Cardinal's face. It seemed that in the sunlight its severity had vanished.

The Cardinal, having dismissed the guards that the interview might be private, was not long in entering upon the cause of the summons.

"You are under arrest, Count," he began, in the carefully modulated tones so hatefully familiar to his victim; "for conspiring against the Prince of this State. Your claims to the throne, should it become vacant, render such conspiracy only what might be expected."

The Count did not speak. Silence was more dignified than useless protest.

"The warrant here for your execution only awaits the Prince's signature."

"I am aware, your Eminence, that when the Prince writes, his hand is guided," broke in the young Count. "But," he continued, proudly, "it is useless to question me."

"Youth," observed the Cardinal, "is prone to hasty conclusions." It was a strange thing for him to indulge in an unnecessary observation.

"You are not here to be questioned," he went on, and as he spoke he saw hope, that would not be hidden, dawning in the young man's face. "A strange chance has intervened in your favour."

The words fell slowly and softly on the silence, and, as he grasped their import, the summer sunlight became once more real for the Count.

"Your Eminence is playing with me," he faltered.

"If you will listen to me," said the Cardinal, "and agree to the conditions I impose, you will see that I am not. If you do not agree, this warrant will be signed."

Even in the midst of the tumult of his re-awakened hope the Count marvelled at the strange mood which seemed to have seized the Cardinal. Was it possible that this unflinching tyrant meditated sparing a victim? What strange power could have touched him? What purpose prompted him to mercy? Was it true, as men said, that he had once possessed a heart?

"Years ago," his eminence was saying, "I chanced to be in Alenois. I was then a young man, as you are. This summer's morning, those former days are vividly recalled to me. When you are older, Count, and have eyes to see how evil the world is, you will learn that memory is given to man that he may not be without joy. Years ago I tasted happiness in the garden below the windows of this room, and I have been looking down into the garden this morning."

"You have guessed what my memory is. You smile. You think it strange that the man who has come back to Alenois to send her nobles to the scaffold should recall a memory. If you went back now and fell upon a knot of courtiers, you would tell the story with a laugh. I do not intend that you shall go back to ridicule me."

The Cardinal paused. His right hand was lying lightly upon the warrant on the table in front of him. The young Count realised that his hope rested merely upon a caprice.

"Years ago," said the Cardinal simply, as if summarising his thoughts, "in this garden youth was mine!"

Having spoken thus, he turned suddenly upon the Count and became again the quick-thinking, decisive statesman that he was wont to be.

"I then loved a woman, and in her memory I spare your life," he said. "When I looked just now into the garden I saw Mademoiselle de Cevenne, her whole attitude speak-

ing of her breaking heart. She is the daughter of the woman I loved when, a young soldier, I was for a short time at this Court. She loves you, and has importuned me to show mercy each day since you were arrested. Because of the memory of my own youth I will respect the happiness of yours and hers. You would have died on the scaffold because, if the State needs it, not only the guilty, but also those who would probably, some day be guilty, must be removed. I am here to make Alenois strong, and her enemies, even if they are her own nobles, must fall."

And as the Cardinal spoke now, another spirit shone in his eyes. He was the stern, unflinching statesman whom the Court feared. He did not allow the Count to speak. Briefly he explained to him that he would be banished; that he would leave the Palace at night, disguised and guarded; that at a town across the frontier it would be arranged that Mademoiselle de Cevenne should meet him, and that they were there to become man and wife. On these conditions his life was spared.

It was said next day in the Court that the Count de Mervalle had been secretly murdered, as even the Cardinal feared the public execution of one so highly born.

When the Cardinal heard this he smiled grimly. The story was a fresh proof of the hatred in which he was

held. But that hatred was also an eloquent tribute to his power and to the success of his policy. And in this reflection he may have found comfort. Still it was well for him that he could live at times in the happy memory of his youth, for otherwise, in his old age, he would have had little joy.

Perhaps he also remembered that far away from Alenois the Count and Adeline de Cevenne were drinking of a cup of happiness that had come to them past expectation, and that in each other's arms they found that joy which is like no other joy, and comes only once and only in youth, and which came to men and women even in those days of secret murders and blood-reddened scaffolds, much as it comes now.

Perhaps even it may be believed that the dead woman of the Cardinal's memory saw, from some other life, her daughter's joy; and that she appeared to the Cardinal in his dreams and seemed to thank him for the mercy he had shown.

"Home Rule," once very much discussed, is laid aside and left to rust.

Old Gladstone, spite of all his skill,

Felled to pass this famous Bill.

How often do the greatest fall?

And coughs make ill the strong and hale,

Unless the remedy they procure—

W. E. WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT

CURE.

THE PERFECTION OF NATURE AND ART.

Manufactured by a special process, securing high concentration of the nutritive, stimulating and refreshing properties of the finest Cocoa Beans.

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Hearne's Bronchitis Cure THE FAMOUS REMEDY FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA and CONSUMPTION.

HAS THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY CHEST MEDICINE IN AUSTRALIA.

Those who have taken this medicine are amazed at its wonderful influence. Sufferers from any form of Bronchitis, Cough, Difficulty of Breathing, Hoarseness, Pain or Soreness in the Chest, experience delightful and immediate relief; and to those who are subject to Colds on the Chest it is invaluable, as it effects a Complete Cure. It is most comforting in allaying irritation in the throat and giving strength to the voice, and it neither allows a Cough or Asthma to become chronic, nor Consumption to develop. Consumption has never been known to exist where "Coughs" have been properly treated with this medicine. No house should be without it, as, taken at the beginning, a dose is generally sufficient, and a Complete Cure is certain.

A Lady in London. MARTYR TO COLDS AND BRONCHIAL ASTHMA. CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. THE DOCTOR SO INTERESTED THAT HE CARRIED OFF THE EMPTY BOTTLE.

"Mr. Hearne, I enclose for your own private personal portion of a letter received from my mother, Mrs. ... of London, England, from which you will glean that your medicine has been a perfect God-send to a martyr to colds and bronchial asthma. I do not wish any name to be mentioned, but you are at liberty to make use of any portion of the enclosed, and you can confidently refer anybody to me. I heard of your excellent remedy, and sent it to England. You can see from the enclosed that it is a most successful one. You may depend upon my making known the names of my mother and myself, and that you can be supplied privately where desired.

AGONISING COUGH. NINE MONTHS TORTURE. RELIEVED BY ONE DOSE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE, AND CURED BY TWO BOTTLES. "Dear Sir, I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful effect of your Bronchitis Cure. I suffered for nine months, and it was so agonising that at night I was obliged to get up and sit by the fire. I had medical advice, and tried other remedies, without avail. I tried your cure, and in 24 hours I was free after taking the first dose, and though I have had but two bottles I feel I am a different man, and the cough has vanished. You may depend upon my making known the efficacy of your wonderful remedy to anyone I see afflicted.

Consumption. TOO ILL TO LEAVE HIS BED. A COMPLETE CURE. "Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir, I am writing to tell you about the wonderful cure you have effected in my case. About three years ago I began to cough. At first the cough was not severe, but it gradually got worse, and I became so weak and emaciated that I could scarcely get up and about, and I was obliged to take great quantities of medicine. On several occasions there was blood in the expectorated matter. I had been treated by a doctor, who pronounced my case to be Consumption, and various other treatments had been tried, but with no success. It was at this stage that I heard of your Bronchitis Cure, and sent you for a course of the medicine. When it arrived I was too ill to leave my bed, but I commenced taking it at once, and gradually improved. I am glad to say that the two lots of medicine you sent have effected a complete cure, for which accept my very best thanks.

Severe Cough. A FIVE YEARS' CASE. RELIEVED AT ONCE AND COMPLETELY CURED BY HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. "Dear Sir, I am so glad to hear of the chest with cough, for five years, and during that time got treatment from different sources, but never got any benefit until I used your Bronchitis Cure, which gave me relief at once, and completely cured me. I am delighted with it. It is really a wonderful medicine. Yours sincerely, W. TREMELLEN. "Modeville, Victoria."

A Child Seven Months Old. A SUFFERER FROM BIRTH. CURED BY A BOTTLE OF HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE. "Mr. W. G. Hearne, Dear Sir, Kindly forward me a small bottle of your Bronchitis Cure as soon as possible as I cannot speak above a whisper, owing to a cold. I had a bottle from you before for my little girl when she was seven months old. She had been suffering from bronchitis from her birth, and now she is three years old, and has not had a return of it since. It is a splendid medicine for bronchitis or colds of any sort. I remain, yours truly, Mrs. E. RHAME. "Violet Town, Victoria."

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS. "I used your Bronchitis Cure for three of my family, and it cured each of them in from one to three doses. A. MUIRHEAD, Cowley's Creek, Victoria."

"Your Bronchitis Cure relieved my son wonderfully quick. I only gave him four doses, and have some of the medicine yet; but I am sending for another bottle in case I should want it. B. DONALD, Trarua, via Quairhills, New South Wales."

"I have found your Bronchitis Cure a splendid medicine. JOHN MADDEN, Skipton, Victoria."

"I have tried lots of medicine, but yours is the best I ever had. I am recommending it to everybody. S. STEELE, Yango Island, New South Wales."

"The bottle of Bronchitis Cure I got from you was magical in its effects. CHAS. WYBROW, Enoch's Point, via Daringford, Victoria."

Three Cases Completely Cured by One Bottle of Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. SEVERE COLD, WITH LOSS OF VOICE, CURED BY HALF A BOTTLE. A SUPPLY SENT TO A RELATIVE IN ENGLAND. "Llenwellyn, Katanga, Vic."

RELATIVE IN ENGLAND. "The relative in England, who is 90 years old, also cured by Hearne's Bronchitis Cure. WAS A GREAT SUFFERER. HAD NOT WALKED FOR TWELVE MONTHS. ALWAYS WALKS NOW, AND IS QUITE WELL. FEELS STRONGER THAN SHE HAS DONE FOR YEARS."

12 Years' Agony. DISTRESSING, SUFFOCATING, DRY COUGH ENTIRELY REMOVED BY FIVE DOSES. "No other treatment could even ease it."

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Queensland Testimony. FROM BRISBANE WHOLESALE CHEMISTS. "40, Queen Street, Brisbane, Queensland."

Cured in Ten Days. THE EDITOR OF THE OLDEST NEWSPAPER IN VICTORIA EXPRESSES GRATEFUL APPRECIATION. "W. G. Hearne, Esq., Dear Sir, Permit me to express my grateful appreciation of the value of your Bronchitis Cure. I had, some months ago, a severe attack of bronchitis, and took your medicine with the result that at the end of ten days the complaint had completely left me."

A Five Years' Case. CURED BY ONE SMALL BOTTLE. "Dear Sir, Kindly send me one large bottle of your Bronchitis Cure, as I have been suffering for five years, and now I do not feel safe to be without it."

A Seven Years' Case. EXPECTORATING BLOOD AND MATTER. COMPLETELY CURED. "Dear Sir, Your medicine has cured me of bronchitis and asthma, from which I suffered for upwards of seven years, during which period I was scarcely ever free from cough, and frequently the difficulty of breathing was so distressing that I was obliged to be carried to bed."

Asthma. PREVIOUS TREATMENT FAILED. A SEVENTEEN YEARS' CASE. CURED BY THREE BOTTLES. "Mr. Alex. J. Anterson, of Oak Park, Clarendonville, Queensland, writes: 'After suffering from asthma for 17 years, and having been under a great many different treatments without success, I was induced to try your medicine for asthma. After taking three bottles of your medicine I got rid of the asthma, and since then, which was in the beginning of 1887 (15 years ago), I have not had the slightest return of it. The medicine quite cured me and I have much pleasure in recommending it.'

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Special Buses run to and from town and
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To say that Sherlock Holmes, Conan
Doyle's immortal Sherlock Holmes, is
to the fore in this book is surely
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the hero, but the hero, though quite
an admirable specimen of colonial-
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tery, in which a hound of presumed
supernatural origin plays a promi-
nent part, runs its thrilling course
through this rather bulky volume, and
Sherlock Holmes' amazing powers of
observation, of analysis and synthesis
of facts of all sizes and kinds are
taxed to their utmost before he runs
the hound, the villain and the mys-
tery to earth at one and the same
time, with the assistance of his foil
and fidus Achates, Dr. Watson. There!
Have I not described one of the most
appetising literary dishes that could
be set before the general reader?

MICHAEL FERRIER.

A story written with much delicacy
of touch and with considerable powers
of characterisation. But though
there runs through Michael Ferrier's
love story something that is a little
morbid, the tragedy that so painfully
tangles it in, to the reader's mind,
wholly unexpected and incongruous,
and also quite unnecessary. Helen's
conduct, in the face of that tragedy,
is perhaps unexpected, too, but it re-
sponds to what our sentiment de-
mands and we applaud her true, cour-
ageous love. The subsidiary charac-
ters are drawn with a good deal of
realistic skill, and the book has no
lack of interest, though it is of a deli-
cate, subdued order.

THE WESTCOOTES.

Mr Quiller-Couch has never written
anything better in its way than this
quiet story, yet all it possesses in the
shape of a heroine is a plain looking,
middle-aged woman, quite unattrac-
tive, save for her goodness of heart.
The picturesque element in the tale
is mostly supplied by the French
prisoners stationed at Axcester in
1810—place and time of the story.
The tragic element is woven out of
the middle-aged lady's attachment to
one of the prisoners on parole, a
clever, attractive young Frenchman
of noble birth. Yes, of course, I
know it sounds ridiculous when thus
stated baldly—an elderly splinter en-
amoured of a fascinating youth. But
when the details are painted in the
ridiculous disappears. Dorothea
Westcote, the homely looking old
maid, acts from first to last so as to
win our esteem, our admiration, our
heartfelt sympathy, while we reserve
our condemnation and disgust for the
young man of the versatile charm who
played so despicable a part towards
her. Without exception, the charac-
ters are defined with strong, skilful
strokes, and are handled with an easy
grace. Some who take no
active part in the story
are nevertheless made by a few adroit
words to move before our eyes very
living personalities. The book will
certainly not detract from Mr Quiller-
Couch's reputation.

"The Hound of the Baskervilles," by
A. Conan Doyle—Longmans, Green, and
Co.

"Michael Ferrier," by E. Frances
Poynter—Macmillan and Co.

"The Westcootes," by A. T. Quiller-
Couch—Macmillan and Co.—Champtaloup
and Cooper.

"Frozen Meat" has now become

A large extensive trade;

The exports yield a decent sum—

An industry is made.

To freeze is not a pleasant thing

For mankind to endure,

To keep out cold we all should cling

To WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT

CURE.

The "Graphic"

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

THE RESULTS.

The Editor of the "Graphic" has much pleasure in announcing the
results of the recent photographic competition.

All the pictures were submitted to three competent judges, who, after
careful comparison of the work, have awarded the prizes as follows:—

NEW ZEALAND SCENERY, LANDSCAPE & SEASCAPE.

FIRST PRIZE, £3; SECOND, £2; THIRD, £1.

FIRST PRIZE—"SPRINGTIME" RIVER AVON, CHRISTCHURCH.
GUY, DUNEDIN.

SECOND PRIZE—OHOKOMOKO BAY, WHANGAROA.
H. WINKELMANN, AUCKLAND.

THIRD PRIZE—WAITATI CREEK.
ARTHUR A. BINNIE, MAORI HILL, DUNEDIN.

PICTURES OF COLONIAL LIFE.

FIRST PRIZE, £3; SECOND, £2; THIRD, £1.

FIRST PRIZE—CATTLE CROSSING THE MATA RIVER, with Aorangi
Mountain in the distance.
F. A. HARGREAVES, WAIPIRO BAY, EAST COAST.

SECOND PRIZE—"A BUSH FIRE."
H. STEWART, AUCKLAND.

THIRD PRIZE—"SHEEP ON STATION."
K. STOTT, NORFOLK VILLA, CHURCH STREET, DEVONPORT.

WORK AND PLAY SCENES.

FIRST PRIZE, £3; SECOND, £2; THIRD, £1.

FIRST PRIZE—"THE GENTLE CRAFT."
W. A. WILLIAMS, ROYAL TERRACE, CAVERSHAM, DUNEDIN.

SECOND PRIZE—"A BIG FISH."
H. WINKELMANN, AUCKLAND.

THIRD PRIZE—"A SUCCESSFUL CROP."
J. M. WARN, BIRKENHEAD.

STUDY IN CHILD LIFE.

FIRST PRIZE, £2; SECOND, £1; THIRD, 10/.

FIRST PRIZE—GERALD E. JONES, QUEEN STREET.

SECOND PRIZE—"PLAYMATES."
C. F. BELL, DEVONPORT.

THIRD PRIZE—"SAY, PLEASE."
LAURA H. MORRISON, WAPITI, EPSOM.

SCENES IN NATIVE LIFE.

Much to the surprise of the judges, who expected keen competition in
this class, it does not seem to have appealed to camera lovers. Under
the circumstances, the Editor has no prize to announce in this class.

CHEQUES FOR THE AMOUNT OF THE PRIZE WILL BE FORWARDED
TO THE SUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.

CEREBOS TABLE SALT

The Silent
Constitution Builder.

From Grocers and Stores. Wholesale Agents—L. D. Nathan & Co., Auckland.



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



Cousins' Badges.

Cousins requiring badges are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you will excuse me for not writing for so long a time. I learn the piano now, and I like it very much. I went to the Wode for my Easter holidays, and I enjoyed myself very much. We are having bad weather now, and as I have a bad cold I do not leave the house much, which is very thing. I am sure. I have not any more to say, as I am tired and must go to bed. I remain, yours truly, Cousin Jessie.

[Dear Cousin Jessie.—It was pleasant to get a letter from you again. It is always a grief to me that I never learned to play the piano properly. I am so very fond of music. Since you wrote the weather has taken up a little, has it not? and we have at last had several fine days. But the mud is as bad as ever! It will be a good thing when the roads are put in order, won't it? They are dreadful now.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was so pleased when I saw my letter in the "Graphic." I hope you are quite well. I am so glad that we take the "Graphic." It has been raining all the week. School starts on June 2nd. I must tell you I have been for a week's holiday, and very much enjoyed myself. There is a war boat here, the first one that has been here for nine years; it is in the harbour, and I am going to see it in a boat. It is going to fire a cannon; it is called the Pheobe. You must excuse all mistakes. We have a lot of gold and silver-fish in the fountain, we feed them with bread. I have two pets, one is a dog and the other is a cat, and the dog's name is Snap, and the cat's name is Snow. Now I must close.—From your loving Cousin Hannah.

P.S.—Thank you very much for the badges.

[Dear Cousin Hannah.—I hope you enjoyed your visit to the man-o-war. I think I know the Pheobe, as she has been here in Auckland once or twice. Did you stop your ears when they fired the cannon? I always feel inclined to do so. Goldfish are very pretty, are they not? Does your cat Snow ever try and get down-

ed in trying to catch them out of a fountain, and a famous poet wrote a poem about it.—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate.—This is the second week of our holidays, and as the first was wet from beginning to end, I haven't any very exciting news for you. The last two books I've read are "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor, and "The Flowers of the Forest," by David Lyall. They are both equally good; the last one is about the war, written as a story, showing the better side of the Boer's character. I haven't seen the "Graphic" this week, so I don't know what your answer to my letter is. What a number of new cousins there are, the children's page is quite full now, but I do wish I knew some of the cousins. I do not know if we ought to wear a badge, will you tell me, because you forgot last time when I asked you. You see, Cousin Kate, if we met a girl or boy with our badge on, it would be so interesting, and I suppose we could speak to one another, although we might be strangers. The cousins of other papers do, because they often say they met one and spoke to her. There is really nothing else to tell you, so I will stop.—With love from Cousin Alison.

[Dear Cousin Alison.—Of course the idea is that the cousins should wear the badge, so as other cousins should recognise them; but I never made a rule about it, as I know some cousins are shy about it, and afraid of being teased by silly people. I have not read either of those books you mention. I expect they are new ones, and just now I get so little time for reading.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was very pleased to see my letter in last week's "Graphic," because I thought it would reach you too late in the week. I have just had a game of ping-pong, and feel very hot indeed. Ping-pong itself makes you very hot, but when there is a fire in the room, well, you can imagine what I feel like. Do you play ping-pong? I do not like playing very much, except when I am cold. I need not ask you if you have noticed the thunder and lightning. I think everybody must have. I hope it will soon be fine, as we have had three wet days, and I think that is enough. I would like to try for the most regular cousin if the competition is not closed. I must conclude now as it is late.—With love, I remain, Cousin Ruth.

[Dear Cousin Ruth.—I have tried ping-pong, but am no good at it. I never am any good at games requiring a quick eye, and I think my fingers are all thumbs too. You can go on writing regularly and have still a chance for the most regular cousin as one or other often miss a week.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I was very pleased to see the answer to my letter. I see the "Graphic" every week. I suppose you can play ping-pong. We have a game, and I am learning how to play. This rainy weather is making the roads very dirty, and it is also spoiling the flowers. Have you ever read a book called "Miss Bob-

bie"? I am going to read it, and I hope it will be nice. I was going to write to you last night, but I forgot. I have been trying to find Peter, but in vain, and I have now given him up. My brother has two horses, whose names are Toby and Skylark. If you don't mind, will you please send me a badge.—From Cousin Adela.

[Dear Cousin Adela.—I cannot play ping-pong much; I am stupid at all games like that. Everyone is playing it now, are they not? "Miss Bobbie" is a very nice book. I think all Miss Turner's are. Certainly, I will send you a badge, and next week you can tell me how you like it.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I received the badge and thought it was very pretty. I thank you very much for it. It was our Sunday School anniversary last Sunday, and the decorations were very pretty, and the singing also was very good for a little Sunday School like ours. The soiree was on Thursday evening, and I enjoyed it very much. Are you going to see Cinquevalli? I and my brother Neil went yesterday afternoon. It was very nice, and Cinquevalli himself was really wonderful. There were some speaking dolls, which were very good too; but I was very sorry we had to come away before it was quite finished in order to catch the bus, and we missed a little of the first item too as the bus was rather late. It is getting near my bed-time so I must close now.—I remain, Cousin Ronald.

[Dear Cousin Ronald.—I went to see Cinquevalli, and, like you, much enjoyed it. He is simply marvellous, don't you think? Which of his feats did you think best? Was not Madame Titus good too?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am just going to write you another letter. I don't think it is any use me trying for the competition as I always send my letters away too late. I have another brother gone up to Auckland. We are having dreadful weather lately (ruiny and windy). We have a lot of fruit this year, pears, plums, peaches and apples. Do you like cooking, Cousin Kate? I do very much. The place about here is very muddy and sloppy. Now I think I will have to close my letter as I have nothing more to say.—With love to you and all the cousins. I remain, your affectionately, Cousin Emily.

[Dear Cousin Emily.—I used to be very fond of cooking once, but have had such a lot of it to do of late years that I am rather tired of it. Getting dinner always seems to be such uninteresting work; and our eating takes up such a lot of time when one has to cook and wash up afterwards. The washing up is the worst. Do you have to do it? Porridge pots are horrid things to clean, I think, and I hate washing up after we have fish for breakfast. But it's got to be done, so there's no use in grumbling, is there?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I received the badge with thanks. I think it is very pretty. I have just finished reading a book called "An Unexpected Reward." Have you ever read it? I am not very fond of reading. I prefer needlework better than reading.

I have not much news to tell you, but I am looking forward to going to a juvenile concert on the 25th of May. I have read about the children's cot, and is it occupied now? I would like a collecting card to collect something towards it.—I remain, with love to all the cousins and yourself, Cousin Nellie.

[Dear Cousin Nellie.—I hope you enjoyed the concert. There is no one in the cot just this week, but I will tell you when there is. I haven't read that book you mention. Is it exciting? It sounds as if it might be.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am always very much interested in the "Cousins' Page" in the "Graphic," and I would like to be a cousin very much if you will please accept me. I was reading one of the cousins' letters to-night, who was describing New Plymouth. I think her description was very nice. I was there about four or five years ago. Have you ever read "Twice Told," by Annie Swan, or "The Misses' Tress of Brae Farm," by Rosa N. Carey? They are both very interesting books. Cousin Roie is a very lucky girl to go such a lovely trip, is she not? I think I will close now. Cousin Kate, with love to you and all the cousins.—I remain, yours affectionately, Cousin Nora.

[Dear Cousin Nora.—I am very pleased to welcome you as a cousin, and hope you will write often. I hope we shall get another letter from Cousin Roie soon, don't you? But people get very lazy about writing on board ship.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not seen my letter in the "Graphic," as our "Graphic" has not come; so, as I am trying for the most regular cousin, I must write without seeing it. Have you been to the circus? I have not, but I think I am going to Paul Cinquevalli. My sisters went, and they said he is wonderful, and well worth going to see. I am going to post this now, so I must conclude.—I remain, your loving cousin, Ruth.

[Dear Cousin Ruth.—You are writing very regularly and well, and will, if you keep up, have a good chance of the prize. Several other cousins are being very good too. I hope you will enjoy Cinquevalli. I liked him ever so much.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I am sorry for having missed writing to you, but I did not quite understand about the time we were to write, but I know now. Our school examinations start to-morrow, and after that we get two weeks' holidays. I have two dear little white fantail pigeons, and I am trying to get them so tame so that they will sit on my shoulder and feed out of my hand. I have not had them very long, and being lonely they go over to a house near where they have pigeons, but they always come home to bed. I have also a little pony whose name is Queenie, and she is such a dear little thing, and so cunning. If we do not chain the carriage gate she will go up to it and push the handle down with her mouth, so that the gate flies open, and then she goes out. I must now conclude. With love.—I remain, Cousin Mary.

I went to hear Amy Castles sing last week, and I enjoyed myself very much, and I liked the violinist also very much. Last night I went to the Choral Hall to hear Mdlle. Antonia Dolores sing, and it was lovely. I am going again to-morrow. We have two weeks' holiday, we broke up last Friday. I am so unfortunate at holiday time; this time I have a sore leg, and so have to lie up or I won't be able to go to the Choral Hall to-morrow. My music master is giving a piano recital at the end of the week, and I am very excited and nervous about it, but I hope I will get over that. I see that the "Children's Page" has been moved to a different part of the "Graphic," but it is just as nice as before. I must conclude. With love.—I remain, Cousin Mary.

[Dear Cousin Mary.—Your first letter arrived just too late last week,

so I have put it in with the second one, in order that you may keep your place in the competition for the most regular cousin. What a very lucky girl you are to go to all these lovely concerts. I would so very much like to hear Mlle. Dolores, but have been unable to get away. She sings beautifully, does she not?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We have been having very bad weather here lately, and the s.s. Galrloch has been harboured here for four days, and she is not out yet. I did not pass at the examination this year, but I think I will pass next year. The Koutu mill has started for good now. I have not got names for those two little kittens yet. Is there going to be a holiday on Saturday, the 24th of May, Victoria Day? I do not think there is, but they will have it on the Prince of Wales' birthday instead. Now I must close this letter, with much love to yourself and all the rest of the cousins. So good-bye.—I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton, Your letter arrived very late, but I have just time to get it in the paper. The rain has stopped a little in town, but just when there has been a few hours' sun to dry the mud a little, down sweeps another squall, and it is as muddy and wet underfoot as ever. How would "Silky" and "Floss" suit your kittens? I knew two pretty ones with those names.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Snowball wishes me to thank you for printing her letter in the paper. She and her kitten are quite well. Since I last wrote what dreadful news we have been having about the eruption of Mount Pelee, in Martinique; such a terrible loss of life, and those that are not killed they are homeless. I would not like to live close to any mountain that might burst up any time. Even in New Zealand you never know which mountain might burst out first. I am afraid my letter this week will be rather an uninteresting one, as I am in the middle of my home lessons. I have finished a map of Japan, and now I have to learn about it, so must say good-night, dear Cousin Kate, with love.—From Cousin Ila.

[Dear Cousin Ila,—Give my compliments to Snowball, and say I hope to have another letter from her soon. Is she a good mouser or is she purely ornamental? I am very fond of cats but someone who lives in the same house hates them, so I have to live without one.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you will excuse me for not writing the last two weeks, but I will try to make up for it by writing an extra interesting one, though I have not much to say. I have to work rather hard now, as our examination is coming on in the end of June. I have just finished a book called the "Draytons and Davemants," and I like it very much. It is about the Civil War in the reign of Charles the First. Have you read it, Cousin Kate? And do you like it? I found out Peter in your picture puzzle, but I did not send it in. I have been taken into the Cadet Corps at our school, and I am very glad, as I have always said I want to be a soldier when I am a man, and being a cadet is a good beginning, isn't it? One of our pigeons had a terrible adventure the other day. He fell down the kitchen chimney and we did not find it out till two days after, when we got him out. He was very sooty and hungry and thirsty. I will say good-bye now, Cousin Kate, and remain, your affectionate Cousin Hastings.

[Dear Cousin Hastings,—Thank you for your letter. Was there a fire in the kitchen? If so the poor bird must have had a very bad time, must it not? I am glad you have joined the School Cadets. I think it is a fine thing for boys, and certainly a splendid training for you, if you mean to be a soldier.—Cousin Kate.]

Roy and Wilfred's First Week at School.

(Written specially for the Children's Page by Cousin V. A. Roche.)

"Ellen," said Mr. Cameron at the breakfast-table one morning, "those boys must go to school. It is quite time they went."

"But they are so young," pleaded Mrs. Cameron from behind the silver urn.

"So young," echoed Mr. Cameron. "Nonsense Ellen; Roy is ten and Wilfred is nine. They are quite old enough to go to school. I had to send their last tutor away because he couldn't manage them; besides," he continued with growing wrath, "the rascals are always in mischief. Didn't John tell me that they, with some other boys, ruined the strawberry beds and ate all the fruit. And didn't Roy rob the hot-house of its choicest blooms to give to a village lass who happened to ask for some flowers. Every day I hear of their mischievous escapades."

"They are but boys, Hamilton," remonstrated Mrs. Cameron, "and you can't expect them to be angels. You were a boy yourself once, remember," she added with a smile.

"Yes, but I wasn't like these boys," said Mr. Cameron wrathfully. "I wasn't up to the pranks they are always up to. Listen to the noise they are making now."

The schoolroom floor above shook with the noise of scuffling feet and the overturning of chairs, caused by a difference between the two children. They were still squabbling when Maria, the housemaid, entered to perform her sweeping and dusting duties.

"Stop your fighting, boys," she said, "and listen to what I'm a-goin' to say."

"Hurry up, Maria, and out with it," cried Roy.

"Master says he's goin' to send you to school."

The boys stared at her. "Really and truly?" asked Wilfred.

"Yes," said Maria. "I'm quite sure, because I heard your pa and ma talking about it."

They asked no more questions, but rushed joyfully about the room, thumped recklessly on the piano, gave Maria an affectionate hug (much to that domestic's indignation and surprise), kicked each other ignominiously, and at last dashed out of the room downstairs into the garden.

"What on earth are they doing now?" exclaimed Mr. Cameron, rising from the table, anger and astonishment depicted on his countenance. "Their noise is enough to deafen one. They shall go to school to-morrow, Ellen."

"Don't be ridiculous, Hamilton," said Mrs. Cameron, laughing. "It will take at least a fortnight to fit them out for school. There are the tailors, outfitters and bootmakers to visit, and several other things to do."

So Mr. Cameron had to postpone the day of his boys' departure. In the meanwhile the above-named tradesmen were visited by his wife and the two boys, the latter enjoying the novelty of shopping immensely. Mr. Cameron decided to send them to a college kept by a clergyman in a neighbouring town twenty miles away. It was with great pride the boys viewed their school outfit, packed so neatly in their new trunks. When the last day but one came before leaving for school, both Wilfred and Roy lost some of the hilarity of their spirits, and Mr. Cameron's desire for a speedy departure greatly diminished. His face had a sad, loving expression on it as he gazed at the two boys who were standing hand in hand by a bow-window, after bidding farewell to their favourite servants and the ponies and dogs. The father called them to his side and gave them sound and earnest advice.

"And," concluded Mr. Cameron, "above all, never omit to say your prayers, for it is the Heavenly Father who guards you when you are away from home."

The next morning the dog-cart stood before the front door, laden with the boys' luggage. Mrs. Cameron tenderly embraced her sons, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she did so. Roy and Wilfred returned her embraces silently, for they felt very sad leaving home for the first time. They jumped into the dog-cart with their father, who was to drive them to their destination, and waved a last good-bye as they disappeared down the avenue. However, their spirits soon rose, for everything about them was gay and bright, and they laughed and joked and made themselves generally troublesome until they reached Hatherton School. They felt a trifle awed, though, as they were ushered into the stiff college parlour. The master soon entered, attired in the orthodox college cap and gown, which attire, being new to Roy and Wilfred, struck them as being rather comical. He shook hands cordially with Mr. Cameron, whom he seemed to know very well, and was then introduced to the boys. He chatted for some time and then left Mr. Cameron to say good-bye to his children. This he did sorrowfully, but Roy and Wilfred smiled bravely as he drove away. Their luggage was sent up to No. 1 dormitory, where all the young boys of the college slept, and the lads, after unpacking, were duly installed in their class. I will not attempt to describe their first day at school. A good many of my readers, I have no doubt, have had that experience, which I consider is never very pleasant. The day did not pass without an exciting incident, however. Roy and Wilfred were undressing at bed-time, at one end of the dormitory, where their beds were situated.

"Are you going to say your prayers, Roy?" asked Wilfred, in a timid whisper.

"Of course I am," answered Roy. "Didn't father and mother say we were to?" And so both boys knelt down beside their beds.

The noise and clatter in the dormitory suddenly stopped.

"Dear little goodies," said a jeering voice.

"Obeying their darling mammy's advice," sneered another.

The faces of the kneeling lads burned, but they remained still. A well-aimed shoe struck Roy on the head, and a damp towel enveloped Wilfred's.

"What coward did that?" cried Roy angrily, as he bounded to his feet.

There was silence for a moment; then a boy named Morley stepped forward.

"Nobody calls me a coward twice," he said, as he struck Roy in the face.

"You are a coward," shouted Roy, furiously, as he struck Morley in return. A fierce fight followed, and the other boys closed round them, some taking Cameron's part, and others his adversary's. In the midst of it the door opened, and on the threshold stood the master, the Rev. Doctor Matton—"Matton," he was familiarly called by his pupils.

"Boys!" he thundered, "what's the meaning of this. Are you fighting already, Cameron? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Both you and Morley come into my study to-morrow, and I will administer punishment unto you for this disgraceful offence, happening at this time of the night."

"The rest of you boys," continued the Doctor, glaring at the others, several of whom had jumped into bed, "are to be detained two hours after school to-morrow, each doing extra lessons," and, gathering up his gown, the master marched out of the room. The rest of the boys went to bed, and the lights were put out, and all was silent.

"Are you hurt much, Roy?" asked Wilfred in a whisper.

"Not much," answered the other, "my head aches a bit. I'm glad I gave that fellow a thrashing, though. I don't care what punishment the Doctor gives me to-morrow."

The next morning Roy was summoned to the master's room, where Morley was already.

"Cameron," said the Doctor, "Morley has given me a thorough expla-

nation of last night's proceedings, and of his ungentlemanly conduct, and I have decided therefore that I shall not give you corporal punishment, for you do not deserve it. But you must stay in and do extra lessons for two hours, and don't be in such a hurry to involve yourself in a fight again. You may go now and I'll deal with Morley."

After this affair the two previous enemies became staunch friends, and neither Roy nor Wilfred was molested at his prayers again. Wilfred got into trouble for being absent without leave, and after being punished he sulked for the rest of the day. Although they wouldn't admit it, both boys were dreadfully homesick, and they secretly shed tears under the bedclothes at night. One morning, when the boys in No. 1 dormitory were dressing, their attention was drawn to one of the teachers in the garden attempting to ride a bicycle. Each time he tried to mount it he slipped and fell, and when at last he succeeded in getting on the bicycle collided with a garden roller and the rider was thrown sprawling on to a flower-bed. A shout of laughter made him look up at the windows of No. 1 dormitory, where he beheld the grinning faces of a number of boys. "Boys," he spluttered wrathfully, "I'll speak to the Doctor about your impudence. More laughter greeted this speech, and the discomfited teacher beat a hasty retreat. Roy Cameron enjoyed the joke as much as anyone, and when the amusing episode was over, he brought forth pen, ink and paper and made a capital sketch of it, exaggerating some of the details to make it more laughable. The drawing was greatly admired and loudly praised by the rest of the boys, and Morley seized it and ran and showed it to the boys of Nos. 2 and 3 dormitories, whence shouts of laughter proceeded. But, alas! while they were enjoying the fun who should pounce upon them but the caricatured teacher himself. Morley's attempt to hide the sketch was useless. The teacher seized it, and marched out of the room without a word. A dead silence followed. Morley went dismally back to his face.

"Now, I'm in for it," he said. "He will see my name in the corner, too." He was summoned to the master's room, where he received the greatest thrashing he ever had in his life, the effects of which he felt for many a day after. The usual weekly half-holiday was in the afternoon, but poor Roy remained in the schoolroom doing Latin exercises, while the other boys went out to enjoy themselves.

Wilfred went boating on the river with Morley. Unfortunately the boat capsized and precipitated its occupants into the water, where they certainly would have drowned had it not been for the promptness of a passing labourer. When Roy heard of this event, it decided a thought that had been fostering in his brain. He whispered his plans to Wilfred that night, and next morning they made an early escape from the school and caught a train to Oskdene back to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron were having their quiet breakfast when the door opened and Roy and Wilfred stood hesitating on the threshold. With a little cry of joy and amazement Mrs. Cameron rushed up to them and clasped them in her arms. Explanations followed. The boys, with tears in their eyes, and blushing faces, related everything and begged not to be sent back to school. Mr. Cameron was very angry.

"It is very unmanly to run away from school," he said. Nevertheless he was very pleased to see his children. After a long discussion, with much pleading on Mrs. Cameron's part, they decided to keep the boys home for another year, upon the latter guaranteeing good behaviour.

"After all," said Mr. Cameron, "they are rather young, and I don't quite like the way Roy was thrashed either."

A note was despatched to Doctor Matton explaining matters, and desiring the luggage to be sent back to Oskdene. So ended Roy and Wilfred Cameron's first and last week at the Hatherton School for some time to come.

The Little Girl With a Company Face.

Once on a time, in a far away place, Lived a queer little girl with a company face; And no one outside the family knew...

tentions, as he at once discovered. He shrieked for help, but his cries were drowned in the clamour of the birds around him...

you like being in a cage yourself?" "Where are my eggs?" demanded another, pecking viciously at Freddy through the bars.

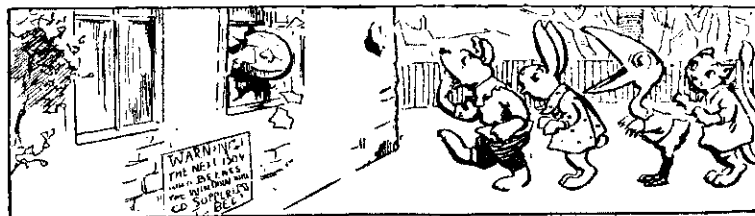
At these words the bars of the cage suddenly melted away, the birds vanished, crying, "Remember your promise!" and Freddy found himself alone in the tree.

JUNGLE JINKS.

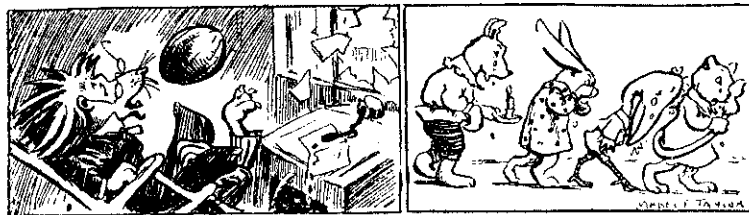
The Jungle Boys Have a Game of Football.



1. "Come along, boys! I've found Jumbo's football. He told me I wasn't to touch it; but I don't care two-pence for what he says. Let's have a game. Young Leo and I will play against you two, and I have the first kick-off."



2. The struggle for the first goal was tremendous. "We shall win!" shouted little Leo excitedly, as the ball flew hither and thither round the playground.



3. Why, the football had gone smash through the window of Dr. Lion's study! Dr. Lion was sitting at his desk writing a letter, and the ball caught him a whack right on the nose.

Freddy's Lesson.

Freddy Burton was the terror of all the birds for miles around. Sad was the fate of any feathered songster who chanced to come within range of his dreaded catapult; its joyous notes were silenced for ever, and the confiding couples who ventured to build their nests in any part of Freddy's garden paid dearly for their rashness; Freddy was sure to discover their whereabouts, and then woe betide them.

Under the Royal Patronage of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York

THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

Bartlett

ART PHOTOGRAPHER, TELEPHONE 991. QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND

THE ONLY GOLD MEDALLIST, AUCKLAND EXHIBITIONS, 1897-98, 1898-99.



Photo by W. H. Bartlett

"SO TIRED."

Queen St., Auckland.

By Special Appointment Photographer to His Excellency the Earl of Rosbery.

THE NEW SEPIA PROCESS.

Bartlett

ART PHOTOGRAPHER, TELEPHONE 991. QUEEN ST., AUCKLAND

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Debutantes of the Coronation Season.

WHO WILL BE THE BEAUTY OF CORONATION YEAR?

The debutantes of 1902 make their entry into the gay social world under the most exceptional circumstances in a year which will for ever be remembered and handed down to posterity as a time of great national prosperity of epoch-making events, and brilliant pageants quite overshadowing the gorgeousness of the Middle Ages and the heavy splendour of Georgian times. The ceremonies connected with the crowning of King Edward VII. will reach the highest point of twentieth-century civilisation, and already in the furthestmost portions of the Empire preparations are being made to celebrate the event; other countries, too, are choosing their best and noblest to bring their congratulations to the King upon his Coronation day.

Those who make their debut this year do so under quite a new regime. The drawing-room by daylight is a thing of the past; the new courts take place at night, and instead of immediately driving away to afternoon tea,

IN FULL EVENING DRESS,

there will be a pleasant lingering in the Palace, with refreshments served at a buffet covered with beautiful gold plate, and a few, if not many, men among the gay crowd.

For the last few years there has been so little going on that girls had assumed quite a different position, and in rather a different line were quite out-doing the young married women, who, before, had reigned supreme.

"Boy and girl" parties, dinners and dances, parties to the restaurants, and theatres without chaperones (or with one at the very most) were quite common occurrences, and at big dinners the young people had their own

table, and did not mix with the married set at all.

This freedom was, however, sometimes abused. The young people had quite got out of hand, and joined freely in the romping and practical jokings which some years ago brought the country-house party into discredit. But the 1902 season will see the debutante relegated to her proper position, no longer chaperonless, and no longer free. It is a well-known fact that the Queen dislikes some of the manners of the present day, and

that the inevitable alteration will be in accordance with her wishes.

Speculations as to who will be the prettiest debutante of the year, and what position she will take, are the subjects of many conversations; while as to the girl to be presented she has many things to do.

There are several royal princesses whose debut will almost certainly take place this year. Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the only unmarried daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and

a niece of the King, will be eighteen in April, and will probably make her first appearance at one of the first courts. The presentation of a princess is always a matter of very great interest, and the late Queen Victoria always made a royal debutante some present of jewellery to wear on this auspicious occasion. Sometimes there is the ceremony of a private presentation, but it is generally said the princess "joins the royal circle."

Princess Alice of Albany, the only sister of the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg, will shortly attain her nineteenth birthday, and she too, in all probability, will appear at court this year, while Princess Patricia of Connaught, the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who was confirmed the other day at Windsor Castle, may also possibly make her debut. Although very young in years (she is not yet seventeen) she is singularly matured, and is very tall for her years—so tall, in fact, that for some time she has had her hair turned up and has worn long skirts.

One reason why these presentations are talked of is that this year will be unique. The Coronation festivities, the first Ascot meeting under the new regime, and attended by the King and Queen in state, the royal balls and concerts, royal dinners and dances, a garden party at Buckingham Palace during the Coronation week, when there will be princes and nobles from all countries of the world present, will all go to form history which it would be undesirable that those just on the borderland should miss, and for this reason a point may be stretched that they, too, may enjoy and partake of the great event.

It is for this reason, too, that the Duchess of Leeds is thinking of presenting her eldest daughter, Lady Gwendolen Osborne. Before the Duchess started for the Riviera, where she is spending the winter, she took her daughter to be measured for her presentation gown, although she had still her beautiful fair hair hanging down, and the reason the Duchess gave for bringing out such a very youthful daughter was that she wished her to see and take part in the



MISS WINIFRED PAGET.

One of the most notable beauties of the year.



MISS BARBARA FANNING.

One of Society's most attractive new recruits, who has already made her first appearance.



MISS BEATRICE PAGET.

Another of Lady Alexander Paget's charming daughters just presented at Court.



PRINCESS BEATRICE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

Who, it is expected, will "join the royal circle" at one of the Coronation Drawing Rooms.

Coronation festivities, which would be something for her to remember all her life.

Another debutante, but one who has already made her first appearance at several country balls, is Lady Marjorie Manners, the eldest daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Granby, and grand-daughter of the Duke of Rutland. Lady Marjorie has begun to go about in London, and at the political reception lately given by the Duchess of Devonshire was much admired in her little simple white frock and picturesquely arranged hair. In appearance she is very like her mother, but her manner is very quiet and shy, and she has a wistful look in her beautiful dark grey eyes, and the most charming smile. The daughter of the Earl and Countess of Harewood, Lady Margaret Lascelles, came out at the York ball this winter, meeting with much admiration, and she, too, is to be presented at one of the earliest courts.

Lady Feo Sturt, who looks too young to have a girl old enough to come out, is nevertheless thinking of presenting her young daughter, Miss Diana Sturt, although this point has not yet been decided.

The young daughter of the Earl of March, Lady Muriel Lennox, is also to come out this year, and will be presented at one of the May courts by her elder sister, Lady Evelyn Cotterell. Lady Alexander Kennedy is presenting her daughters, who are extremely pretty and charming girls, very like their mother, and very devoted to each other. Then Lady Alexander Paget has taken a house in town for the season, and is presenting both her daughters. The elder came out last season, although she was not presented, but the younger has not as yet been out at all in society, except to small dances at country houses.

Mrs. Miller Mundy is bringing out her pretty young daughter, Miss Irene Mundy, and is to entertain all London in her honour. Mrs. Algernon Egerton's daughter, Miss Kathleen Egerton, has already made a first appearance; and another debutante whose fame has spread from the country is Mrs. McCallant's daughter.

Miss Barbara Fanning, who made her first appearance at Cheveley Park just before Christmas.

Every now and then a debutante comes out, and immediately makes a sensation. This was especially the case with Princess Henry of Pleasa, as Miss Daisy West; and very often for some time beforehand the fame of some beauty has been noised abroad, as in the case of the Earl of Buchan's daughters and the daughters of Mrs. Charles Wilson, one of whom is the Countess of Chesterfield. The sensation of this season may be the beautiful American, Miss Deacon; but the loveliest English girl who has been seen for some time is the daughter of Major Montagu Curzon, of the Life Brigade, an uncle of Earl Howe. She is only fourteen or fifteen years old, but very striking in appearance, with wonderful colouring, and is not to come out for some two or three years.

The Coronation Flower—Which is it to Be?

There has been a good deal of discussion as to which flower should be honoured as the special Coronation emblem. Gardeners who make a speciality of cultivating lilies of the valley argue that this flower is Queen Alexandra's favourite, and therefore has first claim to be considered. But, on the other hand, the rose is regarded as England's national flower, and at the Coronation time will be abundantly blooming. Moreover, the rose has so many diverse hues or colours that every taste can be gratified, while the lily of the valley, being pure white, allows of no such variety.

A Coronation flower must be one that poor and rich alike can have and wear, and for which we are not dependent on foreign sources of supply. The rose in June will be within the reach of everybody, but the lily of the valley will be scarce and costly just then.

Men Who Do Women's Work.

While to a great extent it is true that women have of late years taken to men's work, it is also true that some men do women's work.

The famous men dressmakers of Paris have counterparts in other countries. The largest producer of dress patterns for women in New York is a man, although his business has for years been conducted in the name of his wife.

The most expensive and the best fitting dresses that women wear are "tailor made" by men. The designs for new dresses are mostly made by men. The most expensive women's hats are made by men.

In the department of nursing, which has been considered specially women's work, many men are employed. When patients are helpless, and require much lifting it has been found necessary to engage strong men, because women are not equal to the labour.

The very finest and best paid sewing is done by men in fancy tailoring. Since the introduction of the sewing machine the proportion of men sewers is increased in those branches in which the work is heavy and requires strength for long hours of labour.

The best cooks are men. In the clubs, hotels, restaurants and in private houses where expert cooks are required they are men. Men have made cooking one of the fine arts. It is true, however, that the great artists in food claim to be called cooks, and are known

as chefs, and they command salaries of which the average lawyer would be proud.

House-cleaning is no longer women's own work. There are establishments that will clean a house from top to bottom, and put it in order, and employ men to do it.

Boarding-house keeping is mostly a woman's business, but there are many large and successful boarding-houses in this city that are managed by men. The tendency of men in the business is to enlarge it, so as to make their establishments assume the character of hotels. It is rarely that a woman keeps hotel.

There are even "men chambermaids." On steamboats and steamships most of the chamberwork is done by men, as on cars all of it is. Even in large boarding-houses it has been found ex-

pedient to have men to do the chamber work.

On the Pacific Coast Chinese men are largely employed as domestic servants.

It is curious how differently a Chinaman uses an iron from the method employed by women. When a woman irons she gets it at the right heat for use, and consequently it soon cools, and she consumes much time in changing her irons. The Chinaman, on the contrary, gets his iron much too hot for use.

When he begins to use his iron he plunges it quickly into cold water. This cools the surface for a moment. The heat from the interior then begins to come to the surface and continues to do so for some time, about as fast as it is cooled by use, so that the necessity for the frequent changing of irons is obviated.

MOIR'S Kippered Herrings In 1lb. Flat Oval Tins. Manufacturers: JOHN MOIR & SON, LIMITED, LONDON, ABERDEEN, & SEVILLE. Head Office—9 & 10, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

Purveyors by Special Appointment to His Majesty the King.

I CURE FITS. I do not ask you to spend money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, etc. All I ask of you is to SEND for a FREE Bottle and to try it. A side by the result. A safe remedy—approved by the Medical Profession. H. G. ROOT, 28, Wimpole Gardens, London, N.W.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin. makes BOOTS and HARNES waterproof as a duck's back, and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Always polish with blacking. 24 Examinations. Highest Awards for superiority. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Stores, Saddlers, Ironmongers, etc. Manufacturers—London & L.

THE HIGH-CLASS WASHING MATERIAL 'Viyella' DOES NOT SHRINK. For Men's Day Shirts, Night Shirts, Pyjamas, &c. For Ladies' Shirts, Blouses, Nightdresses, &c. For Children's Frocks, &c. 'Viyella' is a luxury for DAY and NIGHT Wear. Does not irritate the skin. To be obtained from the leading Drapers.

CURES COUGH. Cured my son of a dreadful Cough. GIVES REST & SLEEP. HAYMAN'S BALSAM of Horehound. Safe and Pleasant for Children. NOTHING LIKE IT FOR A COUGH. STOPS COLD.

W B Erect Form CORSETS. AMERICA'S LEADING CORSET. THE American "Erect Form" Corset. Is a triumphant combination of common sense and exquisite style. It has the ease and comfort of a ribbon girdle and combines every hygienic principle that can be applied to Corset building. There is an ERECT FORM for every figure. These Corsets are full of life and luxurious comfort. They are not stiff, unyielding pieces of armour, but give and bend with every give and bend of the body. In White Contille or Black Italian, 5/6, 6/11, 8/11, 21/-, 30/-, 35/-, 42/-, to 5 guineas. TO BE HAD FROM ALL LEADING DRAPERS.

What Traits of Character Man Approves in Women.

In her series of "Thoughts Affecting the Life of a Young Girl," in the current "Ledge Monthly," Mrs Clement Farley notes some of the motives likely to sway a good man in choosing a wife. Not that her object is to make the girls who read her words mere husband hunters by any means. But, recognizing that the hope that every womanly girl must have—that she may at some time be loved by a good man—this sensible woman points out that this love is less likely to come to her if she seeks to win it by mere adornment than if, going on in the quiet tenor of her way, and by consistent attention to home duties, she simply renders herself worthy of such love. Among other things she says:

"Many marriages—alas! a majority, I fear—are made through the choice by a thoughtless, careless man of a life partner simply through the influence of hours and days of jollity and frolic that give no promise for the future. Very often the girl's heart is unsatisfied, though she is flattered by being chosen as a bride, and she enjoys the devotion of one who gives to her all he has to bestow. She has only reaped what she has sown; she has won all that she sought. But her mature cries out in her quieter hours for something more noble and elevating to rest on in the future.

"It would greatly surprise the majority of young women if they knew how largely their unconscious acts influence the opinions and judgments of their young men friends. A cheerful, quick-thoughted, well bred young man seems not to see more than the surface acts which are directed to his amusement or entertainment, and courtesy forbids him to seem to notice what occurs just outside the circle

which surrounds his companion and himself. But many and many a change has been wrought in the destiny and happiness of a girl who, not being gentle or forgiving, has suddenly shown to a troublesome child or a hindering old person an angry impudence which transformed her whole face in the eyes of him who was weighing her merits. The real attraction which wins the love and faithful devotion of a good man lies in evidences of character betrayed in the daily life. The smiles meant only for him are not of great value; the temper which bears disappointment and sacrifice with sincere serenity will achieve triumphs, without the knowledge of the forgiving spirit which leaves the fair young face without a line of discontent.

"W" women are always very strongly attracted by a generous nature. It invariably charms our hearts when we meet an open-handed man, who uncloses his purse to every appeal of suffering and is full of a public spirit which delights to give to those he loves and beautify the place in which he lives. He seems to typify the best type of manhood, ready to protect and give help to all who need. A woman feels safe with him; he would be always ready to minister to her comfort and provide amply for his household.

"It seems strange that such men are always great admirers of economical and thrifty women. Yet this is almost invariably true. There is something so dignified and estimable in the right expenditure of money something so right-headed in the endeavour to make everything contribute to the general good, that the book of experience tells of many a rich man who has thought his sweet-heart the lovelier because she wore a well preserved old gown and resist-

ed all temptations to foolish expenditure. When you come to think it out, you can see for yourselves that he would feel that even large possessions would be unsafe in the keeping of a spendthrift, and that the understanding that money is a trust would make a much better partner for a rich man who desired to be liberal.

"A man's choice of a wife has times without number been decided by housewifely traits, by tokens of her interest in managing her own affairs, and by the infusion of her own cheery spirit into petty yet valuable economies which show that she could make things attractive and comfortable even should fortune fail.

LOVELY COLORS.

BRILLIANT GLOSS.

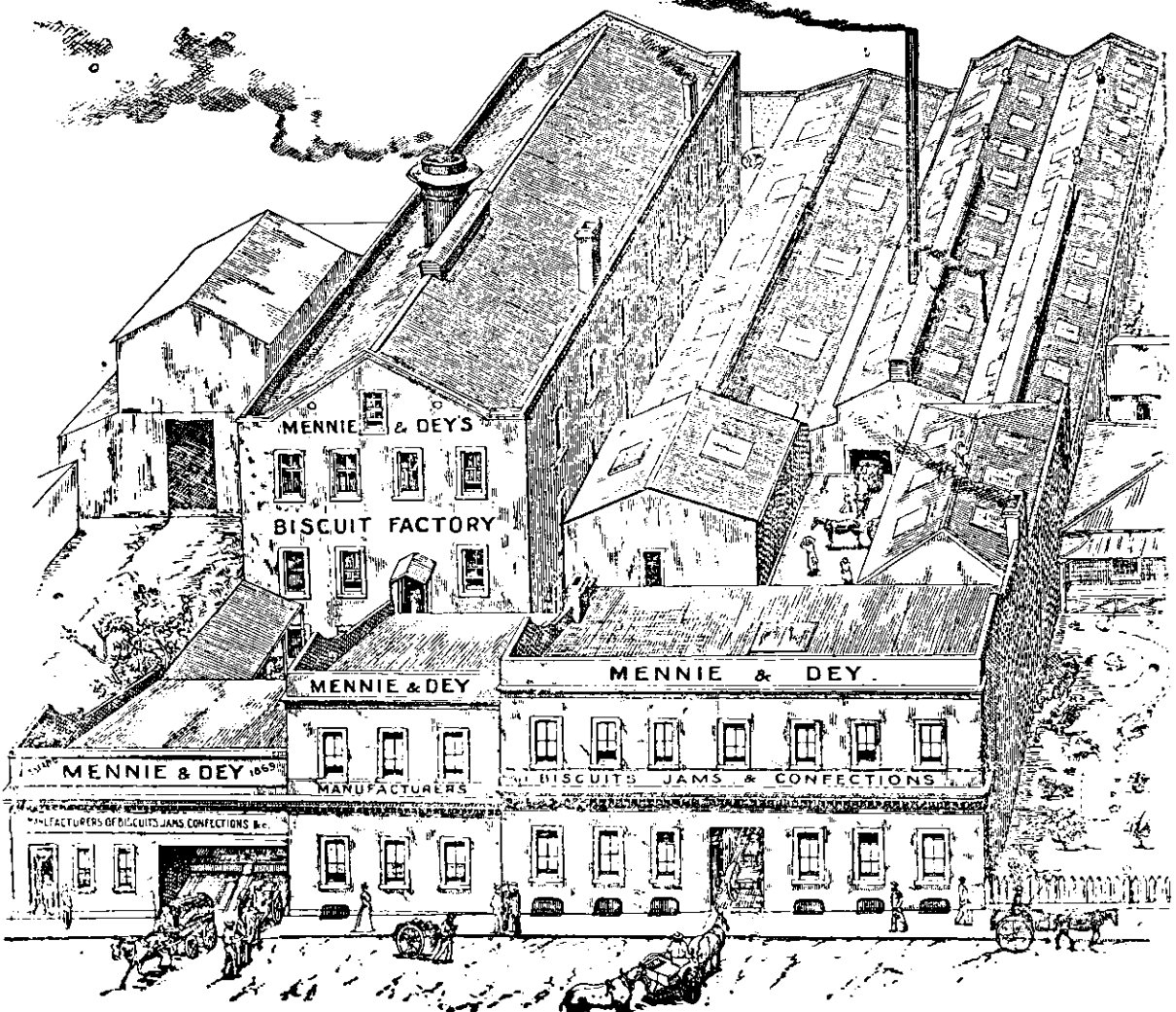
REJECT IMITATIONS

See that Spinal's name and Medals are stamped on every Tin.

MANUFACTURED BY
ASPINAL'S ENAMEL, LTD. NEW CROSS, LONDON, E.C.

Gold Medal Jams,
Best all comers for Quality.

Gold Medal Biscuits,
Best Value in the Market.



Gold Medal Confections, largest variety, best quality. **Gold Medal Conserves**
Peels. **Only Makers Cupid Whispers in the Colony.**

HOLLOWAY'S

Known & Appreciated Everywhere

READY-AYE-READY.

ALWAYS RELIABLE.

PILLS AND OINTMENT.

The advertisement is a black and white woodcut-style illustration. At the top, the word "HOLLOWAY'S" is written in a large, bold, serif font with a decorative shadow. Below this, a large circular frame, resembling a porthole or a view through a telescope, shows a three-masted sailing ship on the sea. The ship is moving towards the right. The text "READY-AYE-READY." is written in a curved path across the top of the circular frame. Below the ship, the words "ALWAYS RELIABLE." are written in a similar curved path. To the left of the circular frame, a flag with diagonal stripes is flying from a mast. The text "Known & Appreciated Everywhere" is written in a cursive font next to the flag. At the bottom of the advertisement, the words "PILLS AND OINTMENT." are written in a large, bold, serif font, with "AND" in a smaller font between "PILLS" and "OINTMENT." The entire advertisement is framed by decorative scrollwork and rope-like patterns.

THE WORLD OF FASHION.

(By MARGUERITE.)

As the season advances and the weather becomes increasingly cold and wet the necessity of a really warm and serviceable coat becomes more and more prominent in our thoughts, and takes the first place in our list of necessaries. The bolero is undoubtedly an exceedingly smart and becoming article of attire, but its abbreviated dimensions do not altogether afford sufficient protection in stormy and inclement weather, and it is therefore only right that we direct our faculties towards the selection of a more useful garment. There is nothing, I fancy, we shall find answer the purpose so well as a three-quarter coat of the sacque order, which must excel in the perfect cut of the shoulders, collar and revers. I have recently seen a popular coat,

the material in this instance consisting of a grey covert coating popularly named "pepper and salt," with a black velvet collar, the sleeves being cut after the much-approved Raglan style. I have seen some very smart specimens of these up-to-date coats made in the real original colour of covert coating, viz., a light brown or drab, but the grey has an exceedingly distingue air about it, and is less sporting, but somewhat more dressy-looking.

The smartest and newest wraps of the moment are essentially Japanese not always in colour, but certainly in cut. Of course, the best tailors and couturieres alter these modes to suit the individuality of their clients.

One of the smartest of the new cloaks or travelling wraps that this

year has as yet brought forth is in a brown canvas, with sleeves, revers and upper collar strapped with brown and black silk on a white cloth ground. In shape it resembles closely a mandarin's robe, only improved by a suggestion of up-to-date smartness in the wide collar which I have already mentioned. The influence of the modern tailor is seen in the strapped seams, which are decorated with the brown and black silk on the white cloth. The same idea, carried out in glorious Japanese colouring, would form an ideal opera wrap, lined, perhaps, with Japanese fox.

The cult of the Japanese is having a very decided influence on our winter fashions, while the resurrection of past modes is still more noticeable. For are we not using the

Tudor sleeve, the Elizabethan ruffe and the Puritan collar with equal impartiality? We are introducing all sorts of glorious gold and silver embroideries. The skill in adapting these old-world fashions to modern practical purposes says much for the talents of up-to-date modistes.

There are a great many women who never look well in what is known as the real tailor-made, and this community will bless the return to the Russian blouse style, which, let me tell you, can look its best in heavy serge or tweed, properly weighted and pouching ever so slightly back and front over a jewelled band or simple fold of glace, deftly swathed round the figure. To a woman of slight build there is no more becoming fashion, and she may wear it with confi-



Charming Fur-Trimmed Toilettes.

dence, although the newest Paris modes only pouch in the front, the backs being mostly tight and plain with the exception of a very wide pointed band at the back. It is here that individual taste may have full play, and I have seen on several smart models the very narrowest possible belts.

The sleeve beloved by the tailor is, to my mind, particularly neat and charming; it is fairly full all the way down, but more so towards the elbow; it often shows tiny strappings of glace. This reminds me that glace is a distinct feature, though not a new one, of the new fashions. It is a delightfully bright and clean-wearing fabric, and seems to lend itself admirably to the trimming of cloth or tweed frocks. Despite the fancy shown for braid in the early part of the season, glace has certainly gained the day.

A good many tailor-made gowns are showing lovely embroideries in very delicate shades, with a touch here and there of gold and silver. Particularly do we note this in the Russian blouse with the new short basque. Pale green and mauve in pastel tones are distinctly de rigueur for cloth frocks, but for morning wear the mixed snowflake tweeds predominate. Glace looks better on the latter, whereas embroideries are more suited to cloths.

FOR THE HAIR
ROWLAND'S
MACASSAR
Oil

It is the most reliable and the best preparation for the hair, you can obtain. 110 years success proves this. It

PRESERVES THE HAIR

restores it when thin or withered, cures baldness, eradicates scurf, is specially adapted for Ladies' and Childrens' Hair, and is also sold in a

GOLDEN COLOUR

for fair or grey hair, which does not stain or darken the hair, or linen. Sold by Stores or Chemists. Ask for Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, London.



THE LATEST CARRIAGE CLOAK.



THE NEWEST FRENCH WRAP.



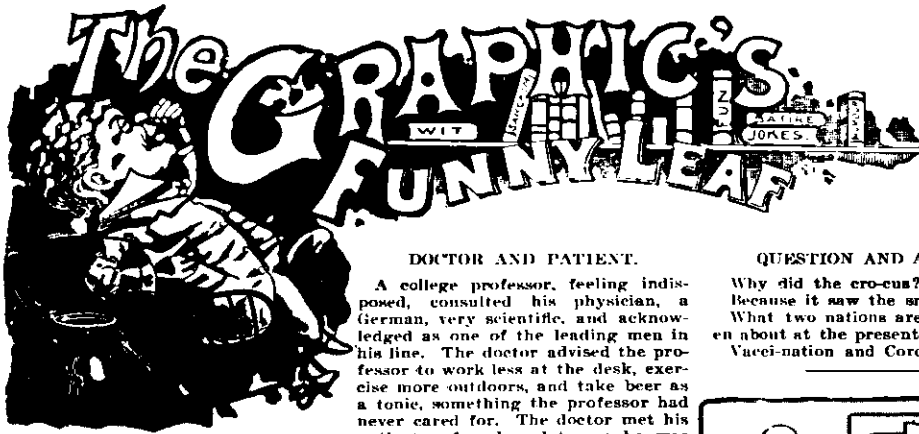
TWO NEW WRAPS.



This useful coat is double-breasted, made of bright blue serge, with very deep collar, finished with steel buttons.



A LUXURIOUS TRAVELLING WRAP.



HE SHOWED PROPER SPIRIT.

Mrs Stetson, wife of the operator at a little station in New Plymouth, was sick, and steadily growing worse. At last she said to her husband: "Stet! That Dr ——— sin't helpin' was sick, and steadily growing worse. every day."

"I know it, Alice! I know it! Don't appear like he's any good on earth."

"I tell you, Stet, I'm goin' to die! I feel it in my bones!"

"Wal, Alice" (with sudden earnestness and comfort), "if you do I'll be blowed if ever I pay the doctor!"

THE SEAT OF LEARNING.

"I don't know what to do with Thickhead, Major," said the despairing usher. "It is impossible to teach him anything. Knowledge seems to go in at one ear and out at the other."

"You have begun at the wrong end," replied the headmaster. "With boys of that stamp the ear is not the proper inlet. Knowledge driven through an opposite extremity of the body is of a far more enduring description."

The usher took the hint. Master Thickhead howled, but he remembered that lesson for some hours to come.

AT THE CLUB.

Atkins: That fellow Smithers who lives next door to me has more confounded cheek than any man I ever met.

Beiggs: How's that?"

Atkins: Why, yesterday he came over to my place to borrow a gun. Said he wanted to shoot a cat."

Beiggs: Where does the check come in?"

Atkins: Why, it was my wife's cat he wanted to shoot!



AN HONEST OPINION.

Client: "But litigation isn't always a mistake."

Candid Lawyer: "Always for one party; frequently for both."

DOCTOR AND PATIENT.

A college professor, feeling indisposed, consulted his physician, a German, very scientific, and acknowledged as one of the leading men in his line. The doctor advised the professor to work less at the desk, exercise more outdoors, and take beer as a tonic, something the professor had never cared for. The doctor met his patient a few days later as he was leaving the college, and stopped to inquire how he was feeling.

"About the same," replied the professor.

"Did you take beer as I directed?" inquired the physician.

"Yes," replied the professor; "I took it a few times, but it became so nauseous that I had to discontinue it."

"How much did you take?"

"Why, I bought a whole bottle, and took a spoonful before each meal," answered the professor.

AS TO DETAILS.

"Young man," said the girl's father, "you have boasted several times that you possess an honoured name."

"Yes, sir," replied the suitor haughtily. "Well, may I inquire what bank it will be honoured at, and for how much?"



UNIVERSAL IGNORANCE.

Alice: "A Turkish woman doesn't know her husband till after she's married him."

Any: "No woman does."

SMART SOCIETY.

"What is your impression of modern society?" asked the old-time friend.

"Well," was the answer, "I wouldn't like to have you mention it to mother or the girls; but my impression is that society is a place where a man who has worked his way up in the world from nothing to a millionaire is likely to get sneered at because he can't play ping-pong."

IN THE ORCHESTRA.

Herr Meyer Lutz writes: I was once conducting in Bradford when I noticed that the clarinet player, a young man, but clever and steady lad, jumped a good deal during the progress of the opera. Then I found that his father, who played the trombone, sat just behind him, and every now and then he gave his son a kick, with the remark: "Look out, Sammy, there be a flat-a-cummin'!"

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Why did the cro-cus?
Because it saw the snow-drop.
What two nations are chiefly spoken about at the present time?
Vacci-nation and Coro-nation.



STRIKING AT THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

Doctor (finding patient sampling a bottle of whisky): "Here, here, my man, that will never do! That's the cause of all the trouble."

Faetious Patient: "Well, then, fill your glass, doctor. Now we've found the cause the sooner we get rid of it the better."

IT WENT OUT.

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said a theatrical manager; "there is no trouble whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas went out." Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the play."

LORD METHUEN.

"The Week-End" tells of an encounter between Lord Methuen and an Irish recruit. Paddy, unconscious of the identity of the officer, followed him pretty closely down a country lane near Aldershot, loitering when he loitered, hurrying when he quickened his steps. At last Methuen turned and said irritably: "Why are you dogging my steps? Be off."

"Shure, yer honor, it's no harm I was maning," said Paddy. "It's a bit home-sick that I am, and it does me good to watch such a foine figure of a man."

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A great public dinner was once given by the town of Boston to one of its celebrities, Isaac Hill, and afterwards he was asked to sit for his portrait to Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated artist, who was a great braggart. When Hill visited his studio Stuart took great delight in entertaining him with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the Marquis of This and the Baroness of That, which showed how elegant was the society to which he had been accustomed. Unfortunately, in the midst of this grandiloquence, Mrs Stuart, who did not know that a sitter was present, came in with her apron on and her head tied up with a handkerchief from the kitchen and asked, "Did you mean to have that leg of mutton boiled or roasted?" Stuart's presence of mind, however, did not fail him. "Ask your mistress!" he replied sharply.

IN A LONDON FOG.

Passers-by in the neighbourhood of St. Martin's Church were attracted on a recent night by a brilliant glare, which on closer examination proved to emanate from a number of tanks in the courtyard of the church. An experiment was being made by the Westminster City Council with a lamp to be used in fogs. These lamps burn hydro-carbon oil, and each gives a white light of 3000 candle-power. The proposal is that whenever a fog comes the lamps are to be placed on light carts and deposited at intervals in all the main thoroughfares. The oil is forced by air pressure into the head of the lamp and is there volatilised. The flame produced is about two feet in height and of greenish intensity.

A LIMIT.

"Well, William," said Mr Hardhead to his new confidential clerk, "you are in a first-class position now, at a good salary. I shall expect you to be faithful and diligent; in fact, to make all my interests your own. It won't be necessary, however, for you to make love to the typewriter. I'll attend to her myself."

SLEEPERS AWAKE.

A witty Scotch clergyman, having undertaken to preach for a friend in the North of England, was asked to choose the hymns before and after the sermon. His selection was as follows:—Before—"Christians, seek not yet repose." After—"Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling."

THE DECEPTIVE HAT.

"Tell that man to take off his hat in court," said a judge the other morning to an officer. The offender who turned out to be a lady, wearing the fashionable sailor hat, indignantly exclaimed, "I am no man, sir." Then said his honour, "I am no judge."

HIS RIVAL.

Miss Conyers: What are you going to sing at the concert to-night, Mr Bellows?

Bellows: Oh, I shall sing "Ye Banks and Braes."

His Rival: Just the song for you, Bellows, old boy. You ought to bring out some first-class "brays."

THE CHIEF POINT.

He: "The theatre was draughty, the music was poor, the acting witerly feeble, and there wasn't a fresh idea in the whole piece. I really can't see how you enjoyed it so much."

She: "Why, Fred, you are funny! What on earth did those silly things matter? Wasn't my gown the most striking in the whole theatre?"



A REVELATION.

Mother: "Come, Willie, this is Miss D'Arcy, your new governess. Won't you give her a kiss?"

Willie: "N-no, ma; I'd rather not. Papa kissed her yesterday, and she slapped him."